



JungYong

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Golden Time

(골든타임)

by

JungYong

Synopsis

A story about a doctor who's sent back in time to his teenage self who lost all his memories due to a severe accident and was trapped in a coma.

Now, retaining only his medical knowledge and reawakened with a new mindset, follow him on his journey as he uses his medical knowledge to save lives and lead him onto the path of becoming the greatest doctor of his time!

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Preface

A white space with an unknowable end.

It was all that he could see. No, in the distance, he seemed to see a certain object that he could not quite discern.

He slowly moved to that place.

How far did he walk?

Gradually the identity of that object came into his vision.

A man wearing a green gown and a mask.

It was surely a doctor in a surgical suit.

The man's identity was all the more clear because everything else was all white.

There was another man in front of him, lying flat on a wire rack that could be used in the kitchen of a restaurant.

A doctor, who had been immersed in thinking over something, was looking down on that man, when his head turned to one side.

At that moment, the gazes of the student and the doctor watching that man's condition were entangled in the air.

Unlike the student who stepped back flinchingly, the doctor's eyes were filled with wrinkles. He was smiling. He lifted his hand slowly, making some gestures as if he were beckoning the student, and whenever he did so, there was something shining in his hand.

It was none other than a scalpel used to incise a patient's abdomen.

That man lying on the cold wire rack.

His stomach, bulging like a balloon, beating as if it were like a heart.

"An aortic aneurysm."

As always, the man wearing a mask spoke.

The aorta plays a role in distributing blood pumped by the heart into all parts of the body. The aorta originates from the left ventricle of the heart, 2 or 3 cm in diameter, and ends at both sides of the buttocks. Simple and uncomplicated, it is called the human highway.

The masked man stared at the student, touching the man's swollen abdomen with a scalpel's edge.

"What the hell is wrong here?" muttered the student who had been pondering over something.

"Abdominal aortic aneurysm."

The masked man's eyes looked satisfactorily, asking, "Why did it swell up like this?"

"I can figure out the details if I incise the abdomen, but I think the aorta seems to have been enlarged between the thoracic diaphragm and the pelvic diaphragm," said the student.

The smile reflected in the masked man's eyes became more noticeable, but a hard voice came out of his mouth, "So, is he going to live or die?"

"It's an emergency situation. I have to open up his abdomen, remove the enlarged parts, and connect the artificial blood vessels," said the student.

"Why?" asked the masked man.

"Otherwise the aorta may burst and he may die shortly after. Medication treatment is impossible," the student replied.

"Why don't you quickly open it up?" questioned the masked man.

Nodding his head, the student held out his hand in the air.

"Scalpel."

No sooner did he say that than a nurse appeared instantly,

handing a scalpel to the student's hand. It was always like this.

Right before the surgery, the assistants were already at the operating room without a sound. Just like ghosts. It was exactly the 27th surgery today.

"I will open it up," said the student.

The assistants moved briskly in step with the student's hands, and the masked man watched quietly with his arms folded.

Since then, the student performed numerous surgeries. Actually, too many for him to count.

And today, he could hear some strange words from the masked man.

"This time, it is your turn."

‘What did he mean by that?’

The assistants who appeared like ghosts grabbed the student firmly, and they forcibly laid him down on a wire rack. He struggled to get out of it but could not.

Shackles that could be used for mental patients were placed on his ankles and arms, restraining his movement.

"He has to go back now."

Hearing the masked man's words, the student moved his head to one side.

Weeeeing... The sharp cog in the masked man's hand turned fiercely. He was clearly intending to open the student's brain. The moment the student, with his eyes opened in strain, was about to open his mouth, the masked man snapped his fingers.

Snap!

Chapter 2

Suhyuk's eyes opened suddenly. At the same time, a dazzling fluorescent light hit his cornea. With a deep frown, he suddenly raised his upper body.

No, he just barely made it up, but soon after collapsed in his bed helplessly.

‘Were my muscles siphoned from my body?’

It was the first thought that came to his mind after Suhyuk opened his eyes.

He could not feel any strength in his body.

At that moment, he felt a sharp pain in his left arm. He naturally gazed toward it.

There was a Ringer solution (IV fluid) stuck in his boney arm.

He rolled his eyes quickly and looked around.

As he expected, the place seemed to be a hospital.

‘By the way, who am I?’

All his memories were lost. There was nothing he could think of.

Barely moving his spiritless body, Suhyuk began to check his condition.

It’s normal, normal, normal.

There were no other unusual symptoms on his body, except for the missing muscles caused by his laying in bed for a long period of time.

"Vitamin, amino ..."

Suhyuk muttered, checking various kinds of label attached to the Ringer solution.

All were IV fluids to inject nutrients into the body. That made

sense as he could not eat food with his mouth.

How long had he been lying on the bed? It's been quite a long time. His body proved it.

For example, his arms looked skinny like crumbly trunks, and he lost his muscles.

He felt very languid and tired. He needed absolute rest.

Suhyuk once again lay in bed in a relaxed posture. Eyes closed, he was absorbed in thought. Did the surgery by the masked man go well?

‘Who the hell did crazy things like opening up the brains of a normal person?’

Eyes closed, Suhyuk touched his head once again.

He found no scar there. ‘The masked man... Was it all a dream?’

It was so vivid in his memory as if he could touch it.

Suhyuk's thinking did not last long. And he could now draw a conclusion.

It was a dream. ‘What happened? What the hell was going on?’

‘And I ...’ In just a moment he fell quietly into sleep.

"This patient was brought to the emergency room from a cardiac arrest. By performing CPR and injecting epinephrine into his heart, we could save his heart but he could not wake up because he was in a coma. And there was no wound in his body, including his head. Does anybody want to present their opinion?"

Suhyuk was forced to wake up from the noise around him.

He slowly lifted his heavy eyebrows.

Those wearing white gowns came into his vision, along with their startled look.

"Professor, the patient has awakened!"

The eyes of the interns checking Suhyuk's condition while making their last round, opened wide. They were not the only ones. Even the professor who confirmed Suhyuk's condition was equally dumbfounded. The patient who rushed into the hospital emergency room failed to wake up after he had fallen into a coma.

He was literally a person in vegetative state.

Obviously everybody was surprised to find out that the patient, who had been lying in bed like a dead man for three months, woke up like a miracle.

Suhyuk gathered up his uncomfortable upper body barely from his bed and sat down, leaning against the bed.

"I think I have befallen with amnesia."

The professor blinked his eyes. Suhyuk came to his senses suddenly, and now he was saying he was befallen with amnesia. He might be very confused, but he looked calm and composed on the contrary. The professor calmed his mind, and asked, "You got into a car accident, and were carried into the emergency room. Don't you remember anything? Can you recall your name?"

Suhyuk shook his head. He could not recall any single name.

The professor showed him a chart and showed all the names there. Suhyuk read and said with muttering.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Good. that's your name. Can you recall it again next time?"

"Yes, I do not think I'm befallen with anterograde amnesia," Suhyuk said.

As he remembered he had an IV fluid in his arm, it seemed clear that he did not have anterograde amnesia.

Anterograde amnesia refers to a symptom that does not translate short-term memory into long-term memory. In other words, you can not easily remember what you did a while ago if you have that

symptom.

Obviously his symptom was not what he was worried about.

"Mr. Kim, please contact Lee Suhyuk's guardians."

A professor, who made rounds with interns, gazed at Suhyuk again, saying, "I guess you must studied medical science a lot?"

The professor, saying softly to Suhyuk, was startled in his heart. Here was a 16 year old child, who just woke up from a vegetative state, and who now could make a diagnosis by himself!

His behavior seems to be getting more and more exciting.

Now, he has a complete mastery of the types of amnesia.

"How long was I lying here for?" Suhyuk asked.

"For three months," replied the professor.

"Without any consciousness?"

The professor slowly nodded his head and this time, Suhyuk was surprised.

That was a state of persistent vegetation beyond a coma.

Certain medical death. Nonetheless he woke up?

He was lucky. No, that word is not enough to express such a situation. In this case, miracle was the right expression. What kind of traffic accident was it? It must have been a big accident. Fortunately, his limbs are still okay, and then he could guess the name of the pathology that drove him into the vegetative state.

"Did I have a cardiac arrest?"

Chapter 3

The professor laughed dumbfoundedly. He was only a junior in middle school and yet he could predict cardiac arrest. No, that's not a prediction, but a certain diagnosis. The student who had been brought to the emergency room arrived in an arrested heart condition. His heart was made to beat again, but his brain had already been damaged due to hypoxia. The sustained deep coma lead to the condition of a vegetative state.

"Your heart was arrested for more than five minutes. Is your dream to be a doctor?"

The professor, who was supposed to examine Suhyuk's body closely, forgot his job briefly due to his irrelevant remarks. He just felt surprised and embarrassed by the fact that what he had to explain came out of the patient's mouth one by one. Hearing the professor's word, Suhyuk nodded his head as if he already knew it.

"I just do not know."

'Did I have any dream at all? What kind of dream was I dreaming? What was I dreaming to be?'

As he had lost his memory, he could not figure it out, but he had a vague idea that he certainly did not dream to be a doctor. It was because he felt very uncomfortable when he incised a patient's abdomen with a scalpel in his dream. Of course, he pretty much got used to it over time.

"Do you see this?"

The professor picked up a pen and moved it left to right slowly. Suhyuk's eye followed the pen at an appropriate speed. The professor confirmed his condition while speaking with him constantly, and he soon could present his own diagnosis. The student's reaction and mind were perfectly normal. It was really

doubtful whether he had been in a vegetative state.

Of course, he can find out the details with a thorough examination later.

At that moment, a middle-aged woman came into the patient's room hastily. She was a woman in her late 40s, her hair tied back.

"Oh my god, Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk felt instinctively that it was his mom.

Although he can't remember her face, he felt something sticky deep in his heart, with the same blood vein flowing between them.

"I knew it, my son. I knew my son would wake up soon."

She was so joyful that she cried warm tears, caressing and touching Suhyuk's face again and again.

"I think he had amnesia," the professor said.

"What did you say?" she asked. The professor's word made her eyes red-hot like a rabbit's.

"Your son has lost all of his memories from before he had the accident."

Her hands, touching Suhyuk's face, shuddered.

"So, what will happen to my son, sir?"

"I have to check it out further, but my opinion is that his condition is all good except for his amnesia." His condition is good? 'Good' is not enough to express his condition.

Even though he opened his eyes casually, he already had his brain damaged. That was a very natural outcome for any man who suffered disability. Nonetheless, the patient was unbelievably normal. Doctors say this is a miracle when they cannot come up with any proper medical explanation.

"It's okay. If you are healthy, that's more than enough for me. It's alright, Suhyuk."

With pitiful eyes toward son, she dragged his face to her chest. She patted him on the back and soothed him, who must have been surprised as well.

Suhyuk, who threw himself into his mom's chest, could feel her heart beating hard. Is there a better melody in the world than this? His mother's bosom was as warm and sweet as ever. If he closes his eyes while like this, feeling snug and warm enough in her chest, he could fall asleep instantly.

"Suhyuk!"

Suddenly, a middle-aged man came into the room. He was a slim, middle-aged man with a short sports hairstyle and height of about 165cm. A callus had formed on each of his fingers, suggesting he had done some hard labour.

'Father...'

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Suhyuk had to undergo rehabilitation treatment at the hospital. Since he had not used his body for a long time, he found it really hard to walk. Getting rehabilitation treatment quietly, however, he gathered information about himself. He had a family of three, namely father and mother, and himself, the only child.

His father and mother must have supported their only son materially and spiritually. His mother cleaned the building, and his father did rough manual labour on a daily basis with his hands full of calluses. Now he needed to identify one more person from his family.

‘Lee Suhyuk, what kind of guy were you?’

When he had no difficulty walking around after a little over a week's treatment, Suhyuk went through the discharge process at the hospital.

"Go on a bus?" Suhyuk's mother, Kim Myunghee, who just came

out of the hospital along with her son, asked with a worried look. Because her son never used a bus normally. Still she asked it because her son might be scared of a taxi ride due to the after effects of his accident.

Suhyuk answered with a smile, "Doesn't matter, taxi or bus." As he didn't know how to get back home anyway, and he was not sure about the taxi's efficiency compared to the bus due to having lost his memory.

"Good for you!"

Kim Myunghee took a taxi her son liked. Soon they arrived at the destination and got off the taxi. It was an old four-story villa with corridors. She took a small sigh when Suhyuk slowly glanced at the villa. He could not recall anything about it.

"As the doctor said, sometimes your memory can come back quite soon. So, don't be stressed, okay, son?"

As Suhyuk nodded his head, she started to walk ahead. As was the case with an old villa, there was no elevator. Suhyuk, who came up to the third floor, calmed his breathing with a deep breath. He felt short of breath even after walking up only a few stairs.

He apparently needed constant exercise in order to regain his normal condition.

Room 302. Kim Myunghee rolled up her sleeves and opened the door facing the kitchen.

"This is your room. Are you hungry? Let me cook the rolled egg you like very much. So, can you wait a bit?" she said.

"Take your time Mom," said Suhyuk.

As he stepped over the threshold of the room, she stared silently at the back of her son. That gentle look and smiling face of her son's. It has been quite a long time she saw it again. While she felt pitiful about her son who had an accident, she wore a warm smile

on her face.

There was nothing special about the room. There was a bed, a desk, a computer, and a uniform on the hanger. Looking at the room slowly, Suhyuk approached the desk. Textbooks and notes lay here and there disorderly. Suhyuk pulled out a workbook from the bookshelf and quickly turned it over indifferently. At a glance he found the workbook filled with lots of notes. It was rugged as he used the book countless times.

"I think I should have studied very hard," Suhyuk thought to himself.

Then he opened the desk drawer. Eraser, ruler, ink stone and all kinds of things were mingled in a messy way.

"I should have cleaned it up."

When Suhyuk mumbled, he noticed something shining deep inside the drawer.

"What is it?"

It took him some time for him to take it out because it was buried deeply amongst lots of disordered things. It was a diary slightly larger than his palm. There was a toy-like lock shining on it. Giggling a bit, Suhyuk scouted around the room to find the small key. But it was not seen anywhere.

Suhyuk, who was staring at the outside of the diary, grabbed the lock with his hand. If he could give it a hard push, it seemed it would break easily. As expected, the lock broke easily. Suhyuk had some expectation. A diary is another face of its master. It was a good opportunity for him to find out a little about himself. He turned over the first chapter.

<I want to die. I want to kill everybody...>

Suhyuk, stared emptily at those words in the diary, then looked at his face in the mirror hanging next to him.

"What kind of guy are you?"

Suhyuk could find out a little about himself after browsing through the diary. He was a [wangtta](#) or an outcast, picked out by students at the worst ratio of probability. The contents of the diary in which he, taking a pessimistic view of himself, cursed specific figures made him predict he was like that.

As there was no more information he could find in there, he had no other choice but to confront his past self, written in the diary, in order to find out more about himself.

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It has already been a week since he came home from the hospital. Suhyuk, who got up early in the morning, changed his uniform and looked in the mirror. Pretty good face. On the contrary, his current appearance couldn't be more pitiful.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Suhyuk, breakfast is ready."

Kim Myunghee, who entered the room while knocking, seemed a bit surprised.

"Why are you in your school uniform?"

"Because I have to go to school."

He checked the school location and transportation while he was resting at home. He also contacted the school office and told them that he would go to school as soon as it opened. That was today. Including vacation days, he lagged behind his friends by two months in terms of his school work. Study was the duty of students. He had to work twice as hard as others in order to catch up.

"You're not quite well, and you need a little more rest..."

She could not remove her anxious look from her face. Although

he had no trouble walking around, he still had not recovered memory; and he changed too much. He used to come back home, full with an annoyed expression on his face. He was also confined to his own room, never showing his face. As a result, conversation between them stayed disconnected. However, he was a completely different man after the accident. His face emitted vigor, and his manner of speaking also changed as if he became a mature person. It was obviously a good change for him, but parents had a different perspective. They tend to worry first, because their children might be sick or something might go wrong.

Is this kind of change a poison or medicine for him?

Suhyuk said, "Let me go to school."

She did not hold him back from walking out of the porch, because she could feel he was very much determined. Instead, she tucked two notes of 10,000 won into his pocket.

"Use the money to buy school supplies."

Suhyuk did not refuse the money. When her hand reached deep into his pocket, he could feel her warm feelings in his heart.

"Can you find your way to the school alone? Can I give you a ride?"

"No, strange enough, I remember the road to the school," he lied.

He said it to relieve his mother 's worries.

"Okay, let me go," he said.

"Yeah, goodbye. If something happens, don't forget to call Mom. Okay, son?"

Suhyuk, wearing a smile on his face, nodded and walked out of the house.

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Suhyuk looked at the strange main entrance of the school. He

couldn't recall anything. There was simply nothing he could figure out about the school. Just nothing. He said to himself, 'My homeroom teacher asked to see me first.'

Going into the school, Suhyuk stopped by the teachers' office, checking the nameplate, to see the teacher. Casually dressed, the teacher inside had a good impression. He grabbed Suhyuk's hands warmly and opened his lips.

"How about your condition? If you don't feel good, you can take absence of school without thinking immediately," the teacher said.

Suhyuk replied, "I'm okay."

The teacher took a slow but careful gaze of him looking up and down. He seemed a little leaner than before, but he apparently had no problems. 'How could a boy like him have been in a vegetative state?' He just could not believe it.

"Thank God. Was it amnesia? Do you remember which class you were in?" asked the teacher.

Suhyuk replied, "No, I don't. I think I have to recall everything one by one from now on."

The homeroom teacher showed an expression as if he were proud of him. In fact, Suhyuk looked always recoiled and shrunk, without any confidence, but he overcame his big illness and showed a different air.

"Sir, how was my grade?", Suhyuk asked.

The teacher laughed pleasantly. He could reply with confidence.

"Great," the teacher said.

"How great?" Suhyuk asked.

"You finished fourth in the midterm exam."

Suhyuk nodded his head because that grade was something he guessed at to some degree. While they were talking, a regular morning conference was approaching.

"Let's stand up," the teacher said, and began to prepare class materials such as the attendance book.

"I'll wait outside," said Suhyuk.

The teacher, who fixed his gaze on the back of Suhyup, muttered, "He has changed a lot."

He had to. With past memories lost, Suhyuk now cherished only the one man he met in his dream. That dream was very vivid, like reality. In his dream, the man was in his early or mid-50s. How long was he together with that man? Suhyuk had been lying in vegetative condition for three months, but the timeframe of his dream was longer than that beyond comparison. He had inevitably become more mature and gentle as a result of his dealing with a man much older than him in his dream.

Class 7 of his 3rd school year (8th grade) in middle school. Suhyuk, who visited the classroom with his homeroom teacher, introduced himself to his classmates and sat down in the designated seat. As soon as the brief morning meeting was over, the classroom suddenly became loud with noise. Unfamiliar faces came up one by one, and they said hello to Suhyuk.

"Is it really amnesia?" they asked.

"I'm fine," Suhyuk replied.

Nodding to them gently, Suhyuk had some doubts in heart. Wasn't he an outcast? He felt his initial thoughts about himself while he browsed through the diary was mistaken. While thinking about the complexities of the past, his first class was over and a break time came.

"Lee Suhyuk, if you had amnesia, you must have forgotten us, too?"

Three students, namely one touching his horn-rimmed glasses, the other one with cheerful smiles, and the third one with a poker-face, came to see him. They were different in their appearances,

but had one thing in common. Their eyes were shining strangely, which could be found in nerds with a peculiar air.

'wangtta' is a Korean slang term. It has the meaning of someone avoided by his or her friends by all means as a subject of mockery and bullying at times. It is both the person themselves and the action and does not have a direct translation in English.

Chapter 4

After confirming the three students' name plates, Suhyuk looked up at them. 'They were you guys.' His diary was full of contents about his self-deprecation, or words of abuse and cursing toward others. However, their names were mentioned most often in the diary: Choi Inbae, Kim Insoo, Kim Donghyuk. These were the very names. What kind of harassment did he get from them? Suhyuk opened his mouth,

"It's been ages since we met last time?"

"Yeah, three months."

Choi Inbae, who kept a close eye on his hands while touching his horn-rimmed glasses, opened his mouth again, "Can't you really remember us?"

When Suhyuk, smiling bitterly, nodded his head, Kim Donghyuk, who looked like a mischief, asked, "Have you forgotten everything you studied?"

"Well..."

He wasn't sure because he did not study in earnest. Maybe what he had learned might have been erased from his memory.

Why are these guys approaching him in a kind manner? Because they want to harass him in a different way this time? Not only they, but also the rest of the classmates came to inquire after him with a worried look. Were all the classmates trying to deceive him? He didn't feel that way. Obviously they had a sincere look. He felt confused with all the complicated thoughts again.

"I think I have to introduce myself again. I'm Kim Donghyuk, let's pal around like before."

Donghyuk reached out his hands to Suhyuk. Suhyuk did not hesitate to grab his hand. The Lee Suhyuk, who had been harassed and behaved like a loser in the past, had died a long time ago.

Suhyuk wore a dry smile, looking at Donghyuk. ‘That stupid guy of me in the past could have suffered a lot, but I’m not that type anymore.’

"I’m Suhyuk at your service."

Using recess time, Suhyuk exchanged a brief and clear conversation with them, and he heard from them something he could not understand. Namely, the four of them, including him, studied together, and did that every day, including on the weekends, without skipping. More dumbfounding to him was that it was Suhyuk himself that made the study group. He could not believe it.

"When are you coming back to the study meeting?"

He did not think long before answering, "After I take about ten days' rest".

Just like a bridle that can not be separated, it keeps spinning round and round on the same spot if you try to avoid the answer. What if they harass me with bullying? He’d given up such a stupid idea long before. Fighting with them? Winning is simple. You do not have to think hard. You win if you go to the extreme. With his normal two eyes opened wide, Suhyuk had no intention at all to get the harassment like before.

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One week had passed since Suhyuk came back to school. In the meantime, there was no one who harassed him. On the contrary, some students came to see him with math textbooks or workbooks for help. Fortunately, he still could teach them easily with some of the knowledge he obtained before. But there were some problems he could not solve. When Suhyuk shook his head, saying he did not know how to solve them, they said in unison,

"You look the same as ever."

This is what happened before he lost memory: Suhyuk consistently said that to those asking him to teach math formulas that he did not know. Nonetheless, he belonged to the top tier whenever he took math exams. They were right in thinking Suhyuk did not teach them on purpose. Of course, that was something Suhyuk could not remember now..

"Is there anything you can recall about this?"

Suhyuk shook his head when Donghyuk questioned. Spending time together at the same study group, they often came to see him at recess. Funnily, all three belonged to different classrooms? He must have been such a big pushover; enough to bring them back even if they belonged to different classes.

"I still can't recall anything yet."

When Suhyuk replied, they expressed regret, but did not forget to offer encouragement.

"Recess time is up. We have to go."

Waving their hands, the three turned back. At that moment Suhyuk raised his eyebrows a bit because he felt his head throbbed painfully. When he saw them leaving the classroom, with waving hands, there was something very familiar to him about their appearance from behind. Something Suhyuk must have seen before. It was really a brief moment that a certain scene from the past went through his mind like a flash. The appearance of someone turning back, waving at him in the street. Suhyuk laughed silently, looking at them. And he could feel the same feeling that he had had at the time.

A sense of relief, a sense of victory. What does it mean? Suhyuk intensely focused not to miss any memory that came to his mind like puzzle pieces. It seemed as if this could act as a starting point from which all his memories locked up so deep inside could burst out like dam water. But it turned out a vain wish. Even though all the classes were over and the day's last class meeting was

approaching, he could not recall any more.

"Hi guys, go straight home instead of hanging around at the PC rooms."

As soon as the homeroom teacher said that, the students went out the classroom like a tide. Soohyuk, who had been thinking about something, also moved his body. His thinking did stop until he arrived home and changed his clothes. Why? Why did he wear a victorious smile when he should find himself shuddering at them like before? No matter how he tried to understand, there were too many things incomprehensible to him.

"Hah..."

With a long sigh, Suhyuk gave up such thoughts completely. If he had anything he could recall with utmost efforts, he could have done so very easily. He felt he could recall some more if he felt more relaxed.

Suhyuk checked the wall clock. It was heading for 7 o'clock pm. It was time for his mother to come back after her building cleaning work. As soon as he thought of it, he heard Kim Myonghee opening the door.

As Suhyuk went out into the living room, she was returning with a smile as expected. Instead of a proper padding jumper, she was dressed in several suits of cloth, which made Suhyuk's mind bittersweet.

"Son, did you go to school well today?"

"Yes Mom..."

Embarrassed, Suhyuk cast his eye down at her. Although his mom smiled, she was limping severely.

Chapter 5

Suhyuk hastily approached his mother.

"What's wrong with your legs?"

She came into the living room as if it were nothing. Of course, she was limping. She sat on the dining table, telling him not to worry.

"Son, you must have been surprised quite a bit. I just sprained my ankles. I'll be alright easily after one night."

He didn't care about her mother's words. Having knelt on one knee, Suhyuk carefully put her feet on his thigh and slowly peeled off her thick socks.

"Ha ..."

A short sigh came from Suhyuk. Did she say she felt alright? Her feet were swollen with some bruising. Every time she moved, she must have felt a sharp pain from the sprained ankles.

"With an ice pack, my ankles will heal quickly. Did you eat? You should have dinner. Let me prepare it quickly..."

"I already ate."

Suhyuk held his mother who was trying to stand up.

"Have you sprained your ankles before?"

With a warm smile on her face, she looked down at Suhyuk. She could feel son's warm heart right away.

"No, I should have been more careful. So clumsy..."

Suhyuk felt relieved. Fortunately, when he checked her ankle sprain, it was not a chronic ankle instability. That meant it could not get worse from here on. Suhyuk examined her ankles more closely. Her ankles had a little bruising, but there were no symptoms of skin redness around them. Then? 'Is it 1st degree

ankle sprain?'

Ankle sprain is divided into three stages: the rupture of the ligament tissue is a 2nd degree sprain; and when the ligament supporting the calf bone and ankle joint is ruptured, it is a 3rd degree sprain. This is the most severe stage, and because there is no medium that can hold the joints, there arises a dislocation between the bones of the joint. As the ligament is totally cut off, it causes bleeding in the body, and the symptom can be seen with the naked eye. Feet get swollen and bruised heavily as if blood has permeated into the skin. On the contrary, the pain can get lesser due to stiffened muscle. His mom was a fortunate case.

He did not see any such symptom on her ankles. Only the tissue around her ligament fibers seemed to have been damaged. In other words, she pulled a ligament, which was a 1st degree ankle sprain. Still, there might arise an anomaly related to her sprain, so he could not be 100% sure.

"Mom, do we have a bandage at home?"

"I guess not. I'm really okay."

All he could find at home were some pills and ointments. He then started to tear off his T-shirt without hesitation. And he tightened her ankle joints and fixed the ankle joint ligaments to reduce the secondary damage by minimizing any burden on the ligament.

"Suhyuk, Mom is really ..."

Even before he recognized his mom's defiant voice, it fell deaf to his ear because he was thinking about something else. 'What does this son of a gun mean to her? Mom must have done her best to do something for him...'

"Did you walk back home?" asked Suhyuk.

Did she walk home with her sprained ankles? A distance of a 15-minute car ride? He was heartbroken as if he had some rock stuck

in his heart.

"I'm really okay. I just made a mistake. I was just a little bit hurt," she said.

Kim Myunghee, smiling softly, stroked his head slowly.

He stood up.

"Let's go to the hospital."

He felt his mom's sprained ankles needed to be examined with medical devices. Even if her sprains were 1st degree, the sprains, left untreated, could develop into a chronic condition followed by periodic spraining.

"Come on," Suhyuk prodded again, and she nodded.

In the past, her son used to get very irritable if he felt something uncomfortable in his mind. If he did so, a chilling feeling between them lasted for a week. She silently obliged this time before he showed his old habit. Though she disagreed with her son, she, supported by her son, moved her body to leave home...

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The moment Suhyuk arrived at the hospital, he sought the doctor right away.

"I think she has a 1st degree ankle sprain. As I'm not so sure, I want to have her checked with x-rays to confirm it."

The doctor raised one of his fingers and scratched his head. 'Who the hell is this boy now diagnosing and checking her condition? He is only a child.'

Actually the doctor himself thought of doing an x-ray test as he found no blood stains on her sprained ankles and only saw her limping.

When Kim Myunghee's X-ray photo was displayed on the chart, Suhyuk looked at it quietly. There was no gap between the bones of the joint. Other areas were normal. As expected, it was a 1st degree sprain. Fortunate for her.

The doctor said with a light smile, "As you can see ..."

Saying this, the doctor was forced to laugh awkwardly because that little boy came up with the full diagnosis of his mother.

"Fortunately, it's not a big injury. It looks like a light bruise. You will be alright after a few day's rest. You need to wear a cast, though," the doctor explained.

As for a sprained ankle, one can compress the ankle with a bandage, but recovery is faster when the ankle cannot move at all. Kim Myunghee, staring at her son blankly, smiled. 'Was my son's dream to be a doctor?'

"Sir, do you think what my son said makes any sense?" Kim asked.

"You have a smart son," the doctor replied.

"My son is very good at studying too." Her face became much brighter.

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A few days passed in an instant, and finally the weekend came. Choi Inbae, Kim Insoo Kim Donghyuk. It was the day when they were supposed to have a study session.

Suhyuk was already informed of the destination. It was Kim Insoo's house. It was the same from the beginning, which Suhyuk could not believe. What are they up to? He did not avoid this.

After he took textbooks and workbooks mechanically, Suhyuk left for Kim's house, which took him 40 minutes. It was a huge duplex apartment that looked expensive even at a glance. Actually

it had a reputation as an expensive place. After confirming the unit number and the floor of Kim's place, Suhyuk did not hesitate to enter the complex.

Ding Dong.

When he pressed the bell, the intercom screen flashed and turned off. Someone inside only confirmed Suhyuk's image. The guy who opened the door smiled lightly, a very handsome guy just like a pin-up boy. It was Kim Insoo.

"Come on in. This is your first visit here, right?"

As he had lost memory, it was like his first visit anyway.

Chapter 6

The porch of Kim Insoo's house was slightly larger than Suhyuk's room. No, it looked even bigger, more than twice its size. This was only the beginning. The huge glass windows occupying one wall in the spacious living room displayed a cool scenery off the outside. While Suhyuk was looking around with a strange gaze, Kim Insoo's mother came over with a smile. Jewels and accessories shaking around her body unusually.

"It's been a long time since I last saw you. Are you ok now?" she asked.

'Even she knows me?' he thought to himself. Suhyuk showed a smile just like her's.

"Yes, thank you for your concern."

"Yes, I was so worried about you. I'm so glad you're okay."

"We're going to study now," Insoo said.

However, she added one last word, "Suhyuk, do me a favor once again. Please teach Insoo well."

At a glance, Insoo was from a rich family. 'Then, why is he trying to learn from me instead of going to a private academy or getting a private tutor?'

"Let's go to the room," said Insoo.

Among many rooms in his house, he pulled out the door knocker of the room located at the far end.

When the door was opened, there was a room that could rightly be called as a study. The bookshelf, filled with the books, was tall enough to reach the ceiling. And there was a luxurious table in the middle.

"Come on in!"

"You came to the right place," said his friends.

Choi Inbae touching his horn-rimmed glasses, and Kim Donghyuk making a strange smile were standing there. They welcomed Suhyuk.

"Your seat is over there," said Insoo.

Suhyuk went to take his seat by a square rectangular table. Inbae and Donghyuk sat on both sides of the table while Suhyuk sat on their opposite. Obviously Suhyuk was given an upper seat.

When Suhyuk felt uncomfortable at the seat placement, they just giggled.

"It was your seat, and it was also your favorite seat."

Suhyuk, nodding slowly, took out the books from his bag and put them on the table.

‘Now, show me the surprise you guys have prepared for me. Things will be different from the past.’

"Suhyuk, if you do not know anything, ask us. You might not recall much of what you learned as you lost memory."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Our grades went up a lot thanks to your help. Insoo came out at the top in the entire school."

Originally, it was Suhyuk who came at the top in his school. For some reason, when Suhyuk became a junior, Insoo came out at the top, while Donghyuk and Inbase came in 2nd and 3rd respectively. Besides, Suhyuk's grade fell down like a steep downhill. He was placed 4th in his class, and 20th in his school. The current Suhyuk could not know that.

"Well, as all the members are here, let's get down to work!"

As soon as Donghyeok said that, their study began. The surroundings were very quiet, except when they turned over books and moved their sharp pencils. That was the only sound. ‘These guys are really serious about studying?’ Suhyuk thought to

himself.

They were concentrating, with their eyes fixed on their books.

Suhyuk felt stuffy. He could feel their studying atmosphere, but their real motivation was invisible as if it were obscured by black fog.

After watching them silently, Suhyuk finally opened his mouth, "I'm sorry to interrupt you guys as you're fully focused, but can I ask you a few questions?"

Their eyes were fixed on Suhyuk.

"Did you notice a problem you do not understand?"

"Please ask any questions."

"Thank you. Don't get me wrong about what I have to say from now on."

Suhyuk, who caught his breath tightly, spoke again.

"Have you ever harassed me?"

At that moment, their faces suddenly stiffened, with a deeply distrustful look. But their hostile look lasted a very short time, so Suhyuk did not notice it.

"What is it? Don't talk rot!"

"Did you have a dream? How could we do that to you?"

'Were they intent to do their mischief to me to the end, not caring at all what they had done to me in the past?' His diary was full of curses he hurled about them. Did he do it even when he was not harassed by them? He could not understand.

"I just want to know for sure what our relationship was like," Suhyuk said.

Inbae, touching his glasses, said, "I think you seem to be confused, but that's understandable as you had amnesia. We've been friends since we're freshmen in the same middle school. And

this meeting came about thanks to your idea. As the top student in the whole school, you taught us how to study. Private academy tutoring? Actually, you taught us better than they did, and your teaching method was much more interesting too. Did we feel like that because we're the same age? Anyway, thanks to your help, our grades went up, and we are very much grateful to you."

They all nodded, seeing eye to eye to Inbae's remarks. Anyhow, it was true that they appreciated his help because their grades went up.

"Now, how could we harass you? That's nonsense!"

He could read some sort of sincerity on their facial expressions.

Should he believe all their words?

"I'm sorry, but I cannot believe you, to be honest."

Were they hurt by Suhyuk's response? Or did they give up being patient with him any longer? Insoo stood up from his seat. He looked at Suhyuk coldly. In a hostile mood as if he wanted to throw a punch at him, he slowly turned around the table to approach Suhyuk.

Surrounded by books, the study had an eerie atmosphere where a man could be killed without uttering even one word.

Suhyuk, with eyes fixed firmly on Insoo's face, was putting his head to work to prepare for any contingent situation. This is how long it takes for visual information to be delivered to the brain: first through the cornea, then the lens, vitreous body, retina, and finally through the visual nerve will the visual information be transmitted to the brain.

To make a judgement adding all this up together, it takes only about 0.2 second for the body to react immediately. Can Suhyuk escape his fist? It does not matter if he cannot.

Suhyuk grabbed his chair firmly by turning his hand backward while sitting. Bold enough. He was intent to use the chair as a

blunt weapon just in case. ‘Let me pay back the pain twice as much as a silly Suhyuk of the past suffered from you.’

"What makes you get stiff like that?"

Wearing a relaxed look, Insoo approached Suhyuk instantly and patted him on the shoulder. Then he picked one of several cups next to him and poured tea from a tumbler. Steam began to roll up from the tea cup, and its delicate fragrance smelled superb.

"I hope that your memory will come back quickly, so that your misunderstanding can clear up," he said. Insoo gave tea to Suhyuk.

"Well, drink it, and you'll feel better. You used to like it."

"Thanks," Suhyuk said, taking his cup to his lips.

Did he really misunderstand? Should he give up his existing perceptions about them and take a different approach? When Suhyuk took a sip of tea and put down the cup, Insoo opened his mouth, "Suhyuk, what does retributive justice mean? Suddenly I can't understand what it means." Kim Insoo showed a eerie smile.

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After returning home from studying, Suhyuk lay in bed. He felt dizzy and languid, in body and soul. If he closed his eyes, he felt like he would just fall asleep instantly. Looking at the fluorescent lamp, his eyes slowly closed.

"What the hell...."

He could not find any malice from the study group members. Not only from them, but also from his other classmates. It seemed as if his thoughts were in a muddle and sucked into a black hole. Suhyuk fell into sleep.

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At that very moment he woke up from his bed. He opened the

desk drawer and took out the diary. He was determined to peruse it again. At that moment, something shiny in the disturbed drawer caught Suhyuk's eye. It was a paper-bundle of medicine. 'What is this?' It was something he had not found before. Suhyuk brought his hand to the medicine.

At that very moment, his head throbbed painfully, conjuring up a certain scene from the past: He smashed pills into powder, and poured it into a tumbler with a smile. 'How dare you bastards beat me in grades? You bastards never returning my favor! The first place in the class is mine!' <Drink this. They say it will help you memorize things better> <Thank you, Suhyuk. You're the one we can turn to. >

Remnants of memories kept passing through Suhyuk's head. He was completing the pieces of the puzzle little by little: 'As I teach you like this, you have got to return my favor with this kind of gift at the least.' An image appears of him slipping an earring into his pocket at Insoo's house. 'Why! Why does my grade keep going down? Why! Why! I really did work very hard! But why am I lagging behind those stupid little guys? Yes, taking classes at a private academy is not enough. I have to get a private tutor like them. If I get an expensive tutor, my grades will rise quickly.' <Mom, get me a tutor> Mom sighs deeply ...

Suhyuk's expressions stiffened after recalling the memories that passed like a light.

"Oh my god, I must have been a crazy little b*tch back then..."

Chapter 7

Suhyuk did not languish in poverty severe enough to skip a meal. Though he led a meager life, he still could just about get by in life by suppressing his desire to eat more than what he was served, and he could get by in life by not being better dressed than others. Nonetheless, the crazy guy inside of him could not be content with that kind of poor lifestyle anymore.

Did he not want to live like the upper class? He approached those guys from rich families with an excuse of tutoring, and bossed them around, fully conceited. Teaching them? He did not teach them more than half of what he had in his head.

Despite that, he could get a lot of stuff from their parents such as clothes, cell phones, and watches as reward for his tutoring. If he could have his way, he wanted to change his parents. It was unfair.

‘Why wasn’t I born into a wealthy family?’

When he looked at his parents whose faces reflected the ravages of time, he found irritation and annoyance welling up within him.

‘Thanks to their parents, these poor-grade boys are living off the fat of the world. What about me? Why am I suffering like this because of my incompetent parents?’

When he compared his life to theirs, his head throbbed painfully, and the ensuing stress affected his grades, which kept plummeting. As if they did not want to miss that opportunity, they caught up with him closely.

‘How dare you guys chase me?’

He did not want to be beaten by these guys in the slightest. He obtained all the different kinds of medicine that could disturb their concentration; diarrhea medicine, sleeping pills, and so on... He very cunningly had them take the medicine, so they could not notice it. Was it too late though? Their grades shot up as if they

were gaining momentum.

Consumed by impatience, Suhyuk grilled his parents to get him an expensive tutor, and finally he could get one. Nonetheless, his grades were still the same as before. Now, he was feeding them stronger and more pills.

"You're a crazy b*tch," Suhyuk muttered, looking at himself reflected in the mirror.

Now he could recollect the purpose of their study at Insoo's home, and the intention of the meeting perfectly, among other things.

'Were you so envious of them?'

While looking at himself silently, Suhyuk pulled out his cell phone to do something quickly.

(Hello)

It was Kim Insoo's voice over the phone.

"I want to see you now," Suhyuk said.

"What's up? It's too late. Why don't we see each other tomorrow?"

"Let me come to your house now." It was 9 pm.

When he hung up the phone, Suhyuk immediately went to the parking space at Kim Insoo's apartment complex to see him.

"Do you have any questions? You can talk over the phone instead of going to the trouble of coming to see me like this."

"I'm sorry."

At Suhyuk's sudden voice, Insoo looked at him quietly. Very briefly. He then burst into a giggle, asking, "What are you sorry about?"

"That son of a b*tch, no, it was me. I'm sorry for what I had done to you," said Suhyuk.

Insoo muttered, touching his lips as if he were thinking over something.

“What? Did you recall all that stuff?” asked Insoo.

“Yes,” answered Suhyuk.

“Hmm... I'm afraid it's not going to be funny anymore if you already sensed it,” said Insoo.

The two kept silent for quite a long time. A dry, cold wind passed through them. It was Insoo who opened his lips first.

“It's cold. Go back.”

Insoo started to walk back home.

“I'm sorry,” said Suhyuk.

His repeated apologies stopped him.

Insoo stopped and turned back, twisting his head a little bit.

“Do you think we did not know about your mischief from the beginning?” asked Insoo. His smiling expression became even more strange. Insoo cast a drowsy gaze at him as if a fat cat were looking at a mouse.

Suhyuk was lost for words. ‘Did they know about it from the beginning? Despite that, did they pretend not to know it all along?’

“It's good to know that you recovered your past memories and apologized, but you have to know just one thing about the reason why your grade went down. Do you know why?” Insoo asked.

Suhyuk could understand his incoherent statement immediately. Actually what Insoo meant by that was that they paid back what Suhyuk had done to them from the beginning. They knew that there must have been some disturbing factor that made their grades worse, be it medicine or whatever it was.

After all, it was Suhyuk who was trapped inside a fence, and they were looking at him as if they were watching monkeys at the zoo.

"You should have checked out your opponents before toying with us. Do you know what the characteristics of a third-rate class like you are? You can never escape from our palms even though you are struggling desperately to get out. You know what I mean? The third class people stuck in a ditch are destined to live like that forever."

Suhyuk grabbed both hands in spite of himself. Kim Insoo, who looked at his behavior, laughed.

"If you're ignorant, you're brave. Thanks to you, our grade went up, for which we're grateful." Insoo went back home with after saying those words.

Left alone, Suhyuk looked silently at the apartment complex surrounding him. He tightened his gripped hands a little more.

‘What Lee Suhyuk had done to them in the past. Yes, obviously that’s what I had done. I admit it. Mistake or not, it is good to admit it. What's more important now is to move forward. A third-class life stuck in the ditch?’

Suhyuk's eyes staring at the expensive apartment buildings shone chillingly.

‘Luxury foreign cars and apartments? Let me have them all.’

Suhyuk began to turn around and move. And he thought to himself, ‘I'll certainly go to the medical school.’

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After returning home, Suhyuk knelt before his mother and father, and he apologized for the mistakes he made in the past . His mother warmly embraced Suhyuk and his father laughed silently.

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Suhyuk became a high school student, and he started to deliver newspapers early in the morning as a part-timer. His parents at first tried to stop him by all means, but in the end let him have his

way.

The basis of studying is physical strength. As he had laid down in a vegetative state for a long time, his physical strength had been weakened a lot. By taking a part-time job, it's like killing two birds with one stone. In other words, paper delivery was a good opportunity for him to make money for his private academy fee on the one hand, and to recover his strength on the other.

Suhyuk, who went out at dawn for newspaper delivery, stepped on the bicycle pedal. He turned around the apartment complex and single houses to deliver papers. He worked like that for about an hour or so.

He pedalled his bicycle again to deliver the last newspaper of his batch for the day.

At a shrieking noise, Suhyuk turned back his head. A motorcycle had fallen down astray on the street with the ignition switch not yet turned off, and was making a loud noise. Moreover, a man was trapped under the heavy motorcycle. He was struggling to get out of it, but it did not seem easy. Without the man's knowing, red blood was flowing from his lower body, and he just lay trapped under the motorcycle.

Chapter 8

Suhyuk stepped toward him instantly. At that moment he stumbled, but put his hand on a telephone pole. Another memory was passing through his head.

A dry sound from a radio was flowing out of a taxi driving on a highway. (Today's weather: a cold wave has returned after 10 years ...) Bang! A van on the highway skidded off the road, crossing over the centerline and crashed into the taxi. There was no time for the taxi driver to react. It was an accident that happened so quickly, and crashed with such a bang that the taxi floated up into the air before it flipped over. Suhyuk could see it clearly. Like a slow video, fragments of broken glass poured out on himself. His pupils could catch the sight of each grain of the broken glass, just like watching slow motion video scenes. But it lasted a very short time. Suddenly, the broken pieces of the taxi spread all over the place.

His memory ended there. When similar scenes and conditions such as these are matched, the fragments of his sleeping memories start to wake up. However, that was not the focus right now. Suhyuk, who shook his head to rouse himself, approached the victim of the accident who was a male apparently in his early 20s with yellow hair.

"Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

"Please get this off me..." said the victim.

Despite his asking for help, Suhyuk first dialed 119. He then quickly hung up the phone and quickly looked around. Starting from the fire hydrant driven into the ground, beads of blood spread out across towards the victim. It seemed obvious that the accident was caused by the motorcycle hitting the fire hydrant.

"Hey, student, please do me a favor," said the victim.

"Do not move."

His blood, apparently bleeding out of his lower body was unseen, covered by the motorcycle. A pool of blood. An indication that his wound was deep.

'Did his arteries get ripped?'

Looking at the amount of his bleeding, it was not coming from a vein. Fortunately, the motorcycle pressed down his wounds. What if his arteries were ripped, as speculated? If the motorcycle had been cleared, blood could have gushed from the wounds because the heart had pumped it out.

"Oh my god, Are you okay?"

Two men who witnessed the accident came up. They immediately began to pick up the motorcycle pressing down the victim.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Suhyuk, but the motorcycle was already thrown out to one side.

The groaning man's thigh was seen clearly. His wound was very deep.

To be precise, it was so severe that his thigh had burst. Blood came out like a water fountain. Even the white bone of his thigh was submerged by blood and then came out into the open.

"Call the ambulance!"

Recognizing the emergency situation, the two men pulled out their cell phones and clogged the bleeding of the victim's thigh with their hands.

Suhyuk then took off his jumper and T-shirt, and then he pressed it against the wound. If there was a disinfectant, it would have been even better. However, he had to be content with this first-aid in such a situation.

The victim's body shook and shivered. The air was very cold as the sun was just rising. The victim was bleeding a lot. He was

experiencing what they call adventitious hypothermia.

When the muscles are stiff, the body reacts first to maintain its temperature. A human's core temperature is 35 C degrees. If any further loss of body temperature occurs, he might develop a complication. Breathing, blood circulation, and later the nervous system slow down, making his condition worse. Suhyuk did not hesitate to cover his jumper around him.

"Please bear with me a little more. I called the ambulance. Do you see this?"

Soohyuk moved one finger to the left and then to the right.

"What are you doing?"

His pupils, now trembling along with his teeth, chased after his fingers. It was a good sign. His response was good and his lips did not turn blue.

But Suhyuk could not be relieved. He applied first-aid as much as he could, but there was no way he could stop the blood. Professional treatment was urgent. Then a loud siren sound was heard. The ambulance arrived, and the crew carried him on a stretcher quickly.

"Are you okay, boy?"

A female crew member stared at him with surprise because Suhyuk was wearing a short sleeve top. At that moment Suhyuk opened his mouth, rubbing his goose-bumped forearm with his hands,

"He has hypothermia between mild and severe, I think. Bleeding is severe ... "

"You must be a guardian. Get in the car anyway!"

At a loss of what to do, Suhyuk got in the ambulance, pushed by the crew member.

The ambulance drove very fast. Suhyuk, who got his jumper

back, was in an awkward position and could not say anything. The ambulance crew members were hands full taking care of the victim.

'I have to go to school...' When Suhyuk was thinking about it, the ambulance arrived at a hospital.

When Suhyuk was standing helplessly after he got off the ambulance, one of the crew who rushed the victim to the hospital said,

"Student, come over and quickly sign the paper."

"I am not a guardian..." he replied.

The crew were already fading far away. Suhyuk, scratching his head, checked the time with his cell phone. It was 6:20am. There was still time for him to go to school. It was not that important, but he had no bus fare. He left his bike behind at the accident scene. Suhyuk was forced to head toward the emergency room along with the crew.

Zeeeeing.... The door of the emergency room opened, and Suhyuk went in.

A familiar smell there tickled the tip of his nose.

Chapter 9

The emergency room was very busy. Many nurses and some doctors were busy checking the patient's' condition working like hell.

"Where did they go?"

Wherever Suhyuk looked around, he could not find the ambulance paramedics that came with him. It's possible that the victim was sent straight to the operating room.

‘Where did they go? Did they leave already? What about me without any bus fare?’

He might be forced to walk back in return for helping out an accident victim. It would take him about 2 hours to walk back on foot. In that case, late arrival was a sure thing.

Suhyuk, with a sigh, started to search for the paramedics but could not find them. Instead, only those patients who complaining about their pain, groaning here and there in the emergency room caught his eyes.

There are so many sick people packed in this place. Who is now worried about whom?

‘Do I really have to walk back?’

He could contact his mother still staying at home, but he did not feel up to it because it might make her worry.

‘Let me walk as far as I can. If I am really late, I can contact then.’ Suhyuk headed to the gate of the emergency room again.

At that moment a sudden voice stopped Suhyuk's footstep.

"Doctor!"

The voice came from behind the curtain. It was a tone that apparently belonged to a quite old person. Looking at the curtain for a moment, Suhyuk moved again.

‘I'm afraid will be really late.’

"Doctor ..."

Suhyuk was forced to stop again. Her trembling voice surely showed she was in a lot of pain. ‘Why?’ He had questions about her. Other patients were being taken care of by doctors or nurses, but nobody cared about her.

Suhyuk opened the curtain softly. The woman patient, in her late 50s, lay down on a temporary bed. Noticing Suhyuk, she opened her mouth.

"Doctor, I think I'm very sick."

He was obviously reflected in her pupils, and still she called him a doctor?

"I'm not a doctor."

"Please give me a candy! I'll be okay if I have a candy. I am in a lot of pain right now." Her tone resembled a child's.

‘Cognitive impairment (dementia)? If you narrow down the causes of this syndrome there are about 70.’

Suhyuk's pupils looked across her whole body quickly. She seemed to have no external injury. Certainly she had none. ‘Is it feigned illness?’

"If you wait a bit, the doctor will come in."

The moment Suhyuk turned away, her hand grabbed Suhyuk's arms.

"Sir, I'm sick. Give me a candy. Candy!"

Suhyuk tried to let go of her hand gently, but could not because she gripped his hand very tight.

Touching her hand, he could directly feel the kind of pain that a woman suffered when giving birth to her baby. After all, he approached the woman. Even if she lay in bed with feigned illness,

she was still a patient in the emergency room. Nonetheless, there was not a single medical device attached to her body.

"Are you very sick?"

"Yes I am."

"Which area of your body hurts a lot?"

"My head aches, my stomach hurts, my legs are sore," she said.

"Do not worry. You'll be alright quite soon."

Suhyuk smiled, as if to comfort a child, and clasped her hands gently with both hands. He could feel it then.

"It's so hot," he said.

Her body temperature rose so much that he could feel it right away. Also, he could see the sweat hidden in her curly permed hair. The temperature in the emergency room is appropriate, neither cold nor hot.

"Are you feeling hot?"

She shook her head from left to right.

"Sir, I'm sick. Give me a candy. Candy. Candy is a medicine to me!"

Suhyuk unconsciously grabbed her wrist to check her pulse. Because there was no pulse device, he had to check her body himself. Not even a minute passed by and his eyes narrowed. 'Her pulse is quite high...'

Blergh! Suddenly she dry retched.

"Are you okay?"

"Please quickly give me candy! Candy!"

He raised up the curtain widely, looking at the doctors and nurses.

"Here! This patient is weird!"

Did they not hear his words? They were busy taking care of other patients. Some nurses laughed at him with a glance.

"She's got feigned illness. Feigned. Illness."

"Mrs. Jung Malsuk, I will give you a shot if you continue to complain about your feigned illness."

It was not just once or twice that they confronted her with that kind of threat before.

‘Had she been to this place before several times? And habitually without any pain?’ It was possible, if dementia had come to her.

By the way, her pain was real this time in Suhyuk's eyes. The nurses who showed a quick interest in her started getting busy again. Suhyuk gave up calling for them and soothed her into the bed. Dry retch, high body temperature, and fast pulse. What does this hint tell?

Suhyuk took her hand to her belly and then, speaking softly, pushed down her solar plexus gently.

"What did you eat before?"

"Candy!"

She did not cry of pain this time. Suhyuk pressed and tapped on her body here and there to check her reaction. She showed no reaction. Nonetheless, she was breaking out in cold sweat and knitted her brows.

"Where did you eat this delicious candy?"

"At the street cleaners' place."

Where could it be? Suhyuk's hand moved down her belly and then under her right navel. He slowly pressed it.

"Oww!"

A sharp scream came out of her mouth. At that moment, Suhyuk's face stiffened. ‘It's chronic...’ Some sort of muttering

came out of his lips, "Acute appendicitis."

Chapter 10

Acute appendicitis. People often say they suffer from appendix pain, but the correct expression is appendicitis. Acute appendicitis is accompanied by strong pain in the right lower abdomen.

With a grave expression Suhyuk took his hand off her belly.

“Oww!”

She screamed more sharply. This was because the pain is worse when depressed rather than when pressed. It's a reflexive pain that patients with appendicitis feel.

“When did you get sick?”

All the hints from her reactions ascertain that it is appendicitis.

“I was sick every day. Sir, I'm sick.”

Based on her words alone, he could not tell how long her condition continued for.

With her condition like this continuing for 24 hours there was a 20% chance that it could lead to perforations, and the chance would be 70% after 48 hours.

How long has she endured this pain? If the appendix bursts, perforation could lead to peritonitis. It was only natural that other complications would occur after, putting the patients life at risk. Immediate surgery was needed.

‘Why did they leave her condition untreated like this?’

If anybody comes to the hospital saying that they have a slight pain in the stomach, doctors easily come to suspect if it is appendicitis.

He had the same experience.

"Please be patient a little longer."

Suhyuk yelled, "Come and see her here! "

But they just looked back and then they were busy doing their own work. So Suhyuk approached a doctor watching the condition of a patient who did not seemed to be in an emergency situation.

"That patient seems to have acute appendicitis. I think she should need an immediate surgery."

The doctor's eye moved along Suhyuk's fingers.

When she came into his eyes, the doctor burst into a silly laughter and said, "I did not see you before. Are you her guardian?"

"That's not the point. She has acute... " replied Suhyuk.

"Did she say she had acute appendicitis? How did she get to know the medical term? She's just making a big fuss. She comes here every day, complaining about her pain and then would lie in bed. In a short time her guardian will come here, and if you are not her relative, I would like you to leave this place. This is not a children's playground."

Suhyuk knitted his brow a bit. It's possible that doctors might not have even looked at her for her repeated feigned illness.

"Please examine her. She's really serious," Suhyuk said.

"Hey dude, I'm really busy. Hey nurse, take this student out of the emergency room."

The nurses were quick to respond. With a soft word, they led him to the emergency room door.

"Hey student, you should not do this here. You don't go to school? You'll be late if you don't hurry."

Suhyuk shook off their hands roughly and tugged at the doctor's gown, saying, "Examining the patient won't be that difficult. Come and check her!"

The doctor, dragged with an awkward smile, soon stiffened his face.

"Hey student, you would be in big trouble if you're doing this

here. Let me repeat. Just go back home!"

Suhyuk stiffened his face at the doctor's shrieking voice.

It is the doctor who must constantly check the condition of the patients who complain about their pain. If the patient is sick, the doctor has to check and offer treatment. That was the same case for her who had cognitive disorder.

The doctor should not take off his eyes from those who lack discernment of their illness even if they lie. The doctor is supposed to behave like that. At least that's the image of a doctor Suhyuk thinks of. But what about this doctor?

"I'm a newspaper delivery boy," said Suhyuk.

The doctor, who had a bearded smile, looked him up and down, bursting into a silly laugh. His clothes were too filthy.

"Yes, I knew it. So what?" asked the doctor.

"Well, there was a big headline in today's newspaper that a doctor who had left an emergency patient untouched was arrested..."

The doctor knitted his brows suddenly at Suhyuk's apparent threatening remarks.

"Do you really want a scolding?"

"Before you scold me, just examine her!"

Suhyuk stared at him. Was it provocative in his eyes? The doctor grabbed his hands roughly.

"You son of a b*tch!"

"What's going on here?"

Suhyuk and the doctor's heads turned back to the side at the same time. It was because a man neatly dressed up was walking straight towards them. He usually had a gentle appearance, but his face was stiff at the moment, and he had a good reason for that. Two people were bickering at each other in front of his mother

who was mentally unfit. She must have been very surprised.

"Did you just arrive?"

The doctor's face, who was staying with Suhyuk, quickly became bright.

"What's the matter?"

"Not a big deal. This boy just made a big fuss about nothing."

"Hey, she needs surgery now!"

At Suhyuk's shouting, the man turned his head to her lying in bed. He looked the doctor in the face.

"What's wrong?"

Scratching his head, the doctor opened his mouth,

"She's complaining about her feigned illness again, hahaha."

"Are you saying it after you've confirmed her condition?"

The doctor then turned his gaze on her.

"She is doing it every day."

The man was just speechless.

Obviously, she was a patient. She was breaking out in a cold sweat and making a low groaning noise. Unlike her feigned illness in the past, she was quite different now. The doctor, who hurriedly approached her, began to move briskly. And then he looked at Suhyuk with glaring eyes as if he couldn't believe him.

How could a boy discern her condition?

"Mother, are you okay?"

The man, who grabbed her hands softly, asked. However, her gaze was only fixed on Suhyuk as if she could not recognize her son.

"Sir, I'm sick. Candy, please candy!"

"Quick, get ready for operation, nurse!"

The doctor urgently called the nurse. And when the doctor was about to disappear with her, the man grabbed the doctor's wrist.

And he said quietly, "Shouldn't you be doing your job properly if I'm giving you my money, huh?!"

His mother with dementia had long become like a pampered child, who needed constant care from someone. Despite that, she somehow got out of the house and always came to the emergency room of this hospital.

Could it be that she missed her husband so much, who died here because of an accident? Because she missed him so much?

Her son paid the doctor a lot of money. He gave the doctor the money with the request that, if she came to this place, she should be well taken care of until he came to pick her up. It was far from a small sum, but he did not care about it at all because he had money to burn.

Nevertheless, the doctor made his mother's condition bad enough to require an emergency surgery. The man took his mouth to the doctor's ear and said coldly, "If something bad happens to my mom, I cannot guarantee what will happen to you."

Transactions between doctors and guardians in the emergency room. There were enough to get them tangled up in a police report, especially when it involved money.

The doctor nodded his head mindlessly and disappeared with the nurses in a flash, pushing the bed she was lying on.

Soon Suhyuk and the man were left alone in the emergency room. Suhyuk, who gave a sigh of relief, turned away to leave.

"Hey student!"

When he was about to head toward the door, the man's voice calling him stopped Suhyuk.

Chapter 11

When Suhyuk turned back, the man had a wonderful smile on his face.

Only then did Suhyuk take a closer look at him. A man in his early or mid-thirties, he wore fine clothes with a classical air and a luxury watch. Besides that, he looked very handsome, like an actor.

"Thank you."

His voice conveyed his true feelings. 'If it wasn't for this student in front of me, could the worst thing have happened to my mom?

When the man entered the emergency room entrance, he could overhear the two of them, Suhyuk and the doctor.

'The student's eyes watching the doctor... They were cold and decisive. He looked at the doctor as if he were devouring him. That look of his could save my mother.'

But then suddenly as if nothing happened, he could not find any trace of that look from the student.

"What a relief," Suhyuk smiled a little.

"How did you know she was sick?" asked the man.

"She looked very sick," replied Suhyuk.

He slowly nodded his head at Suhyuk's simple and clear statement.

"Student, tell me if you want anything right now."

"No, that's fine thanks."

He could not think of anything in particular that he wanted. And if one can get something easily, he's can easily to get into trouble.

"I have to go to school, so take care of her. Her surgery will go well. Don't worry too much."

Although appendicitis was dangerous, her surgery would be finished quickly. Appendicitis is like that. It needed only surgery to be done before it lead to perforation.

Suhyuk turned back. Out of the emergency room, Suhyuk sighed a little. Even though he want to leave, he didn't dare.

"Where is your school?"

Pulling out a cigarette, the man suddenly followed Suhyuk.

Although the hospital including its inside was a non-smoking area, not to mention the parking lot, he didn't care at all and bit a cigarette in his mouth. Fong! His zipper lighter opened with a loud noise. Smoke from his cigarette filled the deep inside of his lungs.

"Huhh... what's the name of your school?"

"Myungsung High School."

"You're going to stop by home first, right?"

"Yeah."

"Then, take my car!"

The man took out his cell phone and called somewhere, and soon a luxury foreign car appeared. Its driver deeply bent his waist toward the man.

"Please give this student a ride back to his home."

"What about your ride boss?!"

"Let me take care of myself," said the man.

Then the man looked at Suhyuk again, saying, "I'm not a holy terror. So, you can ride my car."

Suhyuk nodded his head heartily.

Looks like the man wanted to return his favor the moment he asked Suhyuk if he wanted anything. If Suhyuk used his car, the man would feel happy, and so would Suhyuk.

In no time, the luxurious foreign car that picked up Suhyuk began to leave the hospital quietly. Suhyuk looked at the landscape outside the window passing by. He felt as if he saved two people today.

"Hey student?" the driver asked.

"Yeah?"

"What is your name?"

"Lee Suhyuk."

"A good name. What grade are you?"

"I'm in Class 3 in my third year. Why are you asking?"

"Well, I have a nephew like you at Myungsung High School."

And then he became silent.

"Oh, my bike!" Suhyuk opened his mouth quickly. "Please stop there!"

"Why?"

"I left my bicycle there."

"Bicycle?"

"Yes, the bike."

The driver got to the destination, guided by Suhyuk's instruction.

"No, I can't find it..."

Suhyuk stood blankly there because his bicycle had disappeared with no trace of it.

"My father bought it for me."

It was a bike that his father bought for his son after seeing him running around for exercise.

After giving a sigh, Suhyuk moved towards the telephone pole. He saw the last paper for delivery for the day stuck into a corner.

After picking it up, he walked staggeringly to the house with a blue door and threw it over the wall.

Bang, bang! He turned his head toward the sound, and then got into the car to go back home.

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The ratio of females to males was higher at Myungsung High School.

Nonetheless, classes were evenly divided into male and female students.

Class 3 in the first year.

Looking at the blackboard blankly, Suhyuk continued to sigh. It was because the missing bike continued to bother him. If he had bought it with his own money that he made as a part-timer, he might have forgotten it coolly, but it was a gift from his father who was as brusque and reticent as a ruler.

"Hah..."

Time passed quickly and it was the end of classes.

The homeroom teacher said in a threatening tone, "Your mid-term exam is only one week away. Listen carefully. From now on, this is a crucial time that can change your life. If you raise your average score by 1 point, your future wife's face will change later. That's it. Lee Suhyuk!"

"Yes sir."

"Stop by the teachers' office briefly."

When the students went out like a tide, Suhyuk took his school bag. 'What's the matter?' No matter how much he thought about it, he could not figure out why his teacher wanted to see him.

Suhyuk visited the teachers' office.

"Here you are." It was a receipt that the teacher gave him.

"This is a receipt of the tuition fee that covers up to your third year."

Suhyuk made a puzzled look. He never heard that the school offered such a scholarship, and he was far from a scholarship recipient.

"Who paid the fee?"

Even the teacher shook his head as if he did not know. Actually he wanted to ask Suhyuk about it. Since the school's founding, there has never been a case like this.

"I heard someone paid the tuition for you at the general affairs office."

Looking at the receipt, he made an expression as if he did not know either. It was impossible for his parents to pay it. His parents had no big sum of money. At that moment, there was a figure that flashed through his mind. The very person he met in the emergency room.

Parting with the teacher, Suhyuk went to the general affairs office, and asked, showing the receipt, "Was it a man who paid for this? A man in his early or mid-thirties?"

A woman clerk at the office shook her head, "It was a woman. She was very pretty."

‘Who is she?’ Suhyuk, after some thinking about the identity of the woman, eventually headed home, and was stuck with surprise again because he saw a top-class bicycle with a gorgeous design in front of the door. Suhyuk's eyes became a lot bigger because of the price of the bike. It was 15,400,000 won.

Chapter 12

Suhyuk could barely take his eyes off the price of the bike. He looked at his smartphone and the bicycle alternately. Was there such an expensive bike? It is well over 10 million won.

Suhyuk once again recalled the man in the emergency room. Without him these things are incomprehensible. And the woman that paid his full tuition for three years, she must also be associated with that man.

As he was still not so sure, Suhyuk placed the bicycle at the railing on the opposite side. Kindly enough, a note was attached to the lock of the bike. It was the password. After putting the bicycle against the railing, he went into the house.

Then he went out with his study material to go to the private academy.

'Can I just ride it?'

He shook his head. He wanted to wait one more day, and if no one came up to claim it, then he decided he would use it. If nobody claims it, that must be a gift from the man. That bike was more expensive than his three years' tuition fee. That was a burden to him.

'Can I just accept these two things without a blink or any qualm?'

After looking at it quietly, Suhyuk turned back and headed for the academy. When he came back to his house, the bicycle was still there, as expected.

"Now, how should I explain to my father about the bike?" The bike he got from his father disappeared and in its place there was an expensive one; more expensive than a used car.

'Can I tell him I received it as a gift, as well as the full payment of tuition fee? Also, can I tell him I examined someone who was sick and diagnosed her with dementia? If I told him about all this,

things would become complicated.’ His parents would feel very burdened and worry about it very much.

So, Suhyuk made up another excuse, such as “someone's car hit his bike, so the car owner bought a new one.” He was able to make it up without difficulty. The bike looked a little expensive, but his father could not guess how much it was. A little later his mother came, and then his father returned from work.

Both of them asked the same question.

“What's the bike in front of the door doing?”

Suhyuk told them what he had in mind already.

"It looks better."

He could pull the wool over their eyes about the bike. Now he had to make up an excuse for the tuition fees. He did not think it over long, and decided what to do about it quickly. He would save the tuition fees from his parents and later he could use the money very valuably. Certainly he would give the money back to his parents.

"Huhh..." With a long, deep breath, Suhyuk cleared up his complicated thoughts.

It's only one week away until the midterm exam. He sat down and opened his workbooks. It was the first exam he would take in high school. His goal was to be the first in the class. He decided he could not be defeated by a psychopathic jerk like the Lee Suhyuk of the past. 'I will get at least 20th in the school.' The sound of him using a sharp pencil and thumbing through the pages of books quietly echoed around the room.

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The next day, Suhyup delivered newspapers without fail.

The performance of the bike was well beyond his expectation.

When he pedalled his feet a few times, it just rode very well. With some exaggeration, it rode so well as if it could race with a car. Damn good. While he was delivering papers, Suhyuk did not stop studying. He continued to memorize the words in his notebook. Memorizing them over and over, and he arrived at the school before he could realise it.

"You'll see this question in the exam."

The students giggled at the math teacher's remarks like that, because those kinds of questions tipped off in advance would not appear in the exams. But Suhyuk was different from those who laughed it away. Shining his eyes, he really focused on the teacher's remarks not to miss even a single word.

"I can't be beaten this time." said Lee Suhyuk. He would rather die than being defeated by the Suhyuk of the past.

A week went by quickly, and the exam day came at last. The students moved their desks into a single line. Desk arrangement was the homeroom teacher's idea to prevent their cheating. Exam time was approaching and students' muttering came out here and there in the classroom.

"As for your OMR card, do not mark your answer in the wrong line. If you're caught cheating, your score will be zero. Now, distribute the exam sheets to the students in the back."

The test started.

And the 50 minutes of test time was too short. Of course, some of the students felt the exam time was boring and long while some rested their heads on the desk after finishing in just 20 minutes.

Suhyuk stayed alert though. After solving all the problems, he double checked if he marked the reply correctly.

A bell rang.

"I ruined the first test."

"I think I marked the replies wrong from the the middle."

Some of the students about to cry grumbled about their poor performance, and others quickly got ready for the next test. Suhyuk belonged to the latter group.

The second test was math. Math was a very important subject that could be reflected in the scholastic aptitude test for college entrance. He looked at the math formulas quietly. His goal was to get the full score. He could not miss even one math question.

Finishing all the exams, Suhyuk passed out of the classroom to return home.

With a brief breath in and out, Suhyuk blew away whatever tension he had in his mind. The problems were complicated and complex. It was not an easy test. Suhyuk's feet stepped on the bicycle pedal.

'I have confidence I did well.'

Suhyuk rode the bike, feeling the wind all over his body. The week-long testing period was over quickly, and in no time, the outcomes of students' tests were posted on the wall behind the classroom. They gathered noisily to check their outcomes.

Suhyuk sat in his seat and looked at it quietly. How did his outcome come out? When the students gathered at the test score board scattered away, Suhyuk moved there to confirm his test score.

Some of the students talked to him,

"Lee Suhyuk, you were a smart student!"

"Were you a nerd?"

Their voices allowed him to guess the outcome of his tests to some extent. Suhyuk was able to confirm his test scores soon. First in his class, and 20th in the whole school. Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. Actually he expected his score to be a little higher, but

it turned out he was exactly 20th.

'I would get at least 10th place in the final exam.'

Firmly making up his mind, he returned to his seat without any regret.

“Congratulations for your 1st place!”

Suhyuk nodded gently at his classmate's remarks.

“Thank you.”

Then a guy came to him.

“I want to speak with Suhyuk. Can you move away for awhile?”
He spoke to a student sitting next to Suhyuk.

"Oh, yes."

He went away quickly as if he were frightened. He could have been. It was Kim Dongsu who came to see Suhyuk. He was sort of a bonehead in his class. ‘What's going on?’ When Suhyuk turned around, Dongsu laughed lightly.

Chapter 13

There was only one reason a bully like Dongsu approached other boys in school.

As he entered high school, he wanted to find himself a new pushover. Strangely enough, Dongsu led a quiet school life from the beginning of the semester to the midterm exam. As long as somebody did not bother him, he did not make any trouble either.

Now, Suhyuk wondered why he, who did not make any trouble until now, suddenly took the trouble of meeting him.

‘Despite his wish to turn over a new leaf, he had an intolerable itch to attract a fight?’

Suhyuk could not help but become a little nervous.

Dongsu said, “You must be very smart. Congrats on getting 1st in the class!”

"Thanks," Suhyuk replied quickly.

Dongsu once again showed a smile and sat next to him, and then he threw a book at him. It was a workout book.

“I bought it today. I don’t know if I bought a good one. Take a look at if it's okay.”

It's a math workbook. Usually workbooks were more of the same, but Suhyuk listened to him because it was not a difficult task.

As he expected, the contents and problems of the workbook were pretty much the same.

"I think it looks okay."

Dongu said, with a satisfied look, “Let me ask you for a favor.”

‘Favor? Do you want money from me? You won't pay it back

later, of course.

“What is it?” asked Suhyuk.

“Give me private lessons,” Dongsu said.

Suhyuk made a slightly embarrassed expression. It was something he did not expect at all.

“Why don’t you go to a private academy for tutoring?”

Dongsoo laughed bitterly, saying, “I cannot afford it.”

His family was not well off. Of course if he wanted, he could get the money. If he ordered his minions to bring money or blackmailed them, he could get the money to pay for the fee at a private academy.

But he cannot do it now, because he decided to come to his mind and turn over a new leaf in life. Of course, nobody knew how long his determination would last. But at least for now, it seemed he had the confidence to keep his resolution without any wavering.

When Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression, Dongsu opened his mouth again.

“If you do me a favor, it will certainly help you too.”

“Help?”

“Yes, if you see a guy who harasses you or if you don't like a guy, just tell me. Let me kick their ass like hell.”

Suhyuk laughed aghast at him, but he quickly brushed off that expression from his face and agonized over it.

Dongsu said he could not study better because he had no money. It could be heard as an excuse, but Suhyuk fell somewhat for it. There are students who attend private academies for extra lessons and get private tutoring. In contrast, those who only focus on school textbooks can never beat them because the amount and quality of their work is completely different from them.

After silently looking at the workbook Dongsu was holding, Suhyuk cast his gaze at him.

‘If I teach Dongsu, certainly nobody in school will annoy or harass me. Even those good-for-nothing hooligans would try to avoid my eyes simply because of my staying with him.’

From his perspective, he would have to sacrifice a bit of his time if he studied with Dongsu. However, on the other hand, he could review his lessons during that process.

The problem was how to manage his time.

He delivered newspapers in the morning and went to a private academy in the evening. Then he went back home to study.

Suhyuk tried to find some time in between, and he soon made a decision.

"Alright," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu nodded his head, as if he expected it.

As a matter of fact, no one has ever rejected his request.

“When will you start?” asked Dongsu.

“Starting tomorrow,” said Suhyuk.

Dongsu's eyes opened bigger. He expected Suhyuk would start his tutoring next week. Little did he expect Suhyuk decided to start right away.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, asking, “What position did you get in class this time?”

"29th."

29th out of 31 students. Fortunately he was not the last in his class, but it did not make any difference. Suhyuk told Dongsoo about which reading room they would meet for his lesson. It was a free reading room run by a foundation.

After lessons at the private academy, Suhyuk was intending to go

straight to the reading room instead of going home.

“Thank you,” Dongsu showed his cell phone to Suhyuk.

They exchanged their phone numbers like that.

At the end of class, Suhyuk came out to ride his bicycle.

‘I must express my gratitude.’

Suhyuk headed for the hospital before going to the private academy. He received not only tuition fees but also an expensive bicycle from that man. He felt he had to express his gratitude. He vaguely felt that the patient with appendicitis was still lying in the emergency room.

If she was there, his son would also appear. It did not matter if he was not there. He heard that the patient who had cognitive impairment visited the emergency room every day with a feigned illness.

It's impossible that the doctors or nurses there could not know her guardian's contact number. Arriving at the emergency room, Suhyuk was forced to make a bitter expression. The doctors and nurses he saw before disappeared and could not be found anywhere as if they were replaced with completely new staff.

He looked for them at other places beside the emergency room, but to no avail.

He could not find their faces there either.

"As you know, some patient came to the the emergency room every day with a feigned illness and she had also a cognitive disorder. Can I get her guardian's contact information?"

The nurses shook their heads, indicating they did not know anything about her.

Suhyuk helplessly had to leave the hospital empty-handed. He really felt sorry about it. If it's meant to be, he could meet her again someday. With some regret left behind, he had to turn back.

Even though it was late in the evening, there were many children playing near the villas. Suhyuk arrived at his house and walked slowly, dragging his bike. He had to be careful because an accident could happen at the slightest slip. Suhyuk went into the villa, and then he turned his head to one side where there was a familiar black car parked there. It was a luxurious and expensive foreign car that one could hardly find in this neighborhood. It was the very car that took him back home from the emergency room.

No doubt about it.

Honk.

The car door was opened with a light honk. And the driver he had seen before walked up to him.

“Do you like your new bike?” he asked.

Suhyuk nodded his head on an impulse, saying, “Thank you. Did you also pay for my tuition?”

The driver nodded his head with a smile, saying, “You’re coming back home now. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

‘Waiting for me?’

"Why did you wait for me?" asked Suhyuk.

“My boss wants to briefly see you.”

Chapter 14

Suhyuk came out of his house after he told his parents he would see a friend, and then he got in the car.

"But why does your boss want to see me?"

With his smile reflecting in the rear mirror, the driver looked at Suhyuk.

"Well, I do not know."

Actually the driver did not know.

Suhyuk was really curious, but he could now meet the boss and ask him directly.

Actually it's all the better, because he could express his gratitude to the boss.

The driver drove for a little more than an hour.

Just like how he sensed it the other day, he could feel once more why people were excited about foreign cars. He felt as the car he was in was flying above the road.

The car drove into Hannam-dong, where a large residential area was loosely scattered around.

When Suhyuk got out, he saw a huge mansion in front of him.

Suhyuk followed the driver into the house. Strange pine trees here and there, and lawn-covered yards caught his eyes.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger when he turned his head to one side. A huge dog tied around the neck was sitting there. It was huge like a bear. It was so big that it didn't seem small at all, even compared with the beasts that reigned as the king of the savannah.

He had never seen such a big dog before. The driver approached the dog and stroked her head. She flipped over her belly and rolled

around.

“You should not bark at your precious guest.”

Then he looked at Suhyuk.

“Do you want to touch her. She is very mild.”

Suhyuk shook his head.

What if he would be beaten by her big mouth! It was just terrible to imagine that.

"What kind of breed is she?"

“Have you heard of the name zangao (Leonberger)? Another name for it is lion dog. It can actually beat a lion.”

It sounded like a lie, but judging from her size, he thought she could beat a lion.

"Oh, I'm being absent-minded! My boss must be waiting for you. Let's go in.”

The door opened, and Suhyuk went in.

As expected, the living room was bigger than his house, and there he could see the man he had met at the emergency room. He was biting a cigarette.

Casually dressed, he was playing games, with his hair tangled as if he just woke up, even though it was already evening. With his gaze fixed on the big TV set as large as a screen, he moved the game stick quickly. The driver approached him and bent his waist down.

“Boss, I've brought you a guest.”

He turned his head slightly toward Suhyuk and then smiled gently.

"Oh, you're here. Wait a minute. I am almost done.”

‘Was the Super Mario game so exciting to him?’

The driver then came to Suhyuk and asked him to sit down.

Suhyuk sat on the sofa and waited briefly.

"Ooops, I lost again!"

The man, scratching his head, approached Suhyuk.

Despite his haggard beard and tangled hair, he looked very handsome like a movie actor.

"Do you play games as well?"

"I've never played before."

He made a surprising look, "You do not play games at your age?"

"Nope."

He was right. He's never played games since he woke up from his sustained vegetative state. He also had no recollection of playing games because he lost his past memories.

"You're a nerd, aren't you?"

When the man sat next to him, Suhyuk stood up, and bowed his head.

"Thank you for the tuition and the bike. You gave me a big gift for nothing."

Smiling at Suhyuk, he nodded his head. He could feel Suhyuk's genuine sincerity.

He touched the couch lightly with his palm.

"Sit down."

He then lit a cigarette.

"I hear you're a newspaper delivery boy?"

"Yes," he said.

"How much do you get?"

"I receive 400,000 won a month."

The money was not enough even for his dog diet, he thought, but

Suhyuk earned it by delivering 200 papers everyday per month as a part-timer.

The man was stunned to hear that.

"I use the money to pay for my fees at the private academy."

'Was the academy fee so cheap?'

He opened his mouth again, rubbing off his cigarette in an ashtray.

"I'll give you money, much more than you currently receive. Please do me a favor in return."

It seems Suhyuk was asked lots of such favors today. And now his favor.

Suhyuk was willing to accept his request for a favor gladly, because he already gave him a bike and tuition fee anyway.

"What is it?" Suhyuk asked.

"Well, please stay at my house for three hours after school. I will give you 200,000 won per hour, and all together 600,000 won. What do you think?"

Suhyuk's eyes became wider.

Was he really earning 200,000 won as an hourly rate? As far as he knew, there was no such a part-time job.

'Does the man want me to play Super Mario game together?'

When he could not brush off his surprised expression, the man opened his mouth again, "My mother wants to see you too very much"

"Me?"

"Yes! She wants to see that doctor so much."

'Does she still remember his face? Didn't she have a cognitive disorder? But why was she looking for him?' Suhyuk revealed his curiosity right away.

“Why is she looking for me?”

The man smiled cheerfully at him.

"Because you gave her a very good shot without any pain."

The sleeping mother firmly believed that this boy had cured her illness. Actually this man also thought so. It was Suhyuk who diagnosed her mother and had her get the surgery when nobody cared about her in the emergency room. In a way, he was like a savior of her mother's life. He was such a thankful boy to this man.

On the contrary, Suhyuk was making a perplexed look because he was supposed to be at the private academy during the specific time that this man requested.

Suhyuk was determined to go to medical school. He could not idle away his time because, he had a firm goal.

Nonetheless, 200,000 won per hour. It was a sweet word, but he had no choice but to reject it for his own future.

"I'm sorry. I have to go to the private academy during that time."

Then the man shook his head, saying, "Well, smart boys are old-fashioned. Which subjects do you learn at the academy?"

"Korean, English, math."

"Well, you can learn them at my home."

Was he referring to private tutoring?

Of course, getting a private tutor was the best, but Suhyuk had no money.

When Suhyuk was about to open his mouth with a bitter look, the man said to the driver quickly, "Mr. Kim, call Jessica now, and Narae. Junghyun too."

The driver laughed smugly as if he knew what the boss was trying to do, and began to tinker with his cell phone.

After Suhyuk went back home, the man picked up the game stick.

At that moment, his mother came into the living room.

"Mom, you woke up?"

The man, rising from his seat again, laughed. What trouble was she trying to make this time?

When he approached her, she said, "Son."

The man's eyes grew bigger because his mom, suffering from dementia, no longer recognized him, although very rarely did she come to her senses. The man asked her naughtily, yet with a trembling voice, "Who am I?"

With watery eyes in her wrinkled eye rim, she opened her mouth, "You're my precious son."

"Mom, please hug me."

She slowly came over and hugged her son snugly.

"Hyunwoo, you're much too stressed because of me, right?"

"No, I feel that day after day is very much fun," said Hyunwoo, still in his mom's arms, shaking his head from left to right. He folded into her shoulder harder. At the moment, there muttered a changed tone from her voice.

"I'm hungry. Give me a meal."

As often seen in a patient with dementia, she reverted back to acting like a child. Not to be caught by someone else, the man washed her eye rim and then looked at her with a smiling face.

"Can we eat something delicious?"

In the meantime, Suhyuk could not hide a perplexed look when he was getting into the car.

Chapter 15

Out of the car window Suhyuk saw street lights passing by quickly.

Suhyuk was quietly staring at the disappearing lights that left a long tail behind.

It is too generous a condition for him to dismiss: as much as 600,000 won for three hours' stay, plus free private lessons at home. He receives not only money but also free tutoring.

'Can I get into trouble because of this?'

"You look pretty serious," said the driver.

Suhyuk scratched his head at his words.

"I'm not sure if it's okay," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the driver.

"I mean, all the good things your boss has done for me."

The driver grabbed the steering wheel and nodded.

Actually Suhyuk's words made sense. Free tutoring and the hourly pay, that was nothing to his boss.

The gifts he gave Suhuyuk before was a reward for what he did for his mom.

However, there was something different this time, because it

reflected his heartfelt filial piety for his mom as well.

Due to a car accident, he had lost not only his father but his wife and young son.

The only surviving member of his family was his mother.

Of course, there were some relatives, but they were just like maggots looking to slyly claim his property. He did not recognize them as his family.

There was only one flesh left, namely his mom, whom he shared his warm blood with.

Naturally, he was very protective of his mom.

The driver, remembering his boss, opened his mouth again, "You fully deserve the gifts."

'Because you were like a benefactor who saved his mom's life,' the driver thought to himself.

Suhyuk, who had been thinking about his remarks, firmly made up his mind. He could not miss the opportunity.

The car already arrived at his house.

Suhyuk waved him off, saying, "Take care."

"Yeah, I'll see you in a week," the driver replied.

He meant he would come to Suhyuk's school to pick him up.

Suhyuk said he would visit the boss's house one week later. It was around that time when he had to pay his tuition fee again. Also it was around that time when he was supposed to receive the pay for his paper delivery.

And Dongsu, did he not promise to teach him? Only for one

week.

Suhyuk guessed that if he exhausted him with tutoring, it would put Dongsu's nose out of joint, namely his quick exit from his planned tutoring.

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The next day, Suhyuk visited the reading room with Dongsu, as promised.

He did not go to the private academy. If he had private tutoring at the boss's house, he could directly catch up with the progress he might have missed at the academy, and there was one more reason to stay with Dongsu. He was ready to pour into Dongsu all his energy and time that he could otherwise have spent at the academy. Very intensively like Spartans. When Suhyuk arrived at the reading room, he said something significant, "Shall we go in?"

"That tone sounds a little scary to me," said Dongsu.

Inside the reading room Suhyuk had to make a frown.

The reading room with desks and partitions was quiet, but everyone was distracted. Some were seen exchanging letters as if they were hunting for girls, and those who reserved theirs seats were going in and out too frequently. They looked as if they came there to hang out.

Management of the reading room was much too neglected. Maybe because it was free?

Suhyuk thought it was his own fault that he did not check its condition in advance.

At that moment, Dongsu, scratching his cheek, opened his mouth, "I think it's a little too noisy to study, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head and said, "There is another one nearby. Let's go there."

When Suhyuk was about to turn his back, Dongsu grabbed Suhyuk's arm.

"You don't have to go to the trouble of going there. Hey, you jerks!"

His shouting resonated throughout the inside of the reading room loudly, and all their eyes turned to him.

"What the heck?"

Dongsu, his eyes facing theirs one by one, walked slowly to the middle of the room.

"Is this a place for dating? You jerks are supposed to study here, right?"

Then he approached one guy staring at him as if he were throwing his fist at him.

Dongsu grinned, and threateningly said, "Hey, just stay put if you don't want to kick the bucket!"

Then the guy who had a staring match with Dongsu left quietly.

"It's quiet now, right? Let's get started."

Suhyuk was just astonished at Dongsu's actions.

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Their studying lasted for two hours without stopping. Suhyuk continued to ram math formulas into Dongsu's head. If he did not understand, Suhyuk kept repeating it over and over again until he understood. Only then did he move on to the next step. He did not give Dongsu any break time. One more hour passed.

"Let me go to the bathroom," said Dongsu.

"As this section is important, you have to come back soon. If the momentum of studying is cut in the middle, it can feel more

difficult to understand when you resume."

Nodding his head, Dongsu walked out of the reading room.

About 10 minutes passed. Dongsu, stinking of a smoke, came back and said, "I think I have to do it again tomorrow. I can't continue today, because I feel as if my head is going to split apart."

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly, thinking to himself.

'Dongsu has begun to take the bait already. Two or three days later, obviously Dongsu will give up. Maybe he might not be here tomorrow.'

Unexpectedly his reaction came sooner than expected.

One day passed by without fail, and Suhyuk was just astonished when he went to school because Dongsu had shaved his head.

'Did he make some resolution?'

His eyes shone strongly as if they were burning glowingly.

"You shaved your hair?"

Dongsu, touching his rough head, opened his mouth, "I guess I didn't yet get my own head screwed on. So, I had my head shaved cleanly. You're going to the reading room, right?"

"Uh, yes, I will go."

Suhyuk felt that something was going wrong.

At the end of the school day, Suhyuk headed to the reading room with Dongsu.

On their way to the reading room, those students in uniform made way for them like Moses' miracle. Dongsu was notorious for his fist, and now that he had his head shaved, it must have made his image look rougher all the more. Some of the students who caught his eye turned quickly. Anyway, they went into the reading room. The reading room was really quiet, and the students there were far fewer than yesterday, apparently affected by Dongsu's

behavior.

"You didn't forget what you studied yesterday, right? Let's review it again."

Dongsu took a long breath at his words. "I think I've forgotten some. Let's go over it."

Dongsu sat down and began studying again.

At that moment, the door of the reading room opened and in came some students dressed in rough uniforms. A total of five. Among them was a familiar face. He was the very one who left his seat after he had a staring match with Dongsu to the end. He opened his mouth as he looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu, "I want to have a word with you. Can I see you briefly outside?"

Dragging his seat with a noise, Dongsu stood up.

So did Suhyuk, but Dongsu held him down.

"This is my specialty. You just stay here preparing for our studying."

So, Dongsu went out with the students. Looking at the door where they disappeared, Suhyuk's heart was troubled for a moment. Would he be okay? No matter how good he was at fighting, he had as many as five opponents. Suhyuk eventually rose from his seat.

Then, Dongsu returned immediately, wiping off his gently busted lips.

He said, "I made them go back home. Let's get down to work."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly. Can he really kick this guy out?

Chapter 16

Dongsu, listening to Suhyuk's math formulas, scratched his head hard. Even an alien language was more comprehensible to him than those math formulas.

"Let me go to the bathroom."

"Are you going there to smoke a cigarette?"

He smiled awkwardly, saying, "As you know, I've been studying for one hour without stopping. It's time for me to pee..."

"Do not smoke. It disturbs your studying."

Dongsu made an expression as if he did not care.

"What does a cigarette have to do with studying? If I smoke, it seems like I can focus well," said Dongsu.

Then Suhyuk replied, "Well, It takes about seven seconds for you to suck your nicotine into the brain. But that's not the problem. It's an effect on the brain. That's the problem. Nicotine blocks the ability to transmit information between brain cells. In other words, you won't be quick on the uptake. People are mistaken there. They say that as the amount of information perceived is small, their stress will be blown away. That's addiction. The same applies to people who are affected by second-hand smoke."

Dongsu was astonished by Suhyuk's words. He is not only smart but also he knows a lot of things. Of course, there was something really different about a boy who was first in his class like him.

"You had better quit smoking from now on," Suhyuk challenged him on purpose.

'The more Dongsu feels suppressed, the greater the chance of me parting with him will be.'

After a deep sigh, Dongsu touched his head here and there.

Suhyuk's eyes gleamed at it. He had been expecting some sort of

reaction from Dongsu like this. ‘Yeah, just tell me you want to give up studying right away and go home.’ When Suhyuk's face made a satisfying smile, Dongsu opened his mouth, "Shall I really quit smoking this time?"

Dongsu silently stared at the cigarette box in his hand briefly, and then he crumpled the cigarette box with one hand.

"Ok, let me quit. What's the big deal? Let me go to the bathroom."

An embarrassed Suhyuk just looked at his back blankly.

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Six days passed by.

After finishing their work in the reading room today, Suhyuk was going out with Dongsu.

Moving his head to the left and right to warm up, Dongsu opened his mouth.

"You believe I'm catching up with your teaching, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Yes, he really did. Of course, he had difficulties catching up initially because he lacked the basics for math, but now he could solve routine problems.

It was a great accomplishment. Suhyuk's original intention to teach him intensively like Spartans gradually disappeared.

‘Can I tell him I want to stop at this point for some urgent reason?’

Suhyuk shook his head.

That kind of behavior was typical of the Lee Suhyuk of the past, namely doing anything for his own benefit and spitting out promises like a half-chewed gum.

He decided he would never be the same as his past self.

"By the way, why do you want to study so suddenly?" asked Suhyuk.

Dongsu touched his head at his words, "I want to make my mother's wish come true."

His mother worked in a restaurant despite her suffering from sore knees.

Every time he got in trouble, she kept repeating to her son the same thing, "Please, come to your senses and study!" That was her wish.

"Wish?" Suhyuk asked.

"Yes, she says it's her wish for her to be able to see me studying."

Dongsu shook his head as if he were proud of himself. Suhyuk stopped walking and looked at him.

"Do you really want to study well?" Suhyuk asked.

Dongsu's eyes sparkled glowingly.

"Shall we study all through the night?"

He really showed his strong determination. Suhyuk felt he could never kick him out.

'Ok, as he has come this far, let me go with him to the end.'

"Tomorrow we're going to study at a different place."

"Why? Where?"

"You will come to know of it tomorrow."

And then they split up.

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The next day.

After school, Suhyuk and Dongsu were standing at the main gate.
A foreign car approached them quietly.

Getting out of his car, the driver looked at Dongsu, with a grin.

"You're Suhyuk's friend. I heard about it."

"Hello mister," said Dongsu, bowing his waist and scratching his head awkwardly.

"Let's go. Get in!"

The driver drove out of the school with them, and arrived at his boss, Kim Hyunwoo's house in no time.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Dongsu recoiled at the big lion dog's barking. It was a huge single house like those that could be seen in TV dramas. Dongsu could not believe he was in such a house. He felt timid.

"Is your boss at home at this time?" Dongsu asked, wondering if the boss worked at all.

The driver nodded his head with a laugh.

The door opened and Suhyuk and Dongsu went in.

As expected, he was smoking and playing games.

"You just got here? Wait a minute.

"Ah.. I died here again."

Standing up from his seat, he approached them.

And he looked at Dongsu. He heard from Suhyuk by phone yesterday that he would bring his friend.

Whether he would bring two or three, it did not matter to Kim Hyunwoo.

"You're Suhyuk's friend? Nice to meet you."

"Hello sir" Dongsu bowed his head deeply.

He looked like a great man, though his attire made him look like a jobless man.

"What's wrong with your head?"

He had his ugly head shaved cleanly, with its crown risen high.

When Dongsu touched his head shyly, Kim Hyunwoo opened his mouth again, "It looks like a missile."

At that moment, they heard the urgent voice of a woman inside.

"Madame, No! Please come this way."

"I'm sick, I'm going to see the doctor!"

Then there appeared a middle-aged woman, who was none other than Kim Hyunwoo's mother.

Suhyuk smiled at her brightly and then told Dongsu, "Let's play."

Chapter 17

"It's the doctor!"

She was wearing a bright smile on her face when she saw Suhyuk.

"Doctor, please give me candy! Candy!"

At that moment, she turned her gaze toward Dongsu. Her eyes became a bit wider.

Suddenly, she put her hands together and bent her back toward him.

"Monk."

Dongsu scratched his head and opened his mouth, "I am not a monk."

"Act like a monk only for today," Suhyuk told Dongsu quickly.

She would not go away from Dongsu, counting beads that she had brought from somewhere.

Moreover, she fluently recited Buddhist scriptures. Kim Hyunwoo smiled at the sight. Before she had dementia, she used to go to a Buddhist temple on weekends for the peace and well-being of her family. She did not forget those memories even though she has been mentally ill all this time.

"I think my mother feels that your friend is better than you."

Suhyuk smiled gently at Kim's words, and fixed his gaze on her.

"Did her surgery go well?"

It was really fortunate for her.

"Yes, it was done very well, thanks to you. Something terrible might happened to her if the surgery had been done even a bit late, I hear," said Kim.

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Nevertheless, don't feel at ease just yet. It's good to have her get a comprehensive medical check-up on a regular basis. Especially for people with cognitive disabilities."

She cannot properly explain how or which part of her body is making her sick, because she is not as good at expressing herself as others, except when she, like a child, throws a tantrum and plays the baby.

Her illness, left uncared for, will slowly get worse.

Before that happens, however, if she is examined carefully by a doctor proactively, they can detect the cause of the illness and prevent it. This holds true not only for those with cognitive disability, but for all the senior people who are getting old. Humans are born as babies who cannot do nothing by themselves, and then they grow into adults. However, as they get old, they go back to the condition of powerlessness. After pouring everything into their family, they go back to the state of a baby, looking as if it's the first time that they came out into the world. Therefore, careful observation is needed for them, just like a child.

"Monk, please keep this."

It was a hood that she gave to Dongsu.

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Three hours quickly passed by. During that time Dongsu sounded a wooden gong with strange spell, and ran away from her.

A little over 30 minutes passed by. She then fell asleep in her room, and a guest visited Mr. Kim Hyunwoo's house.

A blonde foreign woman with glistening skin.

She seemed to be in her early 20s, with blue eyes like sapphire. She was really beautiful. In addition, her curvy body was striking and bountiful even though she was skinny.

She opened her mouth when Dongsu could not get his eyes off of her, "Hello."

Dongsu muttered too, "Hello.. hello."

At that moment, Kim Hyunwoo greeted her, "Oh, you just got here?"

"It's been a long time," she replied in fluent Korean, hugging Mr. Kim gently, and then she looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu alternately.

"These are the boys you talked about?"

"Yes, you have to make them speak English like a native speaker. Do your work, Jessica."

She laughed gently, saying, "Don't worry."

Her straight teeth seemed to make her beauty look even more outstanding.

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So, English tutoring started. Dongsu had to grab his bald head, blinking his eyes while Suhyuk nodded and focused on her teaching. He digested each and every one of Jessica's teaching. Obviously there was an excellent advantage gained from getting help from a private academy and tutor.

"Dongsu, are you okay?" Jessica asked, as if she were worried about Dongsu who was sighing often.

He shrugged, waving his hands hard.

"Okay, okay! No problem! I'm okay."

Suhyuk could not help but giggle at Dongsu's gestures. He must have had a headache because of the difficult contents, but the glitter of his eyes was certainly alive, indicating that he was determined to learn somehow.

Their two-hour's studying with Jessica passed by quickly.

She went home with a message that she would see them again tomorrow, and then someone else came to the house. He was dressed in a short-sleeved checkered sport, wearing thick black horn glasses. Given his pot belly, whoever saw him would say that he was a man addicted to studying. He came to teach them the Korean language.

Then, they were able to finish studying mathematics after two hours of tutoring.

"Eat something before you leave," said Kim Hyunwoo.

Suhyuk and Dongsu sat at the dining table. The housemaid had already left as it was a little over 10 pm in the night.

So, Kim Hyunwoo made the food by himself. Ramen noodles and Kimchi, that was all. It did not seem necessarily true that the rich only eat fine food every day. Moreover, the way he boiled ramen gave them the impression that he looked like an elder brother in the neighborhood. Actually he could rightly have been seen like that. That was Kim Hyunwoo's lifestyle. No matter what he ate, he was just content with having his stomach filled up.

Unlike other rich people, sticking to formalities and keeping up appearances were the last thing he wanted. When they almost finished up the ramen noodles, he looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu alternately. His mother, who often tried to get out of the house worriedly, refrained from such behavior when they showed up at the house.

Watching Suhyuk and Dongsu quietly, he opened his mouth.

"Which high school do you go to?"

"Myungsung High School."

"Myungsung High School, Myungsung High School..."

It's a school he had never heard before. With that so, it's just an

average school.

Kim Hyunwoo, who fixed his gaze at Dongsu, again said to Dongsu, "What is your dream?"

Dongsu just scratched his cheek.

He never gave a thought to it. He just wanted to make a lot of money for his dream.

This time he asked Suhyuk, "How about you?"

Suhyuk replied right away, "Medical doctor."

His was never unwavering in his resolution.

He was determined to pursue a profession in which he could show his best ability.

"Doctor?"

"Yeah."

Kim Hyunwoo nodded his head slowly.

That's the reply he did rightly expect from Suhyuk, because discovered the name of his mother's illness right away.

"Do you think you could be accepted into a medical school as a Myungsung student?" asked Kim.

Suhyuk made an expression as if he were trying to find out what he meant.

He laughed gently, adding, "I mean, you have to play on a higher ground if you want to go to the medical school."

Of course, there are conditions for that...

Chapter 18

Suhyuk laughed bitterly at Kim Hyunwoo's words.

To some extent, he was right. Classes and internal competition at prestigious high schools were clearly different from those at ordinary high schools. Their mindset of studying was different. Suhyuk wanted to attend that kind of school, but could not, because he had no money.

"Do you know a school called Jaemyung High School?" Kim asked.

Suhyuk nodded his head. It was the school where students with a lot of money or gifted students from across the country gathered. How could Suhyuk not know of such a school?

"Don't you want to transfer there?"

Kim Hyunwoo cast mysterious eyes towards Suhyuk.

"I'd like to, but I can't afford to do so."

"I'll make it work for you, but I have a condition for that."

Suhyuk looked at him with a surprised look.

Tuition fee at Jaemyung HS was something he could not afford. Three million won per semester. What kind of condition will he lay down?

Kim Hyunwoo opened his mouth, saying, "All I want is for you to do the same things like today until you finish the third year of high school."

When he thinks about his mother, this kind of offer was nothing to Kim Hyunwoo.

On the contrary, the tuition fee was something that Suhyuk could not even dream of.

To him, this was not a condition, but a one-sided help.

Kim Hyunwoo also asked Dongsu the same question, who had been tinkering with a wooden gong. "You too, give it a thought!"

Actually it was an offer they did not bother to think about at all.

Suhyuk quickly opened his mouth, "Is it really okay with you?"

He laughed at Suhyuk's surprised expression because it was not a big deal.

"Of course," Kim Hyunwoo replied, and then called someone straight from his cell phone.

"Hey, driver Kim, these boys are attending Jaemyung High School starting next week. So please get things ready, okay?" Then he hung up the phone.

He asked Suhyuk with a blank face once more,

"If you do not want to, tell me now. I don't want to give any annoyance to the driver."

Suhyuk stood up from his seat and bowed his head.

"Thank you very much, I will not forget your help."

'Yes, I won't forget it. I would pay this help back by all means even through the care of his mother.'

Dongsu, who rose like Suhyuk, bent his back.

Kim Hyunwoo laughed heartily at them, and drank up hot ramen soup.

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Suhyuk returned home, but still felt uncomfortable.

A cash reward of 600,000 won for his three hours' stay. And tutoring. Even this was nothing compared to his transfer to Jaemyung HS. Jaemyung HS? It was a wonderful place. There were almost none from Jaemyung HS who were not admitted to prestigious colleges.

Although his heart was beating with excitement, he had worries too, when he thought about his parents. How should he explain it to them?

Suhyuk had to think hard about it again since the bicycle incident, but he could not find a good excuse this time. Can he tell them he got first in the math competition and got admitted at Jaemyung? Suhyuk shook his head. It was stupid for him to deceive them again with another lie.

At that moment Suhyuk's room door opened and Kim Myunghee showed up.

"Did you eat, Suhyuk?"

"Mom, I was able to transfer to Jaemyung High School."

"Jaemyung HS? What do you mean by 'transferring' there?" asked Kim, wondering whether he was going back to his nature of the old days.

'Did he say he wanted me to transfer him?'

Her expression became bitter. She just felt so sorry she could not help her son, because she had little money.

"Suhyuk, let me get you a tutor if I receive a salary, but Jaemyung HS..."

Appreciating his mother's feelings, he quickly presented a white envelope to her.

It was the hourly pay he got from Kim Hyunwoo today.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Money," said Suhyuk.

"What money? Is it from your part-time job? Why are you giving this to me? Just buy some clothes and have some good food with it," she said.

"Well, Mr. Kim, the president gave me... Uhm... I accidentally

saved a patient who had appendicitis..." He confided to her all the episodes up to now.

Kim Myunghee did not hide her expression of amazement while listening to his explanation. Her eyes were slowly becoming watery, watching Suhyuk.

Though she did not provide for him enough, her son was moving forward in his future very well.

"My baby, come on, let me hold you."

Suhyuk snugly hugged his mom. He could hear her heart beating, which seemed like a mother's lullaby to him. He felt her warm bosom was comfortable and cozy like feathers.

"You're having a hard time because you had a foolish mom like me!"

Snuggled in her bosom, he shook his head to suggest it was not true.

He did not know why, but he felt he was moved to tears. His behavior of the old days; she must have gone through a lot of heartache because of that.

"Please wait a little more, Mom. I'll make a lot of money and buy you all the good and expensive things."

He heard her soft words in his ears, "You don't have to do that. Mom and Dad just want you..."

At that moment they heard the front door opening.

"Dad just arrived."

Kim Myunghee moved into the living room and showed him a white envelope.

"What is this?"

"Honey, I don't know exactly, but Suhyuk says he saved a person's life."

"Did he?" he asked.

"Yes. Suhyuk says that's why he received a cash reward and could transfer to Jaemyung HS with full scholarship!"

"Really? Reward, and Jaemyung HS?"

Kim Myunghee repeated to her husband what she heard from their son.

Suhyuk, scratching his head, went outside, and he could see his father's face.

Has he ever seen his father, full of wrinkles around his eyes, laughing so heartily before? Looking at his son with a smile, he said, "I raised my child well."

Then he said, "What do you want to eat?"

Suhyuk did not refuse this time. "Chicken."

"Honey, order a delicious chicken. Oh, not one, but two please. Let me get some soju (distilled spirits)."

"Father, I'll buy it."

"No, let me go out as I have my shoes on and get back soon. Won't you buy something else?"

"Let me do it Dad. I'll be right back."

No sooner did he say that than his father moved to the front porch and went out without any words...

And that night, Suhyuk lying in bed could hear his mother talking over the phone in the living room.

"Oh, I'm sorry, my sister, my sister, how are you doing? I suddenly missed you and called like this. Your kids are grown big, right? Chulsoo, who went to the high school, is still making trouble for you? Oh, I see... By the way, Suhyuk is going to transfer to Jaemyung HS with full scholarship..."

He could also hear his father calling someone.

"Well, nothing unusual here. I just felt like calling you after I had a drink. Is everything okay with you? Good. Do I have any news about Suhyuk?"

Now his father's voice was heard a little louder.

"This time he is going to Jaemyung High School for free. He says he saved a person's life."

With a smile on his face, Suhyuk fell asleep in no time.

LiongStrong: Good news everyone! Pyoncs has decided to release 2 chapters per day so that will now be 14 chapters a week!

Chapter 19

On Sunday, Suhyuk's parents were heading for Kim Hyunwoo's house. They were holding several packages in their hands, which were none other than side dishes and gifts they prepared for Mr. Kim. They wanted to repay his full support of their son, which was simply too much for what their son had done. They felt that it was their duty to meet him face to face and express their gratitude. Suhyuk tried to stop his parents but could not break down their stubbornness. They arrived at his house.

Woof! Woof!

"What kind of breed is that big dog?"

The door opened and Kim Hyunwoo appeared.

He heard from Suhyuk already that he would visit him with his parents.

Greeting them with a bright smile, he said, "I am sorry that I gave you the trouble of coming to my house. I should have visited you first."

Suhyuk's mother waved her hand, saying, "No, not at all."

She wrapped Kim Hyunwoo's hands with both her hands and said, "Thank you so much for the hospitality you have shown for my son. I will never forget this favor of yours for all my life. I will repay you with all my life."

His father didn't stay quiet, either, "Thank you."

He bent his back deeply toward Kim. Kim Hyunwoo hastily raised him up, saying, "Please stop it, sir. It's nothing compared to what Suhyuk had done for us. By the way, what is all the food you brought here? I wish you had just come here without anything like this."

"How couldn't we repay the benefactor? We brought some side

dishes, along with Kimchi. Just hope you like it.”

“Oh, I like Kimchi very much. By the way, have you eaten? I’ve prepared some food since you were coming.”

Suhyuk’s family went inside the house after Kim Hyunwoo’s warm reception, and the foods on the dining table were full of all sorts of delicacies. They could understand what it meant when people say ‘the table literally groans with food’.

"Doctor!"

Kim Hyunwoo's mother ran to Suhyuk.

Kim Myunghee, with a gentle smile, looked at her with pity.

"Is this the woman you talked about?"

When Suhyuk nodded, Kim Myunghee held her hands tightly, and said, "Hello Madame, you have a very good looking son."

At that moment, she, who fixed her eyes on Suhyuk, looked at Kim Hyunwoo. She was smiling warmly. Did she come back to her senses? It was not the case.

"Doctor, there are so many delicious dishes here! Let’s go and eat.”

Then she dragged Suhyuk to the table. Their lunch continued for a long time.

Suhyuk's parents stayed at Kim Hyunwoo's house for a little longer, and expressed their gratitude for another hour before going back home. A day was passing by just like that.

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Suhyuk was very busy preparing for his school transfer. His parents tried to make a big fuss by hanging a placard in the neighborhood about his transfer, but Suhyuk stopped them in the end.

His parents made money by working hard, such as cleaning buildings and doing manual work. From now on, he would never let them spend money on him. He would not let them buy his new uniform for Jaemyung HS.

He ordered his school uniform alongside Dongsu with the money he got from Mr. Kim Hyunwoo, and Suhyuk divided his hourly pay evenly into half and gave it to Dongsu. He did his bit by acting as a monk anyway.

"Suhyuk, this isn't a dream? How can I go to Jaemyung HS?"

Dongsu in school uniform, looked at himself in the mirror. It was not easy for him to believe that he would go to a prestigious school; given his track record of causing troubles and fighting with someone.

"You mom is happy you are going to Jaemyung HS, right?" Suhyuk asked.

Dongsu shook his head, saying, "My mother went around the neighborhood to spread a rumor about my transfer."

Nonetheless, Dongsu's facial expression could not be brighter when he was conjuring her up in his head. And then they finally transferred to Jaemyung High School.

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Suhyuk was staring at the gate of Jaemyung HS with Dongsu.

"It's in a different class!"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his words. Even the main gate was different from that of an ordinary high school. Aside from its antique atmosphere, security personnel were in charge of traffic control. In addition, they seemed to be responsible for protecting the students.

"Let's go inside."

No sooner did Suhyuk say that than both of them stepped into prestigious Jaemyung HS.

From that moment everything happened to them quickly. After being assigned a class, they said hello to the classmates, who showed wariness in their eyes while looking at Suhyuk and Dongsu.

‘Where did these guys see their better days to be able to come here, and was it with their outstanding grades or money?’

Thinking over the two factors, they were staring at Suhyuk and Dongsu.

Suhyuk and Dongsu took their seats in the back.

They felt a cold attention from the classmates on and off during the class.

At least one of them should approach them to say hello, but that did not happen.

They just looked at them as if they were observing their behavior.

Dongsu went face to face with each one of them without avoiding their eyes.

His glittering eye suggested that he would smash anyone that bothers him.

"Did you come to fight?"

Dongsu scratched his head at Suhyuk's words. He thought Suhyuk was right.

"Let's go to eat."

They headed for the school cafeteria, and there they could not help but make a blank face. It was like a buffet restaurant.

At first glance, the number of side dishes were over 10.

"This is my favorite."

Dongsu began to scoop rice first.

"Enough, I ate well."

Dongsu, who got out of the cafeteria, rubbed his belly. The taste was excellent. On the other hand, Suhyuk had no words while holding his gaze forward.

"What's wrong?"

Dongsu's gaze moved along Suhyuk's.

Three people were walking straight towards them. A guy touching horn-rimmed glasses, another guy smiling, and the third guy very handsome. Out of the three, one was Kim Donghyuk, who opened his mouth first, laughing as if it was fun, "And who the hell is this? Aren't you Lee Suhyuk? Why are you wearing our school uniform?"

Suhyuk opened his mouth in a calm manner, and actually he wondered which school they went to, and now realized that it was a prestigious school right for their level.

"It's been a while" said Suhyuk.

The guy touching his glasses slowly peeked back and forth over his body and opened his mouth again, "This is not a place you can afford to come to..."

"This is not the place a third-rate person like you can come hanging around. What did you do to come to our school?"

Suhyuk's eyes fell down coldly.

At the moment, Dongsu moved towards them with a cynical laugh, "What the heck did you say son of bitch?"

Chapter 20

They recoiled at Dongsu's fighting spirit. But it was only for a brief moment.

"Are you going to hit me? Then, hit me," said Donghyuk, touching his cheek as if he were inviting Dongsu to hit him.

Dongsu, looking at his clenched fist, opened his mouth with a cynical gleam.

"Hey, I wonder how our young masters will react if they get beaten."

'Certainly they will kneel down and cry. Or they will cast down their eyes without uttering any words.' Those who fought with Dongsu used to behave like that.

Dongsu was about to hit Donghyuk's face with his fist when Suhyuk took his hand.

"This is none of your business," said Suhyuk.

"Leave me alone. This motherfucker said something about 'third-rate person'. I'm going to smash him..." Dongsu said.

"Are you here to fight?" asked Suhyuk, moving forward to stop him.

If he let Dongsu have his way here, nobody knows what'll happen to him.

In the worst scenario, he could be kicked out of school.

"It's about me, Dongsu."

Suhyuk once more talked to him, and then said to them, "It looks like you have not eased off your anger."

"Anger?" said Insoo who kept silent.

"Were we angry at you?" His laughter grew bigger.

"As I said before, don't be mistaken. You express anger at the

other party only when they're in the same position as you. Don't you understand me? We just..."

Insoo's eyes gazing at Suhyuk created a half-moon-shape, "It's a joke that a guy like you is in this school. I don't know how you got here, but stay quiet without making the water muddy here. Has this place already become muddy?"

With these words Insoo went back.

Donghyuk, staring at Dongsu, said, "Be careful."

And then all of them disappeared.

"Who the hell are those guys?"

Dongsu's face was burning with anger. Obviously he was trying to suppress it.

"I've done something bad to them before," Suhyuk said.

"Did something bad to them?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk slowly his nodded while watching them disappearing away.

He thought he apologized to them enough with sincerity. No, it was far from an apology. For they regarded his existence as something like a worm. Was it funny for a worm to apologize to a human being? Because he wronged to them, he deserved it no matter how badly they treated him.

Suhyuk cast down his eyes gradually. 'But if they keep behaving like this...'

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It has been a week since Suhyuk transferred to Jaemyung HS.

In the meantime, he adapted himself well. Dongsu also worked hard enough to make his eyes bloodshot. He had tutoring too. No matter how stupid he was, it's impossible for him not to notice his

grades going up with that extra help.

The final exam time came. With his gaze fixed on the test paper being handed out by the front row students, Dongsu breathed deeply, "Huh ... I'll get at least 10th place in my class."

Suhyuk, sitting a little away from him, encouraged him.

"You'll get good grades because you worked hard."

That was true for him too. He worked harder than ever. Given the situation he was in, he had to work harder not to miss the opportunity.

One week later he would see the tests outcomes.

After receiving the test paper, Suhyuk's eyes began to shine.

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They finished all three examinations for the day. Dongsu came to Suhyuk with a test paper.

"Let's check the answers."

Suhyuk nodded easily.

"Isn't this answer #3?" "No, it's #2, look at that."

"How about this? #1 is right?" "No, it's #4..."

"Ooops ..."

Dongsu scratched his head loudly. More than half of his answers were different from Suhyuk's. Suhyuk was confident his answers were all correct.

Dongsu felt an ominous feeling.

"Wow, it drives me crazy."

Suhyuk patted him on the shoulder as if he were comforting him.

"Do not worry too much. You can do better in your next exam."

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One week passed by in the blink of an eye, and he was able to confirm his scores.

"Last place..."

Dongsu grabbed his head. He tried so hard, yet got last in the class.

Fortunately, he was not the last in the whole school. There were 50 students behind him.

Still, the last in his class means he is the last. Dongsu, looking around his classroom, saw his classmates. Each of them looked to him like a monster engrossed in studying after eating, and there was Suhyuk gazing at his report card quietly. 2nd place in class, 15th in school. He looked like a reckless monster to him.

However, Suhyuk was not very satisfied. He felt bitter because his goal was to get at least 10th in school.

'Let me do better next time.' There is nothing that he can change even if he feels regretful about it. Next time he can get twice as much.

"Don't blame yourself too much."

Suhyuk comforted Dongsu who was knuckling himself on the head and shouting he was a bonehead. Actually his current grade was high enough to get him at least 10th grade at his former high school.

The reason was that students at Jaemyung HS were too smart. However, Dongsu soon regained calmness and burned his will to do better.

"I'm going to have to ask my teachers about what I missed."

He was determined to ask his tutors and review his mistakes.

The two of them left the classroom to go to Kim Hyunwoo's house. As they walked down the hallway, they heard someone

calling from behind, "Hi there!"

Dongsu, who turned his head towards the voice first, could not close his mouth.

There stood a considerable beauty with her long straight hair flowing down the shoulder calmly, as if she were seen on TV. A pitiful girl with utmost innocence and purity, with her trembling eyes.

"Did you go to Jaemyung HS from the start?"

It was not Dongsu she asked. Her eyes were firmly fixed to Suhyuk.

"It's been a while since I transferred here..."

Who is she? It is a face that was registered in his memory.

Suhyuk had no choice but to make a baffled expression.

It was clear that retrograde amnesia came to him, and at the same time the existence of a female student in front of him disappeared.

What kind of relationship did she have with me?

Suhyuk confirmed her nameplate and said frankly.

"As I have amnesia, I can't remember people well."

Her eyes grew a little bigger. It was only one meeting, and one which was only 10 minutes long in the past.

No, it may have been shorter. Therefore, even if he had not suffered from amnesia, he could easily have forgotten it. But it was a face he could never, ever forget.

"It's been a long time, Suhyuk."

Chapter 21

Hana began to dwell on it after confirming Suhyuk's nameplate.

'Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk...'

"I'm sorry. As I said, I do not know what to say because I lost my memories," said Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was forced to make an awkward expression. He felt that it's really embarrassing that he could not recognize the people related to him.

On the contrary, Kim Hana broken into a hearty laugh. Her teeth, straight and white, made her look much better.

"It's okay, because I remember all of them. By the way, what happened to you anyway? You had amnesia? Are you okay?"

Suhyuk felt relieved, nodding his head when she expressed genuine concern about him. He got worried a bit about what Lee Suhyuk of the past had done to her. This time, however, his relationship with her seemed to have been forged smoothly. It was because he could not find any malice in her attitude. Moreover, it was she who showed concern about him.

"I'm okay. Fortunately, other parts of my body are just normal."

"They should be," she said.

She made a wistful look on her face.

"We've met again like this for the first time in ages. Shall we have something to drink?"

Suhyuk looked over the window and checked the wall clock in his classroom.

He still had time.

"Okay."

He felt that spending time with her would be a good opportunity

for him to figure out his relationship with Kim Hana. At that moment Dongsu patted him on the shoulder.

“Have a good time!”

Dongsu disappeared, waving his hands.

Suhyuk and Hana went to a coffee shop in the school, which looked like a cafeteria.

Returning to his seat with lemonade and fruit juice, Suhyuk was forced to laugh a bitter laugh because he felt other male students in the cafeteria were staring at him in a disapproving manner. It was envy and jealousy.

They threw many different kinds of glances at him, but he could not read into all of them. However, he could guess it was only one thing.

‘It’s natural that you guys envy me.’

Kim Hana was really pretty, even through Suhyuk’s eyes.

That was not all. Though he did not know it, she was famous as a beauty at Jaemyung HS. There were many students who liked her. Besides, she was also known as a beauty at other high schools. Though she was a quiet student, she found herself disturbed by many students around her.

"Well, let’s drink," Suhyuk said.

"Okay, thanks."

Biting a straw with her thin lips, she could not take her eyes off Suhyuk.

Suhyuk felt his face growing hot. He really felt embarrassed because such a pretty woman looked at him squarely.

"Do I have something on my face?" Suhyuk asked.

"No, it’s just because I’m so glad to see you again. How have you

been?"

Suhyuk revealed to her about what had happened to him all along, namely his accident and loss of his memories as a result.

"Can you really not remember anything now?"

"Yes, I've forgotten most of them."

Actually he had a lot more lost memories than recalled ones.

"I wonder what kind of relationship we had..." Suhyuk said.

"Well... what kind of relationship were we in? ..." Hana slurred her words, looking out the window.

It was a sticky relationship. Even if 10 years passed from now, she would be able to recognize him at once on the street. Of course, this might be her own speculation.

Hana, who seemed immersed in thinking, opened her mouth, "I liked you before..."

Suhyuk's eyes became a bit wider.

'Was it true you liked me? The Lee Suhyuk of the past?'

While he was making a surprised expression, Kim Hana looked at Suhyuk's face squarely.

It was as if she were inspecting something. But it was for only a short time, so he did not notice it.

"Don't you remember it at all?" She asked to reconfirm it.

Suhyuk slowly shook his head. Even though he tried to recall it, he just felt like swimming in the darkness.

When Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit, she waved the badge on her chest.

"Hi, I'm Kim Hana. Don't forget me anymore, okay?"

He smiled at her witty remarks.

After that they had quite a lot of conversations.

It was Suhyuk who asked questions, to which Hana then replied.

Over time, Suhyuk was able to sort out his relationship with her to some extent: she liked him, and she used to go to the reading room with him on weekdays. And another amazing fact was that Kim Hana was the top student in the school. Being the first place at Jaemyung HS was really a great achievement for her. In addition to that, she was a beauty. She's got everything.

'She must be from a fine family,' Suhyuk thought to himself.

"I have to stand up now."

When Suhyuk rose from the seat, she made a wistful look on her face.

'Was it definitely true?'

"Yeah, let's go out together."

A familiar voice was heard from behind when she was about to stand up and follow him.

"Hana!"

It was none other than Kim Insoo.

"Why are you with him?" he slurred his words, with his eyes fixed on Suhyuk.

Knitting his brows, he stared at Suhyuk.

"It's none of your business if I'm with anybody else. Let's go, Suhyuk," Hana said.

The moment she went by Insoo, he caught her wrist, saying, "Why are you here with this bastard?"

Throughout his whole life, Insoo had everything he wanted to have, except for one thing, Hana.

He could not possess her no matter how hard he tried. He was just speechless when he first saw her upon entering Jaemyung HS. She was like a white flower swaying in the breeze, never tainted by

anyone's hands. She looked qualitatively different from the good-for-nothing girls who looked pretty but cheap. As soon as he felt warm in the heart, he stopped at nothing to win her mind by all means. But that was all. Every time he was rejected, and her behavior was as arrogant as ever, but he did not give up to this day. She did not laugh or speak with the male students.

And now he found her laughing aloud and having a hilarious time with this bastard.

Hana moaned when she noticed an icy look in Insoo's eyes staring at Suhyuk; for he held her wrist too tight.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Let go of her hands! I'm the one you should be angry with."

Insoo's lips were twisted with a silly laugh, then he released her hand and asked, "What kind of relationship are the two of you in?"

"Just friends," Suhyuk replied.

"Friends? Friends..."

"Okay, let me go. See you next time," Suhyuk moved first.

Looking at his back, Kim Hana's eyes were becoming more and more mysterious. She stared at Insoo who had been touching her wrist quickly, and then she faded away to follow Suhyuk.

Now Insoo was left alone. With his gaze fixed on Suhyuk's back, he grinded his molars.

Chapter 22

The vacation ceremony was approaching. In the meantime, Hana went to see Suhyuk every day. They spent time together and ate lunch together. Though, it was inevitable that Suhyuk found himself in a very embarrassing situation. Wherever he went, other boys fixed their scornful gazes on him. Nonetheless, he could not stay away from her. She was a kind person who liked him in the past.

Or is her affection toward him still going on?

For he and Hana went to the dining place together even now. They ate lunch together. Suhyuk, Hana and Dongsu drank coffee and juice.

"You're beautiful and that smart. What's the secret?" asked Suhyuk.

"Just study hard," she responded with a smile, and then asked back, "Did you say you were 12th in the school this time?"

When Suhyuk nodded, Hana opened her mouth again, "Are you satisfied?"

"Well, to some degree."

"If you move up to your second year, you intend to get the top, right?"

Suhyuk shook his head. Because of Hana, it's not reasonable for him...

"You're destined to be the first place forever. You said you only missed two questions. You're really doing great!" said Suhyuk.

Unless he got the perfect score, he felt he could not beat her.

Actually he did not want to when he looked at her smiling face.

Hana shook her head from side to side. A pleasant fragrance spread from her shivering hair.

"No, you can easily get the 1st place as you have a smart brain."

She moved her gaze out of the window, and her eyes turned strange.

"I'll make you get there. By all means..."

She looked back at Suhyuk with a smile.

"It's time for class. Let's get up."

Dongsu rose from his seat, shaking his head, for she was only focused on Suhyuk.

Suddenly, Dongsu stopped in the hallway. He looked at the other classroom with a curious look.

"Looks like there's a fighting going on inside."

Some students were gathered in one place as if they were watching something.

"It must be fun to watch the fight. Let's go," said Dongsu, who went into the room without hesitation.

"Hey, you bastards, I can't see it. Get out of my way."

Dongsu elbowed his way into the fighting site without hesitation.

"What the heck are you doing?"

Dongsu blinked his eyes. Because two of them were involved in strange behavior, and they were very familiar faces who Suhyuk and Dongsu detested very much. They were Donghyuk, and Inbae who wore horn-rimmed glasses.

Donghyuk was pulling Inbae's solar plexus with both arms while embracing him behind his back. What the hell were they they doing?

Dongsu instantly uttered his curiosity, asking, "What kind of situation are you in now?"

One guy, who had been watching the situation, replied,

"I think he had a rice cake stuck in his throat while swallowing it."

"Rice cake?"

Dongsu looked into Inbae's face closely once more. With all kinds of frowning, he was spitting out.

"Spit it out!"

"Should we not bring in the health teacher? Call him!"

Suddenly, the atmosphere surrounding the scene died down heavily.

At that moment, Suhyuk's voice, buried due to students' noise, was heard in Dongsu's ear, "What's the matter?"

"He had a rice cake right stuck in his throat."

When Dongsu made way, Suhyuk saw two students there. At that moment one phrase swept over his mind. 'Heimlich maneuver?' That's exactly what Donghyuk was doing to Inbae.

The Heimlich maneuver is a first aid treatment used when food or the like is caught in the throat.

"He swallowed a rice cake. It served him right, given his bad behavior! Let's go."

Dongsu then turned back. However, Suhyuk kept his place with a firm face. The situation looked serious.

"What are you doing? Let's go."

His words fell on the deaf ears of Suhyuk, though.

Inbae's face was growing white.

Suhyuk approached them and asked Donghyuk.

"How long has he had the rice cake stuck in the throat?"

"Get out," replied Donghyuk. His tone was tinged with sharpness.

However, Suhyuk did not flinch at all. Rather, his eyes were cool.

"How long?"

However bad his relationship with them was entangled, he was a sick person who needed help.

Inbae was no more or less than that to him at the moment.

"Let me examine him."

Suhyuk pushed Donghyuk. Did he feel hurt by his pushing or did he take it as challenge?

"You motherfucker?"

Donghyuk's fist was being thrown to Suhyuk.

But Dongsu, who was watching the situation, acted a little faster.

"Are you trying to beat him? Do you want to be killed, motherfucker?"

Dongsu threw him away. Thump! He tumbled over seats, and Dongsu spewed his breath as if he felt satisfied beating him like that.

"Why? Are you disgusted? Then come over and challenge me!"

Dongsu, who moved his hand, laughed at him because Donghyuk, rising from the seat, could not say anything.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk lay Inbae on the floor.

Inbae's face, who clinched his throat with his hands, was gradually getting blue.

"Call 119!" said one student with an urgent voice.

Suhyuk opened his mouth and checked inside. He saw nothing. Obviously, the rice cake blocked the airway.

"How long has he been in this state?"

One student replied to Suhyuk's shouting, "It's been about five minutes."

Five minutes? Suhyuk's look became even more serious.

Five minutes was long enough to cause damage to the brain that's not oxygenated.

That's not all. Another five minutes without any measures will lead to irreversible injury, coma, and then complete death. At best, the patient would be in a state of permanent vegetation.

All of this is determined within 15 minutes from the time of the accident.

"Call the health teacher quickly! And call 119!"

At Suhyuk's shouting, the students moved around busily with their cell phones.

Suhyuk's eyes, looking down on Inbae, were mixed with irritability and anxiety.

'It's going to be too late. Late. I have to act now. Now...'

Such thoughts dominated Suhyuk's mind.

'I have to clear the airway now. Only that way I can save his life. Only that way...'

Suhyuk, standing up suddenly from his seat, looked around in a hurry. And he searched through a pencil case on one side. And soon he took out a pen. Suhyuk quickly dismantled the pen and shouted to everyone loudly, "Knife! Is there anybody with a knife!"

The time to save one's life at a moment's notice. Golden Time. You can not miss it.

LionStrong: What an ending to this chapter. Anyone else feel their blood boiling?

Chapter 23

'There is a man dying before you. Only you can save his life. You must do something for him immediately because he is an emergency patient to whom even a second is urgent. What must you do?'

'I have to save him.'

The masked man laughed with a half-moon smile.

'Yes, I have to save him. Definitely I should, because I know what would happen to him later If he were left without any treatment.'

He nodded, and his words continued, 'You can save his life if you can take action in an urgent situation like this. Just looking at him without doing anything is a crime...'

Suddenly, the masked man's words went through his head. 'Yes, now or never. I have to take action in a minute, no, in a second.'

"Knife?! Lighter?! Anybody who has a skin toner?!"

Despite Suhyuk's shouting, the students were standing blankly. Suhyuk's face hardened gradually. There was no sign that the health teacher and an ambulance would come anytime soon.

A shrieking voice came out from Dongsu's mouth, who had been watching Suhyuk all along, "Hey, you bastards! Are your ears all shut up? If I find out any of you have something Suhyuk asked for, I'll chew your ass!"

That was the typical tone he used to shout with at others in the past.

Only then did the students begin to bring out the stuff Suhyuk wanted. Various kinds of cutter knives, disposable skin toners, etc, were poured out before Suhyuk.

"Are you okay?" Dongsu asked Suhyuk, with an uneasy look because he was looking for a knife.

Suhyuk met Dongsu's eyes. 'Trust me.' His glittering eyes suggested he was confident. Dongsu nodded instantly and clenched a MacGyver knife. That shone in Suhyuk's eyes. The cutter knife is easy to break because its edge is weak.

"Dongsu."

Suhyuk quickly reached out his hand.

"This?"

"Yes."

He handed it over, and Suhyuk pulled out the knife and heated it with a lighter.

The thin blade quickly became hot. Next is the skin toner. He took off the lids of the disposable skin toners to put them together. Without any other replacement available, a skin toner can be used as a disinfectant as it has alcoholic ingredients.

'Cotton pad.'

He noticed a cotton pad among a lot of the stuff mixed together.

Did they guess what he would be doing?

These kids at Jaemyung HS already knew what he'd do because they were smart.

Suhyuk immediately soaked the cotton pads with skin toner. Then he wiped the hot knife blade carefully. He also rubbed Inbae's throat with the skin toner.

"Huh..." Suhyuk shortly took a deep breath.

Now he had all the material needed to treat Inbae.

Cricothyroidotomy. The only thing he had to was to incise his throat to open the airway. Suhyuk did not hesitate to take his hand to his neck. And he could locate the convex part of his neck by touch. A thick shield-like thyroid cartilage located in the middle of the neck, and a cricoid cartilage located beneath it. The point at

which these two intersect, namely the depressed part, which is the radial thyroid, he had to make a cut right here.

Suhyuk took his larynx firmly with his thumb and middle finger. If Inbae's body moved while Suhyuk was using the knife, it could touch other organs, which might cause a serious situation. That was a surgical technique that must be done free of errors at all. Suhyuk moved the knife toward his neck to incise the skin.

"Gasp!" "Don't we stop him?"

Those students, who had been watching him all along, screamed and got restless. It seemed as if they were rushing to stop him but did not, because Dongsu was standing right at that spot.

"Bastards! Be quiet!"

Shouting at them, Dongsu looked down at Suhyuk. The pupils of his eyes trembled a little. Suhyuk taking a knife to a person's throat was reflected in his eyes. He seemed quite uneasy. 'Do not make any trouble. I trust you.' Dongsu thought to himself. It was Suhyuk who helped him out along the way. He had to trust Suhyuk to the end even though others could not. Dongsu began to look at them with a cold stare.

In the meantime, Suhyuk's knife was getting close to Inbae's neck.

"It will hurt a little. You've got to endure the pain."

Inbae could hardly hear his voice because he found his eyes getting cloudy.

Soon, Suhyuk's knife touched his throat.

'Only 2cm or less incision.'

If the movement of the knife is rough or deep, it could be dangerous enough to touch other organs. Light but accurate incision.

At last he cut through a red blood line around his neck. About 1.5

cm deep from the skin to subcutaneous tissue. Suhyuk confirmed the cirrhosis of the thyroid gland with an incision.

'1 cm horizontally...'

The upper and lower circumference thoracic artery and vein are relatively located in the upper area, so incision of the lower membrane is less risky.

As soon as the membrane broke apart, the blood gushing into the air sprayed over his face. At the same time, he heard a breathing sound coming and going through Inbae's throat.

Suhyuk hurriedly inserted right there a ballpoint pen with its contents dismantled and wrapped around it in a cotton pad.

"Tape! Anyone with tape!"

Getting tape quickly, Suhyuk fixed his throat by sealing the pen joints tightly. Bubbles came up from the ballpoint pen and his throat joints, but soon went down. Suhyuk, who sat down in his seat with a thump, took a long breath.

His role was all over. Now the only thing left was Inbae's determination to open his eyes. Around Suhyuk were some girls watching him closely, with their mouth shut, and others who looked at him as if he were crazy.

Did they realize that Inbae's face, which had become very pale, was increasingly going back to red?

"That's an unauthorized illegal surgery, right?" A quiet mumbling came from someone.

And the bell ringing the start of class filled the classroom strangely.

Teachers and the ambulance arrived at the same time. The emergency crew who had seen a ballpoint pen stuck in Inbae's throat were astonished.

Was there a fight? What kind of psycho put a ballpoint pen in a

friend's throat?

"Who the hell did that?" one of the teachers asked.

At his words, the students at the scene pointed their fingers at the place where Suhyuk was standing.

Frowning his face bitterly, the teacher snatched his hands, "You too should go with me!"

Chapter 24

Insoo was calling somewhere.

"Hello, is this the police station?"

When the emergency crew were looking into Inbae's condition inside the ambulance racing through the street, Suhyuk's homeroom teacher was staring at him furiously.

"What did you do to him?"

"I could not help it. I had to do first aid treatment because more than five minutes already passed..."

"Stupid! Did you want to play doctor?"

Out of anger, the teacher frowned bitterly.

If Inbae's parents had found out about this incident, he might have to be kicked out of the school. Inbae was a student with such a powerful ally. He might also get an irreversible discipline for his failure to manage and supervise the students properly. How could Suhyuk put Inbae stuck in a condition like this? Only after a stern discipline was taken against a daring Suhyuk could the principal's anger die down to some extent. Discipline such as his expulsion from the school, withdrawal or even a jail term. Could Suhyuk know of his thoughts like these?

Looking at Inbae, Suhyuk gave a sigh of relief because his face was increasingly going back to its original color. Suhyuk's attitude like that rubbed the teacher the wrong way. He opened his mouth coldly.

"We have never had this kind of thing happen before in Jaemyung HS. If you are thinking of fleeing anywhere, you had better give it up right away."

At the teacher's words, however, Suhyuk comforted himself, 'Good job ... Good job Lee Suhyuk.'

At that moment, one of the ambulance crew who had been checking Inbae's condition turned to Suhyuk, "Did you do this yourself?"

Suhyuk nodded, "I had to take action quickly because a lot of time passed..."

It was a perfect dressing around the ballpoint pen joints, which did not allow in even a little breeze.

"You acted recklessly."

'Where did he watch first aid treatment? On the internet? In a soap opera? Movie? It is a very dangerous act for an ordinary man to do. A little tweaking in surgery could lead to the patient's death. Even then, here was a high school kid who carried out the surgery with a knife. One could find no other explanation than to say he was just lucky. Sheer luck.'

"Next time you shouldn't do this. Instead, you have to report or ask for someone else," said the ambulance crew member.

Immediately, the doctors and nurses gathered at the emergency room to check Inbae's condition. A short mumbling came out from the doctor's mouth, who was examining him briskly.

"The first aid treatment was done well..."

That's not all. All the medical devices connected to the patient showed that he was normal.

Was there a doctor around at the time? It's fantastic first aid treatment. Nothing to find any fault with.

"How about his condition?" Inbae's homeroom teacher asked.

The doctor nodded his head lightly, "He was lucky. Well, the first aid treatment was excellent."

At the doctor's response, the teacher looked back in disbelief.

There was Suhyuk on the spot.

"Uh?"

The doctor opened his eyes wide with a surprise. He has seen this kid before. He knew him for sure. He was the very 16 year old kid who woke up from a persistent vegetative state. He clearly saw him waking up with wide open eyes in his presence in the hospital.

The doctor looked at the patient and Suhyuk alternately, and could guess in no time.

There was no doubt that this kid, Lee Suhyuk, took action to save Inbae. Waking from his vegetative state like a miracle, he diagnosed himself, and then narrated many medical terms.

The doctor's expression brightened with gladness.

"How have you been?"

Unfortunately Suhyuk did not remember him. At the same time, some sort of anxiety came over him.

‘An unfamiliar person clearly knew my face. Obviously, he was somehow related to me in the past, though I lost past memories.’

Suhyuk found himself feeling very uneasy because he felt like he had committed a lot of sins in the past.

"I'm sorry, I cannot remember anything in the past or people because I have amnesia."

The doctor could have been disappointed at Suhyuk, but he instead broke into a smile.

"I was there when you woke up from the hospital. Don't you remember me?"

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger. He just figured out who he was. He could easily recall the doctor because he had talked a few times with him in the hospital room.

"Hey! You have become a resident now?"

The doctor, nodding his head, opened his mouth with a smile, "Looking at your school uniform, I see you entered Jaemyung HS. I knew you would go there."

'Yea, he was a smart boy, who has a vast knowledge of medicine.'

The doctor opened his mouth again, "I think you opened his throat with a knife..."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"The rice cake blocked his airway for more than five minutes."

"Even up to the perforation of cricothyroid membrane?"

Actually the incision of that area was very burdensome even to him because it needed sophisticated clinical skill.

"Yeah."

He was a great guy, after all. Yes, he was a genius to his eyes.

"It was excellent first aid treatment, and it's like you saved a friend."

Then the doctor patted him on the shoulder as if he had done a wonderful job.

"Now I'm going into the operating room. Will you wait until after?"

The doctor wanted to exchange a few more words with him out of delight.

As Suhyuk nodded his head, the doctor left with his patient Inbae.

Now the teacher and Suhyuk were left alone. Staring at Suhyuk, the teacher could not say anything. According to the doctor, Suhyuk gave great first aid treatment to Inbae, and without his daring action, he might have died.

"You..." When the teacher opened his mouth, some strange men came up, asking, "Student Lee Suhyuk?"

"Yes, I am Lee Suhyuk..."

One of the three men presented his ID card.

"We're from the police."

He showed the screen of his cell phone to Suhyuk with the other hand. Inside the screen there was Suhyuk taking a knife to his throat, and red blood flowing from it. The video ended there.

"You should come with this uncle," said he, adding, "Detective Choi, you stay here and check the patient's condition."

Suhyuk was forced to be led away by the rough detectives. Suhyuk was dragged out of the emergency room. An image of his family's face laughing warmly went through his mind.

'Mother... Father...'

Bang!

The car door which the detectives were aboard closed with a thump, and Suhyuk looked out of the car window at the emergency room door. Inbae's homeroom teacher was looking at the police car outside. Somehow he seemed to be smiling.

Chapter 25

That afternoon, the detective section of the police station was noisy.

"Oh, detective, I did not do it!"

"Just exercise the right to stay silent, you bastard! You were videotaped on CCTV. How can you try to get away with it?"

"I'm sorry..."

The detective section was really noisy with those raising their voice, complaining about false accusations, and others who alleged that they are not suspects.

"Damn it! This kind of absurd case was assigned to me..."

Detective Kang, knocking on the keyboard, was grumbling.

"What do you mean by an 'absurd case'?" asked someone suddenly from the side.

"Is it you again?"

Detective Kang, in his forties, first flinched at the woman in her 20s, and then clicked his tongue. With horn-rimmed glasses and her long hair tied back, she was wearing shabby clothes as if she just swept through Namdaemun market. She grinned lightly.

"Well, who would bring coffee to a toiling detective Kang other than me?"

The detective tasted the canned coffee she brought.

"Today I'm busy. Can't you just go away?"

"Nope, please give me some news to break. If I go back empty-handed, a demon-like team chief will try to eat me up!"

Detective Kang broke into a silly laugh at her being such a crybaby.

"There must be someone else to be eaten up, but not you..." Kang

said.

It was Han Jihye, a cub reporter for KBS, clinging to him like a leech.

Most of the reporters made routine rounds at their beat and disappeared, but she was different.

"If I give you a news item, you won't bother me for one month, okay?"

"Of course. I won't! I can see many other detectives out there instead."

Han Jihye gave a big smile.

At a glance, she was far from a stylish woman, yet her smile was beautiful.

"Be sure to keep that promise," said Kang.

He raised his eyes and looked at the detention cell.

"You see him?"

Han Jihye's gaze moved with Kang's chin gesture toward the detention cell.

She noticed among the adults one student leaning against the wall with his eyes closed.

"Oh, that student ..."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I hear he was detained here on charges of killing his friend..."

"Killing his friend? No way. He gave first aid to a dying friend..."

"First aid?"

"Yeah, you already know that he was detained here, but didn't know about that?"

"Well, I just got here..."

Her eyes glowed as she gazed at Suhyuk.

"Attempted murder?"

Han Jihye, who sneaked a glance through the report that Kang was writing, tilted her head.

She fixed her eyes again on Suhyuk. She slowly walked to the detention cell and called somewhere.

"Uh, it's me, Jihye. Let me ask you something. A minor allegedly has pierced a person's throat for first aid treatment in an urgent situation. The patient came back to life. Is his act a violation of the law? I mean, does it violate the 'First Aid Law'? Oh, wait a minute! Someone is calling me on the phone. I'll call you back soon."

She looked at her smartphone's LCD screen and frowned. It was none other than the team chief, her immediate supervisor who managed apprentice reporters like her.

"Yes, captain!"

(Hey, Han Jihye, are you empty-handed even today? You've been like that for the past several days! And why don't you get in touch with me? You're merely an apprentice reporter. Don't you know you guys have to report to me every hour about your location and activities? Do you really want me to send you home and enjoy it fully?) "Yes, but only after I'm done with this."

(What?)

'Oh, well, just wait a minute. When a reporter who has a duty to report to their supervisor keeps silent, there should be some reason...'

In a situation like this, it was the team chief who would make a big fuss out of it.

At that moment, Han Jihye could not speak anymore.

Bang! Bang!

A homeless man, apparently drunk, started hitting his head

against the wall of the detention cell right in front of her, and the situation was no joke. Blood bursting from his head popped out everywhere.

"What the heck. Are you crazy?!" shouted those startled at the scene, "Call 119! 119!"

Suddenly the police station was all topsy-turvy.

Suhyuk, sitting there, rose from his seat. The homeless person had been sitting in front of Suhyuk. The fallen homeless person's head, due to severe self-injury, seemed to have broken apart. Blood flowed from the head, and his nose was bleeding.

A man next to him suddenly blocked his nose by hand. As blood was coming from his nose, he wanted to block it.

"Do not block it!"

Suhyuk pushed away his hand.

If his nose were blocked, the pressure on the skull will increase and the situation would get worse.

"Wuwewek!" He poured out his vomit.

"Call 119 quickly!"

As soon as he shouted, Suhyuk responded swiftly. He pushed the homeless person to one side and opened the airway as wide as possible. When he stopped vomiting, Suhyuk's expression was seriously hardened because he was not breathing. Suhyuk then opened his mouth and quickly checked its insides. He noticed an unknown object stuck deep in the back of the uvula, which obviously came up with the vomit. Suhyuk did not hesitate to put in his finger and took it out. It was a meat lump. Apparently he did not chew and swallowed it because it was quite thick like raw meat.

"Wuwewek!"

His mouth poured out vomit again, and then he gasped for air.

Taking a breath, Suhyuk put his head on his thigh. Cerebral edema, which can cause a rapid increase in water content in the brain parenchyma. He was trying his best to prevent its occurrence as much as possible.

Suhyuk shouted again, "Please call 119!"

The ambulance arrived in an instant.

Watching the whole situation all along until the ambulance with the patient left, Han Jihye mumbled, "Hmm... the situation must have been similar to this back then."

Stroking her chin in a pensive mode, she tilted her head and moved.

‘Who do I have to interview first, the emergency crew who transported that Jaemyung HS student or the doctor?’

Suhyuk was right in front of her. Of course, she had to do the interview only after she talked to him first.

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The next day, Suhyuk could see his parents' faces.

"Suhyuk, do not be afraid. Do not worry. Mom and Dad will get you out of here soon. You should not worry about anything."

Tears rained down from Kim Myunghee's cheeks, who was speaking to him in a calm manner. Before she met him, she vowed never to shed tears before her son because that would make him scared.

His father looked at his son quietly and said, "Good job."

He already knew why his son was led away here.

‘I would not just sit idle and do nothing, be it a judge or prosecutor, if they are laying the blame on my son who saved a person's life...’

"I'm fine. I'll soon be right out of here, so don't worry!" said Suhyuk, smiling as brightly as he could. He felt he had committed an undutiful act to his parents like before.

'To vindicate it, I have to get out of here by all means...'

"Your interview time is up," said a detention officer. His mom became all the more impatient at his words.

"Suhyuk, I brought in some private food. Eat a lot! Just relax and feel at home while waiting, okay?"

News about Suhyuk made an internet sensation.

<What the heck? Why did the police detain him who saved a person's life? Hell to this country!> < Are you kidding? Please release him quickly! How could you do that to him, when you should reward him!> Vast numbers of comments supporting him were posted about on relevant news stories on the internet.

"Did you finish up the report about Lee Suhyuk? Let's do it quickly!"

The chief detective, who was checking the comments on internet, was nagging them.

There was intense pressure coming from the higher-ups, which was kind of a bluff to wrap up the case quickly before it became noisier.

"Yes, yes."

The detectives made a drowsy voice, but moved slowly like a slug.

The chief detective would laugh and talk loud, but he was uneasy this time.

That kid saved a person's life, and yet, was taken to the police

station. Moreover he demonstrated his skill to save a man in the detention cell. A minor who gave proper first aid. Despite all this, they had wanted him to be charged in one way or another...

Meanwhile, Suhyuk's story was spreading to other places. Three broadcasting companies; they were competing to break the story first.

<A Mr. Lee attending a prestigious private high school saved a person's life with dramatic first aid, but unfortunately ...> "What?"

Kim Hyunwoo, who had been talking to Dongsu, fixed his eyes on the news.

Kim had not seen him for a while. He thought something happened to him, but decided to wait. And now, Suhyuk's story was aired on the news.

‘Anyhow he's a great guy.’

"Yeah, do not worry too much," Kim Hyunwoo 's eyes were cool after talking to Dongsu.

‘Someone reported to the police about him who saved a man's life with first aid? How dare did they take action against him?’

Kim stopped his finger from pressing the call button, and then threw his cell phone on the sofa. Even if he did not do anything, Suhyuk could handle it quite well by himself. Suhyuk was such a guy.

He muttered, taking beer to the mouth, "The people's voice is the voice of God..."

Chapter 26

"Come out."

The cold, steel-barred gate, opened with a noisy thump.

"Goodbye."

Suhyuk said goodbye to those staying with him in the detention cell.

"Goodbye. Don't come back here again boy."

"Even if you see a person panting for breath, just pass by next time. Hell to this damned world!"

They were expressing their voices critical of the people outside, citing the injustice done to Suhyuk.

Those languishing in the detention cell slowly waved their hands to Suhyuk.

When he was going out the cell, detective Kang said, "You had a hard time here, but you did well..."

Another detective added, "If this kind of thing happens again, you shouldn't do anything and report to the police next time."

The detectives who talked to Suhyuk laughed bitterly. He should have been freed much, much earlier. As for accidents that may arise from first aid by someone, he could get legal immunity as long as the patient did not die. In the case of Suhyuk, he was detained for as many as three days, even though he saved an emergency patient's life. As many as three days.

Even if the other side reported to the police, one day's investigation was sufficient. Or he could be investigated without detention. However, that was impossible because of the pressure from higher-ups. That made Lee Suhyuk bound tight.

When the normal became abnormal, the people in the world revolted.

Or a detention and investigation. But they could not do that. The pressure from above, it tied up Lee Suhyuk. The waves of rough voices were rolling on the Internet. Various experts criticized Suhyuk's case, citing specific cases, rulings, and the laws as if they were marketing themselves. When their voices filled all over Korea, there were no more directions from up on high. The pressure veiled by dark curtains, namely, the black hands of the powerful let go of Suhyuk.

“Take care!”

Nodding at the detectives' advice, Suhyuk laughed a bit.

He went out to the hallway. The remarks given by the detained men as well as the detectives came to his mind once again.

‘Don't do that again. Should I listen? Just watching a dying person doing nothing myself?’

Suhyuk looked down at his two hands.

‘If an emergency patient appears in front of me, I just pass by without doing anything...’

Suhyuk shook his head. He would never hesitate even then. This was not a technique. His hands could be helpful to those who are dying in vain.

‘I would not stop if I can make the dangerously wobbling flames of embers back up.’

Firming up his determination like the first time, he passed through the building.

When he came out to the entrance, he had to make a blank face.

Click! Click!

The camera flashes burst out without break. Suhyuk's surroundings flashed around.

"What the heck is this..." Suhyuk could not speak at all.

He saw lots of cameras fixed on him, and many voices calling him out here and there.

"Student Lee Suhyuk! How are you feeling?"

"Suhyuk, look here!"

"Is your dream to be a doctor?"

And the students from Jaemyung HS, carrying placards as if they were here for a protest, kept shouting, "Lee Suhyuk! Lee Suhyuk!"

At that moment, Suhyuk felt something warm welling up from his heart suddenly, but finally swallowed it.

Click! Click!

Reporters were constantly pressing their camera shutters. Among them was a woman with her arms folded in a composed manner, shuffling her feet. It was Han Jihye, the reporter who reported the situation of Suhyuk first. Her small action shook the whole Korea. Her eyes glowed as she looked at his hands.

"Cute little guy. Hadn't I told you just to trust this sister?"

She laughed brightly while looking at him in the distance.

Thanks to that report, she was able to get a fast promotion.

She became a regular reporter, not an apprentice.

"How do you feel?"

At the mixed voice of journalists, Suhyuk scratched his head with his fingers.

Click! Click!

And finally he opened his mouth,

"My eyes are so dazzled."

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Suhyuk, who arrived near his house with his parents, went to a

meat house.

"Son, what do you want to eat? Say anything you want to eat."

"Eat this first."

Suhyuk's father put out a black bag. It was a cake of tofu.

"Honey, Suhyuk can't eat a lot of meat if he eats tofu. What should we order? Pork belly? Rib? What do you want to eat Suhyuk?"

"Any meat is fine."

"Okay, let's have ribs then. I know you like ribs."

A smile of relief did not disappear from Kim Myunghee's face, who was ordering food.

Suhyuk quietly looked at the plastic bag his father was holding. His rough hands caught his attention all the more. Not only were calluses formed on his hands, but cracks could be seen here and there.

'I am now taller than Dad. That made his heart sad without any reason. Dad went through a hard time because of this undutiful son...'

"Daddy, I want to eat tofu."

"Eat meat first," said his father bluntly.

"Just one bite," answered Suhyuk.

Only then did his father give tofu to Suhyuk. He bit the tofu, with the plastic bag removed only half way.

"Don't eat it anymore," said his father.

Did he not hear his father's words? Suhyuk already ate half of it.

"Suhyuk, if you eat it all, you can't eat meat. Stop eating it. Suhyuk?" Kim was surprised.

For tears were dripping from her son's eyes. Suhyuk, who ate

tofu as if he had forcibly pushed it into his mouth, could not control his tears. Tears he suppressed in front of the police station now burst out.

He just hated himself because of his undutiful act to his parents, who obviously spent sleepless nights worrying about him. At the same time he felt so regrettable about the time he had to spend at the detention cell.

“Oh my god, aren’t you the very student who came out on TV, right?”

The boss who brought out the meat made a big noise.

"Why are you crying when you did such a wonderful thing?"

His mother, tapping him gently on the back, smiled softly and said, "He is weak-minded."

That night was a long night for Suhyuk.

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The next day. Suhyuk went back to the school like a celebrity with all eyes on him.

The students passing by here and there raised their thumbs without exception.

And Kim Hana. Meeting him in the hallway, she looked at Suhyuk with tearful eyes.

Suhyuk laughed a bit.

"Hi?"

Hana slowly moved her foot toward Suhyuk.

And she opened her mouth, wiping her tears with the back of her hand, "Are you okay?"

Suhyuk’s look became even brighter.

"Well, you must have been bored without me, right?"

Like a child, she nodded silently, with dazzling tears dripping from her eyes.

Even the appearance of her crying could not be any prettier.

"Why are you crying?"

Suhyuk could not speak because she hugged him so tight.

Boohoo.. boohoo...

A startled Suhyuk became a stone statue for a moment, but it was only very briefly.

"Why are you crying like a fool," said Suhyuk, caressing her shoulder.

"Thank God, what a relief!" she said.

'Did she change already?'

For her face, looking at him over his shoulder, looked icy cold.

"I'm so glad you're okay." Her voice whispered in his ear.

Chapter 27

A quiet classroom tinged with a bloody red sunset. There were the shadows of two people. They were none other than Choi Inbae and Kim Insoo. Insoo was looking out the window with a blank look on his face.

“I’m disappointed”

When Insoo said this, Inbae standing behind him scratched his head.

The bandage on his throat was a reminder of his accident in the past.

“Mom said it was time to stop... and if it was not for first aid, it would have been a close call,” said Inbae.

Turning his gaze, he looked at Inbae. Insoo’s face was soaked in the light of the sunset.

With a smile, in no time, he said to Inbae, “I must have been a jerk to believe your family.”

Though that was an expression cursing both of his parents, Inbae could not say anything.

Insoo looked back out the window. He saw Suhyuk and Hana walking alongside the main gate of the school side by side. He imagined her having hugged him tight. Suhyuk, not just content with being a celebrity, was now taking Hana.

“Huh ...” Insoo calmed down his troubled heart with quiet breathing.

‘Premature. It is not the right time yet.’

Insoo found it burdensome to wreak havoc on Suhyuk who had just become a celebrity.

‘All this happened because of...’

Insoo, turning back, looked at Inbae again, and said, "Useless motherfucker ..."

Insoo went out of the classroom, thinking of Suhyuk wiggling under his feet.

'Wiggling like an earthworm.'

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After school, they were walking down to the bus stop side by side; Suhyuk, Hana and Dongsu. The trees standing on both sides were as if they were bowing to the three. The trees, dressed in all white, made Hana admire them.

"How pretty!"

Hana, with a red nose, reached out her hands to take snowflakes falling from the sky.

Dongsu shook his head at the appearance of Hana sentimentalized over the falling snowflakes.

“Hey, this is trash falling from the sky. Just trash,” said Dongsu.

Hana, narrowing her eyes, retorted sharply, "You are too dumb!"

Even that reproach of hers seemed beautiful.

"Yeah, I'm dumb. By the way, how many questions did you miss in the mock test?" Dongsu asked Suhyuk.

"Five."

"Monster!"

Dongsu again grabbed his head, shaking his head from side to side, because he missed half of the questions even though he burnt the midnight oil. Was he just no good at studying? Or was he really stupid?

"Oh, how much percentage of his brain did you say a man used? 10% or 20%? If I had used only 30%, I would have gotten the first in

the whole school," said Dongsu.

Suhyuk laughed at his remark, saying "100%".

Dongsu and Hana looked at him as if they could not figure out what he was talking about.

Certainly they heard about it somewhere. In magazines, newspapers, and on TV, there was something like 'one cannot even use half of his brain'.

"Actually we use our whole brain, but use it differently depending on time and place, and on the situation." Suhyuk said, touching his head with his fingers.

"Do you know how many nerve cells make up the brain?" asked Suhyuk.

"Well, damn many..." It was an expression befitting Dongsu.

"About 100 billion. We are using all of it. If there were any part in the brain that had no use, it would have atrophied and disappeared, with the head changed into only half the size."

Dongsu slowly nodded his head as if he agreed with his comment.

If a person used only a small part of the brain, there would be no problem in his everyday life even if the brain were severely injured. But what is the reality? Even if one gets even a minor brain injury, a disorder develops.

Like Suhyuk said, it seemed correct to say that a man used 100% of his brain.

Yes, it was obvious. For there was nothing he did not know as far as medicine was concerned.

"Oh..." Dongsu, who admired Suhyuk, suddenly hardened his look.

'If that's true, I'm using 100% of my brain like everyone else. Am I dumb from the start? Or do I have to say my brain is just dumb?'

His thinking having reached at that point, Dongsu scratched his cheek quietly.

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They continued walking along the path, and their backs also loomed larger gradually over time. Those trees, standing on both sides of the path, changed the trios clothes a few times as they themselves changed as seasons passed.

Dongsu became much taller, Hana’s beauty was pure and elegant like a full bloom that seemed to burst at moment, and Suhyuk was transformed into someone with a charming jawline.

Hana said with a grin, "Tomorrow, we’re going to have the results of the midterm grade."

They already moved to their second year in high school.

Again, Suhyuk and Dongsu were assigned to the same class, while Hana was in another class. Dongsu clenched his fist.

"I'll get within 10th in the class."

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, "You can make it because you worked so hard this time. The first place should go to Hana."

She smiled gently at this. Though it was a very mysterious smile, the two of them could never figure out the meaning behind it. ‘Can Suhyuk’s prediction be true?’

A day passed like an arrow, and the three could now confirm their grades.

Lee Suhyuk, he got the first place in the whole school.

Looking at his grades, Suhyuk slowly nodded his head. Though he could not really believe that he got the first in the school, he

made it, after all. He really worked hard, sleeping less than 5 hours a day.

"Wow! You, monster!"

Dongsu, looking at Suhyuk was just astonished.

In contrast, Suhyuk encouraged him.

"You can do better next time. School grades alone are not all you need to go to college. If you do well in the SAT, you'll be alright. You've got plenty of time," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu scratched his head hard. Suhyuk's encouraging words was no comfort at all to him because he got 30th place out of 31. He beat only one person in the class during this one year. In addition to that, he got ahead of 50 others in the whole school. Those guys are really stupid enough to be beaten by him.

"Suhyuk!"

A sweet voice that could have flowed from the midnight radio. Suhyuk turned his head to the side. Hana was smiling there.

"Congratulations on your first place!"

Suhyuk sighed a bit inside. Beaten by him. she must have been upset very much, though she did not show any feelings. Suhyuk opened his mouth bitterly.

"Thanks."

Hana made a strange look, saying, "You were the first, but you don't look good?"

"How about you?"

"Me? I'm second."

"I'm sorry..."

Her eyes narrowed cutely.

"I guess you didn't say that to comfort me, right?"

Suhyuk could not open his mouth and smiled with a sorry expression.

Did he not get wind of what was going on? Three boys were casting cold gazes toward him over the windows in the hallway. They were a gang controlled by Insoo.

"He seemed to have cheated in the exam, right?"

"Without doing that, how could a guy like him get the first in the whole school?"

Their eyes were filled with distrust. In particular, Insoo was staring at him sternly.

What had they been thinking?

"Let's go!"

They disappeared from the spot in no time.

"Congrats again! By the way, my words alone aren't enough."

She touched her cell phone with her white fingers and then showed him her smartphone screen, She booked movie tickets.

"As a celebration gift, let me treat you to a movie!"

Her face looked bright as ever, as if she felt his first place were her own.

When Suhyuk made a perplexed look, she grinned.

Her two pupils seemed full of sharp pieces of glass, with Suhyuk reflected there.

'Congrats on your first place from the bottom of my heart.'

Chapter 28

It was Sunday.

Suhyuk was heading to the appointed place by bus to meet Hana.

'Movie...'

When he looked back, he had never gone to a movie theater.

For his time was consumed with studying all along.

Of course, he might have watched one before he lost memories due to the accident.

Suhyuk looked at the passing scenery through the bus window.

There was a doctor rushing somewhere, in a surgical suit with his white gown blown away.

Holding a coffee in his right hand, he seemed to be up against the wall.

Was it because there was an emergency patient?

Suddenly the man he met in his dream came to his mind. He handed down his medical knowledge to him. How could that happen? His medical knowledge was genuine medical practice that could be applied in the real world.

Was it something one could find in magazines or on the internet?

He saw occasional instances where people who wake up from a dream or a coma used another language as their mother tongue. For example, An Englishman who had never stepped on the land of China had an accident and woke up to speak the Chinese that he was not interested in.

Not only that, but often times, similar cases were found all over the world.

'Then, do I belong to that kind of group?'

Again there was no way for him to know.

"Oh my god! Look at that..."

"Oh my gosh. What should we do?"

Suhyuk turned his gaze at the turmoil in the bus. There was a traffic accident.

Although it did not seem like such a big accident, some of the people coming out of the bus grabbed their necks and waists.

Fortunately, the hospital was nearby.

When he saw the car accident, he could recall some old memories which were like a puzzle piece.

He had an accident while he caught a taxi to go to the private academy, and then amnesia came to him. He could not understand it one bit. Usually, amnesia occurs when the function of cerebrum is reduced due to concussion or from severe brain damage occurring from any other reasons.

Of course, psychological factors cannot be ignored. However, it's impossible that Lee Suhyuk who was a psychopath with a steely mindset in the past, went through emotional suppression.

No damage to his brain, and no psychological factors. 'What the heck...'

While Suhyuk was absorbed in that thought, the bus arrived at its destination.

After shaking his thoughts, he got off the bus.

"You just arrived here?"

Hana, waiting at the bus station, waved and smiled at him.

She was wearing a casual attire with a red shawl. Nevertheless, her beauty glowed.

Suhyuk had a sorry face.

"Sorry, I was late, right?"

He came 10 minutes late for the appointment and it was very

cold.

She shook her head gently.

"What's the big deal about 10 minutes late? It can happen. Let's go."

Both of them walked along. The streets were crowded with people.

"I heard this movie is really funny."

Hana, close to Suhyuk, showed him a relevant report on his cell phone.

The genre of the movie is a romantic comedy.

"Excuse me!"

Both of them raised their heads at the sudden voice.

A man in his early 30s in a clean suit. His gaze fixed on Hana, he gave a business card.

"You look really pretty."

Suhyuk received the card from him. Hana got scared and shrunk back, grabbing Suhyuk's arms with her hands. On the card was written Sole Entertainment.

The man laughed bitterly at Hana's behavior.

"I'm not a weird person. You know Idol Speed, right? I'm a team leader from their company."

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger.

'Is this the so-called street casting? Is Idol Speed all the rage these days?'

"As a rule, I don't show my cards on the street, but you're so pretty."

"Suhyuk, let's just go," Hana said as if whispering to him.

Nodding his head, Suhyuk spoke on her behalf, "Let me think it

over and contact you."

"Okay. Please do not hesitate to contact me."

Suhyuk and Hana passed by him, and the man did not take his eyes off the back of Hana as if he regretted the missed opportunity.

Holding popcorn and cola, Suhyuk and Hana went straight to their seats.

'Big screen... Have I ever sat in front of such a big screen?'

The movie started right after the promotional movie ads.

As the movie was a romantic comedy, people burst into laughter here and there. So did Suhyuk. But there was one person who did not, and it was none other than Hana.

He could find no trace of change in her facial expression.

Only the light reflected through the screen would change her face color.

Soon the movie ended, and people began to go out in a row.

"It was really fun."

Suhyuk nodded at her words.

"The movie was interesting enough to convey humour as well as impression to the audience."

"Let me treat you to a meal," Hana laughed at his words.

After eating spaghetti they stopped by a coffee shop and took the drink to go.

They walked along, chatting together. When it got dark in the evening, more people and neon sign lights filled the streets. They felt good, partly because the drinks were warm and it was the evening time.

“He’s cute.”

Suhyuk cast his gaze forward at Hana’s words.

A little child, looking like a 7-year-old boy, was holding a cotton candy.

Like she said, the child who wearing red and had a red fur hat was pretty cute.

"Uh?" Hana’s eyes became slightly enlarged.

A truck was passing by the child slowly.

At that moment, there was an uneasy sound coming from the beer bottles stacked high up in the truck. The moment she felt that way, she heard some tinkling sounds. Boxes containing beer bottles fell down after losing balance, and poured out.

"Sungkyu!"

The child’s mother called her son urgently.

At the same time, a paper cup from Suhyuk tumbled about in Hana’s way.

Tinkle, Tinkle.

The beer bottles falling on the floor crashed in all directions.

Hana was forced to make an absent expression. For Suhyuk swiftly moved himself to hug the child for cover and got buried in the beer boxes.

She moved very slowly, like a person who was totally distrait.

"Lee Suhyuk... You were not this type of person..."

Hana’s hands, lifting as if to catch something invisible, trembled.

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Dad held Hana’s hand tightly.

"My darling Hana, what do you want to eat?"

She smiled brightly at her father.

"Um... pizza."

"Yes, let me buy everything my daughter wants to eat! You got first place in the whole class."

At that moment, a taxi stopped in front of them.

Bump. The door of the car opened, and a student who looked about Hana's age got out.

It was none other than Lee Suhyuk.

Chapter 29

Suhyuk, who got out of the taxi, had white earphones plugged into his ears.

The music was so loud that it could be heard by the two before him.

Suhyuk looked straight at them blankly. One could read from his face that he was thinking ‘why are you blocking the road?’

Hana, wrinkling her forehead, went face to face with the male student without avoiding his eyes.

She did not like his blatant and unpleasant gaze on her. He soon left.

“That’s ridiculous!” said Hana. She leered at him passing by her.

"Let's go eat the pizza that my daughter loves!"

Hana smiled brightly again at her dad’s voice.

"What kind of pizza do you want to eat?"

Her gaze fell down on her hand that suddenly felt empty at once.

Her dad had been holding her hand warmly, but it was empty now.

"Student!"

Hana turned her gaze to one side at her father’s voice.

"Dad!"

A surprised Hana rushed to the place her father moved. There was a gigantic, red H-beam erected slantly at one side, which could be used on construction plates. Eventually it fell down.

His father was blocking the giant H beam from falling off with his back. And underneath it Suhyuk lay fallen down. When the H-beam was about to press down Suhyuk, he blocked it with his body. Blocked by his body.

"Student, get out of here quickly," came out an agonizing voice from her father who had been blocking the H-beam. Looking up slightly at him, Suhyuk got out of it.

And he spoke briefly, "Thank you." That was it.

Suhyuk turned his back and went to his destination.

"Dad!"

Hana, bruised on her knees when she collapsed, rose up again to approach her father. Then, she supported the beam with both hands, shouting, "Help me! Help me!"

However she shouted, there were no-one around.

"Hey, help me!" Hana fixed her gaze on the back of Suhyuk.

However, it was impossible that he could hear her voice, because only the sound of music was ringing in his ears.

At that moment a Bang! was heard.

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Many people rushed into the place where there was smell of beer.

"Get rid of it quickly!"

"Oh my god..."

The beer boxes were removed by them.

Suhyuk was crouching his body. A voice spilled out of his mouth that did not move a bit.

"Are you okay?"

At the same time burst out a baby's crying from his bosom.

"Mom...boohoo, mom!"

Suhyuk, slowly rising from his seat, confirmed the child's condition.

"Huh ..." Suhyuk's facial expression showed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, the child seemed to have no injury anywhere. For he hugged the child tightly.

The child's mother rushed in haste.

"Sungkyu!"

Hugging the child in her arms, she thanked him continually.

"Thanks so much, student. Weren't you hurt?" she asked.

Only then did Suhyuk touch his shoulder with a smile.

Fortunately, he got only a light bruise as he was bumped by the boxes slipping off the truck.

Broken pieces of glasses bounced off everywhere but did not hit him.

He was lucky.

"You..." Hana slurred.

He smiled though, as if he were okay, at her whose body had become frozen like ice.

'Is he really breathing?'

A sigh came out from her mouth while was staring at him like a stone statue.

"Hah ..."

Suhyuk approached her.

"Why did you do that? It was dangerous," said Hana.

Suhyuk scratched his head at her blunt tone.

"Doesn't matter because I wasn't hurt. Let's go," said Suhyuk.

"Are you okay?" said a man rushing over to Suhyuk.

He was the owner of the truck that carried the beer.

"Yes, I'm okay. Next time it looks like you have to fasten the boxes more tightly."

The man, nodding at his words, said, “Let's go to the hospital with me, just in case.”

"I'm okay," said Suhyuk.

“Yeah, go to the hospital.” said Hana.

“I'm really alright...”

Actually there was no dark bruising or bleeding caused by the destruction of cell tissue.

His muscles were fine and his bones were fine. Over a little time, his condition will improve.

“Go to the hospital!” shouted Hana.

He was embarrassed to hear her sharp voice with an angry tone.

It was the first time he found such a behavior in her.

“Yeah, come with me to the hospital,” said the man.

His gaze fixed on Hana, Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Go to the hospital then. Let me go back home,” she said, turning back.

At that moment, she was stopped by his voice.

“Hana, here is the card,” said Suhyuk.

It was the business card he received from that guy, the team leader of an entertainment agency. It was soaked by spoiled beer. He made a sorry expression.

“Sorry, it's completely wet,” said Suhyuk.

She sighed again.

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Thud!

Hana opened the door and stepped into the porch.

After taking off her shoes she went inside. It's just an ordinary house. It's quiet as ever.

After taking a shower, she boiled one ramen and sat at the table.

"Thanks for the food." she said to herself.

With a blank expression, however, she soon turned to the sink without eating half of it.

She washed the dishes and dried her hair.

Then she sat in front of the desk. A small framed picture sat on the side.

In it was her dad smiling brightly with her.

"Dad..."

Hana looked at the frame quietly.

Wiping her wet eyes, she mumbled, "Dad, he has become weird. He's saved as many as three people's lives."

She looked at the picture briefly.

And then she was busy doing homework.

In no time she closed her notebook and stood up from the seat.

On her side was seen a business card printed Sole Entertainment.

It was slowly torn by her hands.

Casually dressed, Hana went out. An hour later, she arrived a traditional market.

She walked easily along the meandering alleys as if she were accustomed to it, and she saw a small restaurant sign.

Hana's Rice and Soup.

When she opened the door, a man in his early 50s welcomed her.

He was none other than Hana's father.

“Darling, I told you not to come here! You’re coming every day...”

Approaching her, he was limping.

She sighed a little at him like that.

After the accident, he quit his job and opened a rice and soup restaurant.

"I’m just bored of being alone at home."

With a bright smile, she rolled up her sleeves to work.

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The next day Suhyuk, who went back to school, could see Hana smiling lightly.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk smiled a bit, "Of course, it's only a light bruise."

Her face became brighter.

"I'm really glad to hear that. Don’t do that from now on, okay? It's not just you who gets hurt by a moment's judgment of yours. You have to think about your acquaintances and family members," said Hana.

Suhyuk nodded his head. She was absolutely right.

She is pretty and smart, and kind-hearted.

"Thanks."

“You’re welcome. I'm really worried about you."

"Hey, did you make any trouble again?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk just smiled at his words.

"Let's go eat."

The three of them went to the food cafeteria.

A group of kids were watching them heading there.

"Insoo, you want to sit idle?"

Kim Insoo, who cherished Hana in his eyes, fixed his gaze on Suhyuk.

"I just have no idea how Hana likes and is hanging around with that bastard Suhyuk," said Donghyuk.

At his words Insoo uttered in a dry tone, "Shut up!"

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It's 2 am.

Suhyuk, sitting at the desk, closed the workout book, and he wrote some letters on a Post-It card and put it in front of the desk.

SAT D-100 Day.

'Daehan Medical School, I'll surely be admitted there.'

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Chapter 29

Ppiyong! Ppiyong!

"Oh, I lose here every day,"

Scratching his head as if to vent his anger, Kim Hyunwoo stood up after playing game.

At that moment the front door opened.

It was Suhyuk that came in.

Kim Hyunwoo laughed slightly saying, "Oh, you just got here?"

"Yes, but I don't see your mother."

His mother was always waiting for him at the door whenever he came. He did not see her on this day.

"Well, she played hide-and-seek with me until early this morning, and she's taking a nap now. By the way, what's the matter with Dongsu these days?"

Dongsu used to come to Kim's home with Suhyuk every day.

Yet it was hard to see him for a week recently.

Suhyuk laughed sheepishly, saying, "I think he seems to have to take care of some work at home."

Dongsu often left school during school hours. Though he said he was sick, he looked fine in Suhyuk's eyes. He questioned Dongsu thoroughly, but he would avoid it giving reasons of having an illness.

"Man.. the SAT is just around the corner. Can't believe his discipline has become too relaxed like this..." said Kim.

He expressed such worry briefly, and then looked at Suhyuk with a grin.

"Play with me today."

Kim Hyunwoo and Suhyuk grabbed a joystick to play game.

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After tutoring, Suhyuk did not go home. Instead he moved to a place where Dongsu could be found. A shabby-looking restaurant that sells hangover soup. Suhyuk opened the door.

"Welcome..."

Dongsu, who was clearing the tableware, burst into a laughter when he looked at Suhyuk.

"Why did you come here instead of studying?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk sat on the floor and looked around. His mother was not seen anywhere.

As he had expected, Dongsu was subbing for her mom who was sick in bed.

"I'm hungry. Give me something to eat!"

"Are you a beggar? You're going around without eating anything?"

In no time, Dongsu put on the table an earthen pot with rice and soup.

Suhyuk began to eat silently, and Dongsu went into the kitchen to do the dishes.

There were no customers at this time partly because it was late.

After doing the dishes, Dongsu sat in front of Suhyuk, washing his hands.

The earthen pot was clean as if it had been washed.

"Didn't you eat anything at Mr. Kim's house?"

Suhyuk drank the water at a gulp with a smile.

"What are you doing here when you said you're sick?" asked

Suhyuk.

“Just go away if you’re done eating!”

Dongsu began to remove the dishes from the tables.

"There are 50 days left before the SAT."

Dongsu stopped moving at that moment, but moved again.

After doing the dishes, Dongsu locked the store door.

“As you’ve come here, drink some soju!”

Suhyuk received the cup he gave out. He had never drunk alcohol before. It smelt pungent. Dongsu giggled as if Suhyuk’s reaction like that was funny.

"Even if you drink it, you won’t die. You should learn how to drink it like a man."

Suhyuk, with a slight laugh, drank a cup of soju at once. It tasted bitter but mystic, spreading its odor into his mouth. Dongsu also drank soju, telling him that his frowning looked good.

"I know why you're here..." said Dongsu.

“Here, take it," said Suhyuk, cutting off his words.

They drank up as many as four bottles.

Dongsu shook his head as if he was trying to recover his sense.

"Ha, I thought you were just a nerd, but you drink really well," said Dongsu.

At his words, Suhyuk glared through his half-closed eyes.

‘Do I drink well? Is my blood alcohol concentration more than 0.10%, given I’m talking strange?’

He felt that if he drank more, he would likely pass out until the next day.

‘No, that’s wrong.’

Alcohol interferes with the ability to transmit information

between brain cells. It is true that you will not be aware of the situation. In short, the hippocampus (responsible for memory, learning, and cognition) is unable to transfer information to the brain due to alcohol having penetrated into the brain. Therefore, it can not be converted into long-term memory. Therefore people think they have forgotten this moment or say they passed out.

"Come on, drink it," said Suhyuk.

"You drank a lot already. Stop here!" retorted Dongsu.

Nodding with his half-closed eyes, Suhyuk drank without hesitation.

"There are 50 days to go before the SAT."

At Suhyuk's words, Dongsu smiled a bit.

"Hey, I thought about that. A pine caterpillar should live on pine needles. I got only 20th place in class during the past three years."

Then, he recalled those 60 students who did not beat him.

'How unfortunate for those guys...'

Dongsu, who was blaming himself, took his hand to the cup.

Suhyuk looked at him quietly. A pine caterpillar? pine needles? It is a lie.

He knew that Dongsu's mother collected whatever money she could to open a store specializing in hangover soup. A guy with filial piety to his mother. It was Dongsu who often said his mother was sick, and now she was hospitalized.

"Don't go the wrong way. Let's take the SAT," said Suhyuk.

"Hey, studying is not for me."

Suhyuk staggered to rise from his seat and took out a few bottles of soju from the refrigerator.

"Let me make a bet with you."

"What kind of bet? You're drunk. Stop it..."

Suhyuk uncorked a bottle of soju, and put it on the table.

"The one who gets drunk and out of it first is the loser. And the loser has to accept the winner's request."

Dongsu laughed. Even without listening to his explanation, Dongsu already knew it. Suhyuk wanted to take him to do the SAT to the end.

As a friend, he is a pretty good guy you can go together to the end with.

But Dongsu did not want to follow his request at all. To him, his mother's health was much more important than his future.

"Don't complain when your head is splitting apart tomorrow!"

Both of them bumped bottles of soju as if they were making a toast.

Gulp, gulp.

Did it last more than an hour?

Both of them were just about managing to stay awake, with their heavy eyelids with a flat face.

They drank up as many as eight empty bottles.

Dongsu, whose face turned red, barely began to say, "Just close your eyes, dude. You'll feel relaxed then."

Suhyuk's head continually moved to the left and right.

"Drink it, come on!" said Suhyuk.

"Ok, you stupid boy. Let's see who's really winning."

The moment the two clinked each other's soju bottles, there was thump!

Dongsu's forehead fell to the table first and fell asleep as if he had fainted.

Suhyuk rubbed his hot face with both hands and looked at

Dongsu.

"Come on, let's go do take the SAT.."

Suhyuk, barely holding fast to spirit, touched his cell phone.

He could hardly see the letters, and the fluorescent lights hanging from the ceiling were moving round and round before him. At that moment, a thump could be heard, and Suhyuk fell asleep just like that.

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On Monday, Suhyuk, who was sitting in the classroom, took a deep breath because Dongsu was absent from school.

‘Who said a rod is the best medicine for a disobedient man? But can I beat him?’

Suhyuk touched some photos of Dongsu stored on his cell phone.

On his LCD screen was exactly the picture of Dongsu being overtaken with drink.

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Chapter 31

"Didn't Dongsu come to school today?"

Visiting Suhyuk during lunch time, Hana looked around with a surprised expression.

"Tomorrow he will come." 'Because I will force him to do so.'

"The SAT is just around the corner..." Hana said, shaking her head at his words.

"Are you preparing for the SAT well?"

At that moment he regretted asking that question. After all, she used to monopolize the first place in the whole school, though he's now the top and she is the second place these days.

She did not miss a single question in mock SAT numerous times.

She laughed, saying, "Well, I'm working hard on my own."

Obviously she was not a kid others have to worry about. She was born for studying.

He felt it was unbelievable that he is ahead of her in the grade ranking right now.

"Yes, let's study hard until we're done with the SAT."

'Can you do well in the SAT?' Hana thought to herself, looking at Suhyuk crossing the school playground with a school bag on his back. 'Can you...'

At that moment there was another person looking at Suhyuk.

"Did you confirm the deposit? You have to make sure the job's done right," said Kim Insoo while talking to somebody over the phone, looking out the classroom window.

His face turned cold. 'If somebody gets in my way, I can just trample on him...'

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Dongsu giggled at the cell phone Suhyuk was holding, who came to his store.

There he saw a clear picture of himself overtaken with drink, with his head fallen down on the table as if he passed out. When was it taken?

"I'm busy. Go away!"

When Dongsu turned back, Suhyuk's voice stopped him.

"Your mother, would she like the fact that you're spending away time here?"

Dongsu turned back again. He cast his gaze down coldly.

His mother was at the hospital with her lumbar disc problem. She must definitely believe that her son goes to school without fail.

"Do not even think about telling on me. Though you're my good friend, I'll get you!" Dongsu threatened.

"What about your promise to take the SAT?" asked Suhyuk.

"What promise?" replied Dongsu.

Scarcely did Dongsu say that before his head was turned to the side.

Suhyuk punched his face. Dongsu's face slowly returned to its original position.

With a changed look, he asked Suhyuk quietly, "What are you doing now?"

It was as if he would attack him all of a sudden. That kind of gesturing was typical of Dongsu of whom many kids were so scared of in the past. Suhyuk did not cower at all.

"You said a rod is the best medicine to punish a disobedient man, right? So, you deserve my beating," Suhyuk said.

Dongsu's head was turned to the side once again.

"Oh, you bastard!" Dongsu shouted out.

Suhyuk was unable to deal with Dongsu who was piqued by anger.

Dongsu punched his fists at Suhyuk, who was trapped under his ass at once.

"Hey, bastard! How could you throw your fist at me? You want to be killed?"

It was not a human face. Suhyuk's face was severely bruised by punches thrown by Dongsu relentlessly. His eyes were swollen and his lips were burst.

"Are you okay?" asked Dongsu, who felt he threw punches at him too cruelly.

"Do you think I'm okay?" Suhyuk retorted, spitting out the blood in his mouth.

Suhyuk knew that Dongsu punched him badly. If Dongsu really had thrown punches at him as much as he wanted, he would not have found his teeth intact.

Both of them were looking at each other in the store.

While Dongsu had only one black eye, Suhyuk had all his face covered with Band-Aids.

In short, Suhyuk was covered all over with wounds.

"Indeed, you're a crazy son of a bitch" Suhyuk slightly laughed at Dongsu's words, but frowned at the same time. He felt his whole body was aching. His fist was really strong.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk was intent to speak out what he had to say to him.

"I won't tell your mother about this, so let's take the SAT."

Dongsu shook his head, as if he were sick and tired of him.

"Stop it, man!"

"Do you want me to tell your mom?"

"I'll get you then, okay?"

Suhyuk, clenching his fist, did too, when Dongsu stood up from his seat suddenly.

"Oh ..." When Suhyuk, who only half lost his nerve, seemed to fight back again, Dongsu grabbed his head.

"Think about this, Dongsu. Do you think your mother likes you working here in the store? Have you ever pondered how much her heart would be broken to know you gave up going to college to work here?"

A deep sigh came out of Dongsu's mouth. He knew it. She definitely would prefer him going to college. However, he could not when he thought about his mother clapping her painful back every night. And she had no money to pay his tuition.

Did Suhyuk already read into his mind?

"As for the fee, you can make money as a part-timer. Also, after school, you can help your mom. And you have the option of taking leave of absence..."

What about the money they received from Kim Hyunwoo?

Actually they received it for only four months because Suhyuk declined it.

He thought it was like a highway robbery to receive not only free private lessons but also the money, let alone Kim's generous support.

Dongsu sat silently for a while without any words.

At that moment, Suhyuk rose from his seat.

"Do come to school tomorrow. If you don't, I'll tell your mom even if you kill me."

Suhyuk went out and walked down the street. He looked back to

see if Dongsu was watching him from behind. No, he was not.

‘Will he come to school tomorrow? If he doesn’t come again, I’ll torment him like the typical Suhyuk of the past who acted as a psycho. I’ll keep coming back to you.’

Suhyuk touched his tingly face gently.

'What should I tell them when I go home...'

When did he come out? Dongsu was watching him.

“What a determined guy...” said Dongsu.

Despite being beaten like that, Suhyuk did not break his determination to have him take the SAT.

Dongsu was laughing bitterly, shaking his head.

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SAT D-1.

"Come on, be quiet!" The homeroom teacher silenced the noisy students.

"Tomorrow you take the SAT, the last test in my school days. I won’t talk long. All of you worked really hard. I just wish you don’t make a mistake. That’s it!”

The students went out like a tide.

Suhyuk got off the bus and was walking near the house.

"To the left! More! More!"

Suhyuk turned his head to the side at the loud voice.

The rebar attached to the crane was shaking dangerously in the air, and there were workers moving around briskly underneath. What If it falls... it is horrible to even think about it.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk stepped out, or he was trying to do so. At that moment, an intense flash struck through his brain. Serious

dizziness. While stumbling, he put his hands on the wall. A piece of memories passing through his mind like a light. A figure supporting a huge H-beam and himself collapsed there. That sight flashed like a glare and stirred his brain.

"What the hell did I do then, son of a bitch..."

Suhyuk's face, hardened like a stone statue, was miserably distorted.

Hana's Rice and Soup store.

It's just a nondescript rice and soup store in his eyes.

"I wonder if this is the store" mumbled Suhyuk, looking at the store.

When he recalled the incident, he just could not sit idle. He had to confirm it with his own eyes.

At that moment the store's door opened and a middle-aged man appeared.

With a big garbage bag, he was limping around the alley.

He's a middle-aged man putting the bag in the garbage collection box as usual.

When he was trying to do that, he fell down because he apparently lost his balance due to the weight of the garbage bag. To make matters worse, he hit his head against the collection box when Suhyuk rushed toward him in big surprise.

"Are you okay?"

Helped by Suhyuk, he looked at him with an anguishing face.

"Who are you...?" Obviously he was shocked.

'What a big trouble it would be if he were struck with concussion!' Suhyuk's heart sank.

'That face of a middle-aged man's, which I have seen before in

my passing memories. He must be Hana's father. What if he dies from concussion here?'

"Thank you for helping me."

He gave Suhyuk a rice and soup bowl.

A man in his mid-50s. Fortunately, he was not hurt, and offered him a rice and soup bowl in return for his help.

"Thanks for the food," said Suhyuk.

His heart ached when he saw him going limp.

Images of him holding up the H-Beam for him, and the collapsing beam shone like a flash of light in his eyes. Fully choked up with tears, he could not swallow the rice, nor raise his spoon.

"What's wrong with you?" He came to Suhyuk with an anxious expression.

Even though he tried to hide it, Suhyuk could see him limping.

It was not a slight limp, but a very serious one.

At that moment Suhyuk felt he could not sit down carelessly.

"I'm sorry!" Suhyuk knelt down on the spot.

"What are you talking about? Sorry for what? You helped me..."

He was surprised and the customers in the store were as well.

"You had the accident because of me. I didn't know it until..."

Suhyuk told him the truth with a wet voice. He did for him nothing good. He was fully choked up with his emotions running high.

"It's okay, it's okay. Those things can happen."

Only then did he recognize Suhyuk and nodded his head with a smile.

It was something that happened in the past. Though he felt bitter and angry about Suhyuk, it was an accident in the past. As he did

not forget about it and came back like this, it was okay to him. This might be called an act of providence in a way.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

Suhyuk, kneeling before him, could not have the heart to get up.

"I told you it's okay."

He forcibly raised him, so he could sit down.

"You didn't push me out there on purpose. You can make a mistake as you're young."

He knocked him softly on the back.

'How could I have done that to a kind-hearted man like this...'

After all, hot tears rained down on his cheek.

Suhyuk noticed his bare feet when he fell down.

Deep scars from the calf down to the ankle. Maybe many more above his legs.

However, Suhyuk could feel from instinct how serious his condition was.

In his case, the compound fractures were severe.

'It seems as the initial correctional treatment was done wrong, the bones' adhesion with the surrounding tissues progressed. The condition is so bad...'

Compared to normal fractures, compound fractures break apart the bones. If one is lucky, it will not be a problem, but if one is not, it will destroy the surrounding tissues, muscles and nerves. So, surgery is almost always necessary. Even if you do surgery, the subsequent treatment must be done well. Correctional treatment is exactly what it means to rectify and correct.

Given the condition of Hana's father's condition, it was clear the treatment at that time was done wrong. If his condition is left untreated like that, it will be impossible to recover it to normal.

Suhyuk's face became increasingly dark.

"Did you go to the hospital to have your legs treated?" asked Suhyuk.

Surprised at the question, Hana's father, who had been cheering him up, shook his head with a bitter smile at him who was wiping tears.

"It's been quite a long time that's passed..."

"I'll fix it by all means," vowed Suhyuk.

"What?" He said with a perplexed look.

"I'll fix it, no matter what happens," Suhyuk vowed and vowed again.

"Haha... are you attending a medical school?"

"Ah, yes.."

"Hahaha. Well, good, I beg your favor. To be honest, I feel it's a little uncomfortable."

He laughed a hearty laugh. Of course he did not believe it.

Actually he had visited many clinics.

'How soon can a student who just got admitted at a medical college learn medical skill and fix it? If he could fix it if he makes use of stem cells, it will be the hot topic for some time.'

"No matter what happens, I will fix it," said Suhyuk.

There was someone looking at all of this in front of the door.

It was none other than Kim Hana.

She saw him helping her father and kneeling before him.

'How come you're here and for what?'

Stunned, she hid herself from him, and watched what happened all along since then.

She saw him weeping very, very sadly.

‘If that’s a lie, he could be called the best character actor in the country... What should I do?’

She found herself trembling with conflicting thoughts while looking at the wrapped package in her hands. Inside the package was a taffy gift for someone taking the SAT.

She was going to give it to Suhyuk tomorrow, on SAT day.

‘If Suhyuk ate it, he could not do well in SAT. What a baddy... Why did you come here?’

She bit her lips even without realizing how pale her hands become from holding the package tight enough to cramp it.

‘What should I do, what should I do...’

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The next day.

Suhyuk and Dongsu, who had met early, took a taxi.

Dongsu offered a sticky rice cake.

"Did you buy it?"

"Mom asks us to eat it and do well in the SAT," said Dongsu.

"It's delicious."

“She says she bought it at a temple. I don’t know what the ingredients are...”

At that moment, Dongsu glared in his eyes.

Swing!

Suddenly, a minivan stopped the taxi.

Fortunately, there was no accident thanks to the taxi driver's skillful action.

The taxi driver got out and hurled abuse, "Hey, you crazy bastard! Can’t you drive right?”

As soon as he shouted, three guys looking like gangsters rushed toward him.

"I do not have time, so open the door quickly."

"Who are you?"

"Damn it! Just open your door quickly! I have some business with these kids, so don't worry."

"Yes, yes..."

As the locks on the car were unlocked, they opened the door, shouting, "Come out!"

Dongsu stared at them sharply.

Chapter 32

"Who the hell are you mister?"

"Just come out. Don't talk anymore!"

A man held Dongsu's shoulders with hands as rough as a cauldron lid.

Dongsu was not the type to be easy prey.

He kicked the man right in the chest.

Puk! He was knocked out by Dongsu's kicking, which was the beginning of the fighting.

Their faces became more and more fierce.

"Well ... these days kids don't know how to respect adults."

As soon as they said that, they were forcibly dragging Suhyuk and Dongsu out of the car.

Suhyuk and Dongsu tried to hold out, but were outpowered.

"Hey. Let go your hold on me!" shouted Dongsu.

Dragged out the car, Dongsu was tussling with them. That was also true for Suhyuk.

Beaten three times, Suhyuk would punch back only once.

He only aimed at the guy's jaw, but he kept avoiding hitting him. That made the guy become off guard.

"Hey, little boy, come with us quietly before you get a hard punch."

The moment he tried to grab Suhyuk's hair, Suhyuk hit the guy's jaw with his fist.

Stumbling a bit, the guy put his hands on the wall to regain balance because his brain was shaken. Suhyuk did not miss that chance. He once more punched the guy.

The guy fell down, but stood up and down repeatedly like a drunk man.

Suhyuk quickly turned around.

Dongsu was in a dogfight with the other two men.

The victory of the fight gradually leaned toward Dongsu. He knocked them down soundly.

Still fuming, he spit out some thick blood from his mouth, which got stuck to the ground like phlegm. His mouth was busted. Blood stained and was oozing out from some of his torn face.

“Who the hell are you, bastard?” asked Dongsu, grabbing the guy by the collar.

At that moment, Suhyuk said, “Dongsu, let’s just go!”

Whoever the three men were, both of them would be late for the SAT if they did not hurry up.

However, they could not catch a taxi anywhere.

Did someone report to the police about this fight?

"Son of a bitch!"

Dongsu, who had been grabbing the man by the collar, threw him away and turned back.

“Suhyuk!” shouted Dongsu at him suddenly, glaring in his eyes.

Some guy was hitting him behind with a caber. The caber was seen floating in the air after hitting the crown of his head. A gush of fresh blood was coming out it.

“Son of a bitch!” Dongsu kicked hard on the guy’s chest, and then beat him relentlessly.

“Are you okay?” Dongsu helped Suhyuk out after he beat the guy to a pulp.

Not only blood came from his head, but his whole body was all covered with wounds.

Suhyuk barely uttered, "Let's go to take the SAT."

"You must go to the hospital first."

Suhyuk, who was limping on his leg, stopped and looked at Dongsu with a drowsy look.

"Dongsu, we have to go to take the SAT."

'How much time and energy have I spent to prepare for the SAT? Not just myself but Dongsu, too.'

"You weirdo, son of a bitch!"

'He must be crazy to talk about the test when he's beaten like that,' Dongsu thought to himself.

Looking at Suhyuk's pupils quietly, Dongsu gave a sigh.

"Damn it. Let's go!"

Both of them soon went out to the street to catch a taxi.

As they were in an out-of-the way place for a taxi, there were few people or cars passing by.

"Damn it..." It was the same situation in the big streets. There were many cars stopped in line, but no taxi was in sight.

Dongsu made a phone call for a taxi, but only heard that the line was busy or a message saying it would take a long time to call one.

"Damn it. It sucks!"

At that moment, one particular person came to his mind like a lightning bolt.

He called without hesitation.

"Hey, Dongsu. How come you called me? Did you arrive well?" It was Kim Hyunwoo's voice.

"No, not yet, because we had a fight with some crazy guys."

"What the heck? Fight?"

Dongsu quickly explained what happened.

Kim Hyunwoo, who was holding a game joystick at home, stopped the button.

"Were you hurt a lot?"

"I'm fine, but Suhyuk was hurt a lot."

"Can you walk?"

"Barely."

"Then, hurry up. You don't have any time to call me like this."

"We can't catch a taxi..."

Kim moved his hand to the joystick, and said, "I'm busy again. Have a good test!"

Kim hung up the phone lightly.

"Again I'm beaten," Scratching his head, he turned on the TV.

Reports about the SAT highlighted the TV news hour.

"They must be having a hard time today," said Kim.

He rose from his seat and stretched himself.

Suhyuk and Dongsu noticed a taxi driving fast toward them.

As the light was on, it was obvious that it was an empty taxi.

However, the taxi did not slow down even though they waved their hands.

Eventually Dongsu dashed into the road toward the taxi.

Honk!

The taxi came to a sudden stop with a honking sound big enough to hit his eardrum, and the driver popped his face out the side of the window.

"Are you crazy? You want to die?"

Dongsu did not care about the driver's swearing, and flung the

car door open.

"Hey, let me give you double or triple the taxi fare!"

The driver, who distorted his face a little before, began to relax.

"Are you on the way to the SAT? You should not be late. Get in!"

The driver was stunned at Suhyuk getting in.

"What's wrong with you? Were you hurt?"

Blood stains here and there.

"Oh, because I fell down. I don't have much time to get to the test place. Hurry up, please."

"Alright."

The taxi soon left.

Inside Suhyuk took off his T-shirt, and rinsed his face. He also cleaned the blood on the jumper. A sigh came out of Dongsu's mouth, who had been watching him all along.

Suhyuk felt some sharp pain on his ankles.

After arriving at the test site, Suhyuk moved without hesitation, ignoring the pain.

Then he heard a woman's voice coming from the side.

"Student Suhyuk!"

It was Han Jihye, who became a regular reporter now.

Looking Suhyuk's face squarely, she could not speak.

How can a handsome kid's face become...

She barely uttered, "What's wrong with your face? Did you have accident on the way here?"

She gave him some disposable tissues quickly.

Suhyuk made an unnatural smile, saying, "I fell down."

"Are you okay? How did you fall down? Are you really okay?"

"Does not matter."

Suhyuk's gaze moved toward her hands. She was holding a recorder.

Detecting her intention, he made a sorry expression, saying, "I might be late. Talk to you later."

"Okay, never mind. Just go!" said she.

"I'll see you later."

After exchanging greetings with her, Suhyuk turned back, helped by Dongsu. Suhyuk was limping in the distance.

Han, looking at him with a worried look, gathered her hands and shouted, "You know many people are cheering you, right? Go Lee Suhyuk!"

Her voice created a small smile on his face.

Until then, Suhyuk did not know about it. Someone had been watching him in the distance.

With arms folded, he was standing against the school main gate.

It was Kim Hyunwoo.

"Yes, no matter how hard it is, you have to overcome it by yourself. Like now," muttered Kim with a light smile.

"Huh ..."

At the test site Suhyuk found his seat and took a deep breath.

Then he wiped off the nosebleeds and sticky blood coming from his hair with a tissue.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk smiled as brightly as he could when the proctor showed an uneasy expression.

"It's okay."

Suhyuk's eyes looked determined.

"If you feel you can't endure it, please tell me right away."

"Yeah."

The proctor went back to his place, and Suhyuk pulled out his ink pen.

His whole body was screaming, and his head was throbbing like he had a migraine.

Suhyuk rolled up his pants and observed around his ankle.

It looked red and bruised. It was bruised due to internal cell hemorrhage.

Even if he did not take any action, it will heal over time.

And the next problem is the head. He felt a pain accompanied by the feeling that a ball bounces on the head. Checking the symptoms, 'It's okay, It's just external damage,' He said to himself.

But it made him feel more painful.

"You can be disadvantaged by being escorted out when you get caught cheating. Okay, let's get started," the proctor said.

Test papers were handed out to the students, and Suhyuk got one.

Drip, drip.

Drops of blood from the head and nose dripped onto his test paper.

'I have done my best until today for this test. I can't let this pain stand in the way.'

His eyes began to shine sharply.

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An air of loneliness dominated his study.

Clang, clang.

Pieces of ice in his cup sounded loud and broke the silence.

After drinking a sip of foreign liquor, he said, "Insoo."

"Yes, Dad"

"Have you ever seen a lion playing with a hyena?"

"No, Never..."

"Okay. The lion is supposed to act like a lion, and hyenas must eat rotten meat like hyenas. If you pay even a little attention to such dirty things, there will come along a dirty disease like this time."

Insoo solicited help from a private detective agency to cause Suhyuk and Dongsu trouble, and that incident was reported in the press. Although the identity of the person behind it was not revealed, even that mention disappeared from the press quickly because his father took measures in advance.

"I'll keep it in mind." Insoo said.

"Now, what are you going to do," asked his father, taking the cup to his lips.

Insoo replied without any agony, "I want to go abroad to study for a brief period."

Insoo's father nodded his head slowly.

"Okay, go and return to being a lion overlooking everything."

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Time passed by fast enough to make one feel their past events as distant memories.

Nonetheless, it was not such a long time.

Suhyuk looked at the door before his eyes calmly, where he was supposed to have an interview test.

There were really many ups and downs for him to come to this point.

At the end of the day, he managed to achieve his goal, which he was content with.

When he entered the door, those looking into the applicants' papers gazed their eyes at him.

They were none other than the faculty of Daehan Medical School.

"You are that famous Lee Suhyuk."

Chapter 33

Suhyuk smiled awkwardly, scratching his head.

He knew there were sometimes those who recognized his face on the streets, but he always found himself feeling awkward in situations like that.

"What motivated you to apply to our medical school among many others?" asked a professor.

Suhyuk replied, "To be honest, I applied to two other schools."

The professors present at the interview test smiled dumbfoundedly.

Is it not normal for an applicant to say 'No', even if he applied to other schools?

In interview tests, applicants say the same thing: 'I really want to be admitted to this school. If I fail, I want to come back to this same school on the second try.' Though in actuality they applied to many other schools.

"If that's the case, it doesn't matter even if you fail this time, right? With your score, you could be admitted to other schools easily," said a woman professor.

Suhyuk smiled bitterly, answering "Yes..."

Out of many medical schools in Korea, Daehan Medical School is recognized as the best.

Given the choice, it would be better for him to be admitted to Daehan MS.

"Lee Suhyuk," A professor at the end of the line asked blankly, "If you have another emergency patient, will you take action without hesitation like before? Without any medical license?"

His eyes shone sharply as he gazed at Suhyuk.

"Yes," said Suhyuk before he knew it.

The professor who asked the question opened his mouth, nodding his head, "Cheer up!"

What does that mean?

"Next student!"

Suhyuk's interview test ended just like that.

When Suhyuk came out, he gave a short sigh.

A too business-like tone of the professors, and a relatively short interview time, compared with other students. 'Cheer up...' He really felt uneasy.

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On a particular Sunday a few days since the interview test.

Kim Myunghee was busy preparing lunch. She wore a constant smile on her face. Her son was admitted to two medical schools out of three, and those were first-rate schools recognized by everybody.

"Where is Suhyuk?" his father asked, who came out of his room, sat on the sofa and turned on the TV.

"I gave him some errands."

"Why didn't you do the errands by yourself?"

"Honey, don't you know his character? He just insisted he should do the errands. How can I stop him? You know how obstinate he is!"

He nodded at his wife's words.

His son is the type of person who massages his shoulders for more than one hour when he asks him to stop. He also buys gifts for their parents when they give him pocket money for his food or clothes. He was such a thick head.

With a slight smile, he quietly muttered, "Whose son could he be...haha."

At that moment he turned his head to the side after hearing a beeping sound.

It was from Suhyuk's cell phone.

He was so absent-minded to leave his cell phone behind when he went out on the errands.

"This is my son's cell phone..."

"Hello, this is Daehan Medical School..."

His eyes were glaring.

"What, he was admitted?"

"Yes, he was. Normally, we don't call you to inform of someone's admittance at our school, but we're doing it now to implore him to come to our school by all means."

His eyes became much wider. Surprise after surprise.

"Full scholarship!"

"Yes, because he was admitted as the top student..."

At that moment, Suhyuk came into the front porch.

He made a curious expression because they were standing blankly while gazing at him.

"Why are you..."

His mom suddenly spoke, "Son, tell me what you want to eat."

And his father also said, "Let's eat out."

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The beer house was clamorous with a welcome reception for new students.

They were none other than the freshmen in Daehan Medical

School.

"Now, fill the cups!"

At the shouting of seniors, all the freshmen got up and raised their cups.

"All of you have gone to so much trouble for coming here. I don't want to say much. Welcome to hell. Cheers!"

Six long years' study to finish medical classes. It's far from easy.

The transition period from the second year in medical school to the third; that's the only time when you can enjoy romance on campus. After that, you are embarking on the road as a genuine medical student when you can hardly find enough time for studying even if you work through the nights. It was as if you stepped into the door of hell.

"Cheers!"

Everyone drank alcohol at once.

Among them was Suhyuk.

Putting down the cup, he was scratching his head with an awkward smile.

For those seated at the same table were focused on him.

He was highlighted on TV and the internet for some time, and his name Lee Suhyuk.

They saw him as if they were looking at entertainers.

"How many people did you save?"

"Did you open the cricothyroid membrane?"

"Even the perforation?"

That is a skill that must be precisely cut between the cricoid cartilage and the cricothyroid cartilage beneath it without any error. If the blade of the scalpel is 1cm off the surgery section, the artery and vein are injured instantly. It seemed as if his surgery,

which involved cutting of the throat, were seen in a movie, and the aid he gave happened in a classroom. It would be more appropriate to describe his action as performing a surgery.

Suhyuk nodded his head shyly.

And his freshman friends shook their heads as if it were a great accomplishment.

But they felt wary of him. It made them tremble even to think of participating in anatomy class.

Yet the dude in front of them made a perfect outcome by putting a knife on a living person's throat. He's like a monster. This opponent will be a competitor in the future. Their eyes turned dark. They just felt hopeless when they thought of having him as a rival later.

"Shall we play games?"

Everyone positively responded to the proposal of a woman student who wore rimmed glasses. There is nothing like a game to get close to each other.

"How about a market game?"

"Okay!!"

"Let's tackle questions about the cerebrum like medical students," said one.

Everyone cast a confident look at that.

As all of them were dreaming of becoming a doctor, they had most of the medical terms at their fingertips.

"Okay, let me start. As for the cerebrum, it has a central sulcus, callosal sulcus..." Now it was Suhyuk's turn. He opened his mouth instantly, picking up where the other one left off.

"If you look at the cerebrum, there are the central sulcus, callosal sulcus, pontine bridge, hypoplasia, hypothalamus, navel..."

Those watching Suhyuk showed blank expressions. It looked as if he were pouring out all the medical terms on the cerebrum. Did he get them all correct? He mentioned many medical terms that were unfamiliar to them.

“Don’t you want to resume?”

Suhyuk, with an innocent expression, said to a female student sitting next to him.

She closed her open lips instantly because he had already mentioned all that she could think of.

“Hey, this is not a game where you say all the medical terms you know. All you have to do is just mention the next one right after someone is done...”

Only then could Suhyuk make sense of what she meant by that.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ve never played a game like this before.”

The students around him shook their heads.

"You're a monster, monster."

The atmosphere of the welcome reception was heightening.

While they were drinking like that, Suhyuk went to the bathroom.

"Huh ..." Suhyuk looked in the mirror, and said to himself, "Now it is the beginning. Now."

How many things are there that he has to learn? Or has he already mastered them all?

A strange sense of excitement made his heart pound.

‘I won’t miss even a little piece of medical knowledge. In order to cure the legs of Hana’s father, I’ll get whatever medical information I can into my head. Go Lee Suhyuk!’

After pushing himself to reconfirm his determination, he went out of the bathroom.

"Ah!" A woman groaned a small moan.

Staggering to find a bathroom, she ran into him.

"Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

Putting her hands on the wall, she swept up her long straight hair. A beauty with a kitty face.

"Uh?" She lifted her finger and pointed at Suhyuk.

Then she slurred, "Lee Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk instantly held her who was about to fall down.

"Hello, I guess you've had a lot of drinks, madame."

"No honorifics, please. Like you, I'm a freshman. Just use casual words with me. I thought I could meet you if I came here to Daehan MS. I was right! I thought I could see you when I came to the medical school here."

Recalling the news about him, she giggled, but Suhyuk did not notice it.

"You stay here. Let me use the bathroom. You should stay here, okay?"

She lifted her fingers and pointed at him.

When Suhyuk nodded, she went inside the bathroom.

Did ten minutes pass by?

'Was she asleep?'

She could be, because she was very drunk.

Suhyuk gave up waiting and turned back to inform other female students.

"I told you to wait. Were you leaving ..." said she who just came out of the bathroom, leering at him with half-closed eyes.

"I have not left yet," said Suhyuk bitterly.

She laughed. Her cheeks, which became reddish with

intoxication, made her beauty more striking.

“Let’s go get a drink!” said she, dragging him along.

“Where is your seat?” a male voice stopped her.

He was a sophomore student, her immediate senior.

“I just wanted to exchange greetings with my friends here...” said she with utmost courtesy, controlling her slurring tongue.

“You can do it later, you’ve got plenty of time. Just continue the game you’ve been playing.”

She hesitated for a moment. She wanted to talk and make acquaintances with other freshman friends, but he would not let her do so. Choi Suryon’s agony did not last long. He was a senior she had to respect absolutely.

“Yes, sir!” With a bright smile, she went back to her seat.

However, she was forcibly asked to keep drinking.

"This time, let's do the nervous system word game," said a freshman.

Suhyuk wore a confident look at that suggestion.

“Hey, you shouldn’t mention all the terms like before, okay?”

“Hahaha, how does he not know the word relay game like this?”

After that, Suhyuk did not even touch a drink, because he never lost in the game.

“Suhyuk, just drink a cup like us. It’s no fun if you alone stay sober like that.”

Like he said, all the freshmen’s faces became reddish with intoxication, except for Suhyuk.

Their intense eyes were focused on Suhyuk.

“Okay.”

Suhyuk felt he would have no fun if he alone stayed sober.

No sooner did he say that than his cup was filled with soju to the brim.

“This is too much...” Suhyuk said, taking the cup to his lips.

At that moment. "Hey! Choi Suryon! Come to your senses!"

A raucous noise was heard from behind.

“What? I thought you were sleeping.”

“Wake up!”

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Choi and the table where the seniors were seated.

Suhyuk, who put the cup down, looked at her.

"Hey ! Choi Suryun! "

One senior kept shaking her slim shoulders.

Suhyuk, who fixed his gaze on her, knitted his brows.

Chapter 34

Kwon Jaeik. He was a senior by just one year. It was Kwon who forced her to keep drinking to the point she passed out like that. However hard they shook her by the shoulder, she did not wake up.

“Did she get acute alcohol poisoning?!” someone shouted.

Several medical students diagnosed her condition.

However, Suhyuk had a different opinion. Even if they have acute alcoholism, most of the people have consciousness. Nonetheless, she showed no movement at all. Was the blood alcohol level in her beyond the permissible point, where it cannot be dissolved?

Suhyuk said urgently, “Can she breathe?”

Everyone cast their eyes at Suhyuk. It was Suhyuk who saved several people’s lives, which was reported in the press. His power of influence made them step back.

He approached her without hesitation and checked instantly her breathing condition.

“She is breathing,” he said. How fortunate for her.

At that moment, Kwon, already very drunk, took his hand to her mouth and said, “I have to have her vomit!”

“No way!” Suhyuk snatched away his hands.

As a rule it’s good to help a person with acute alcoholism to vomit.

However, she has no consciousness at the moment.

If she were forced to vomit, it could block her airway while it’s coming up.

“Let go your hold of me, son of a bitch. What the heck do you

know, rookie!”

He pulled away Suhyuk’s hands roughly.

At that moment, someone stretched his hands suddenly to pull away Kwon’s wrist.

He was Mr. Park Jongmin, a second-year senior.

“I think Suhyuk is right,” he said, looking at Suhyuk.

“Why can’t I do it?” asked Kwon.

“Well, her airway could be blocked while vomiting, and if she can’t breathe...”

In that case, it would be the worst situation.

“Oh, you’re right,” said Kwon.

Park smiled slightly after hearing Kwon’s response that he had wanted.

After breathing a sigh, Kwon took steps away from her.

That’s the best measure that came to his mind.

“Yeah, that’s right.”

Kwon reproached himself after reflecting on his attempt to give first aid when he was intoxicated.

“Shouldn’t we take action quickly?” said Park, gesturing with his eyes towards Choi who had no consciousness.

As if he were waiting for that kind of direction, Suhyuk pinched her forearm hard to rouse her consciousness by applying stimulation like that. No consciousness, after all.

Her breathing was unstable, but her pulse was normal. Suhyuk knitted his brows. Her temperature is normal. However hard he tried to figure it out, he could not easily find an answer. Suhyuk opened his mouth urgently, “I’m afraid we had better take her to the hospital quickly.”

After she has her stomach pumped or gets an IV to break down the alcohol in her body, she needs to have a careful examination with a medical device.

“Okay, take her to the hospital as it’s located nearby.”

Without hesitation, he carried her on his back and left for the door.

“How could Suryon become like that...”

“She will be alright.”

The freshmen at the place voiced worrisome remarks and some of them followed him to the door.

“So, why did you force her to drink that much?” said Park, patting Kwon on the back, who had been blaming himself on that.

“You’re right. I think I have to follow him,” said Kwon. It’s only natural that he takes responsibility as he made her drunk like that.

After Kwon went out. Park had them clean up the place.

“Hey guys, she will be alright. So don’t worry too much and have fun!”

It was really an unexpected accident. It’s alright to end the welcome reception party at that point, but it would just be bad if they broke up the party with a gloomy atmosphere. It’s important that they stand by and find out her condition. All the more for the freshmen who were surprised a lot.

Suhyuk was stepping down the stairs urgently, carrying her on his back.

‘It’s about ten-minutes’ walking distance to the hospital.’

When he was trying to get out the beer house, he heard something like, “To the left!”

Did he hear something wrong? Suhyuk's head turned to the side slowly.

"To the left, to the left," she was mumbling like that, "Hurry up, hurry!"

"Uh, uh," muttered Suhyuk.

With a blank face, Suhyuk went into an alley.

"Have you regained consciousness?" he asked.

"To the right"

"Uh, uh, okay."

Coming out back to the street after walking through alleys, Suhyuk was wearing a dumbfounded expression.

"Put me down now," she said.

She was now standing like a normal person when she had been carried on Suhyuk's back only a minute ago.

"Ooops.. It really aches."

She was rubbing her forearm roughly, where Suhyuk pinched hard.

"How could you..."

"My father told me I have to take care of my own body."

She pretend to be asleep at the place, because she felt like she would pass out if she had more drinks.

Even though she wanted to say 'I'm okay.' and open her eyes, it was the timing that bothered her, because she had been treated as if she were a patient. If she woke up like a normal person, she could be the target of their witch-hunting because her act shocked everybody.

"See you tomorrow!"

Winking at him, she took a taxi and left quickly.

With a blank face, Suhyuk was watching the taxi disappearing away.

Coming back to the beer house, Suhyuk got everybody's attention.

“Where have you been?”

“We couldn't find you at the hospital. What happened? Where is Suryon?”

‘How should I explain? She took a taxi and went home?’

Suhyuk, with a perplexed look, scratched his head, and said, “She went away...”

Their eyes became wider.

“What?”

“Where did she go? “

“Oh, no, she didn't die, right?”

Suhyuk spoke again, “She escaped...”

Chapter 35

A liberal arts lecture was in full swing. A back door opened quietly and a female student was sneaking into the classroom. Her walking gestures, while she was looking for an empty seat, conjured up an image of a cat. It was Choi Suryon. Looking around with shining eyes, she took a seat right next to Suhyuk. Taking out her book carefully, she whispered to him, "What happened yesterday?"

Suhyuk, his eyes fixed on the professor, replied briefly, "You'd better be ready."

She sighed a long sigh. Little did she think things would escalate into such a big deal.

She pretended to sleep and then became a patient in an instant. Without that, however, she felt like she would pass out. And the drunk senior was casting his gaze at her body here and there. The method she thought of as the best became the worst.

"Huh ..."

After breathing a sigh, she soon began to focus on the professor's voice.

"Okay. Submit your report by the next lecture."

As soon as the lecture ended, Suhyuk rose up.

Then, Choi's voice filled the lecture room.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that ... I am really sorry, seniors and fellow friends."

Standing at the side of the podium, she, waving her long hair, repeatedly bowed.

Some girls approached her and comforted her, saying they understood her and that it could happen. Suhyuk went out with a smile.

Day after day passed by. Suhyuk's life was monotonous.*

After lectures, he visited Kim Hyunwoo's house and met his mother.

That evening was no exception.

Returning home, Suhyuk was on the bus. At that moment, he heard his cell phone ringing. After confirming it was his, Suhyuk smiled. It was from Dongsu.

"Hello."

(Hey, it's your brother. How about a drink today?) "I know you don't drink much. You still want to?"

(It's you who drinks like a madman.)

"Where do you want to see me?"

(I'll meet you near your house. At the same place we ate, that grilled pork belly house.) "Sure. actually I was still going home. It will take about 20 minutes."

(Okay, it will take me as much time to get there.) Suhyuk, who stopped the phone, looked at his cell phone and laughed.

It's been almost a month since he met Dongsu.

He looked at the scenery passing through the window.

Time flew like an arrow.

Even if he were in high school uniform now, he would not feel that awkward.

Nonetheless, he had already become a college student. Looking out with a drowsy look, Suhyuk raised his head suddenly as there was shade hanging over him.

When did she get on? He saw an old woman standing before him with a bundle.

He stood up suddenly, saying, "Please sit here."

"Oh, I'm good. A student like you should sit."

Suhyuk got out of the seat, saying to her, "Please have a seat."

"Oh, you don't have to. Thanks anyway. You're a good-hearted boy."

The old woman sat down and gave him a candy.

"Thank you," Suhyuk put it into his mouth without declining it, "It's so delicious."

She, with a mix of laugh and wrinkles on her face, pounded at her knees softly.

Suhyuk knitted his brows at that.

He showed reactions at any person even with a slight pain, which he himself did not realise.

"Are you feeling uncomfortable in your knees?" asked Suhyuk.

She laughed again.

"If you get old, your body gets broken."

Suhyuk nodded his head with a sad expression before he knew it. When one gets old, one's body becomes weaker and weaker. No one can stop it.

The best one could do is to delay it with physical exercise as much as possible.

"Are you working?" asked Suhyuk.

"Well, I'm just playing in my garden."

"Don't you usually walk too much or lift heavy stuff as a rule?"

She rubbed her knee that she had been patting.

She felt as if a doctor were questioning her.

"I can not do it now because I don't have physical strength."

“How about your condition in the past? Did you feel pain in your knees then?”

She shook her head in the negative.

"It's okay, it's okay."

Suhyuk slowly nodded his head. As he guessed, osteoarthritis seemed to be the cause off the knee pain. Time has shrunk cartilage surrounding the grandmother's knee joints. It's the time of her life that only flew like an arrow that caused osteoarthritis. What if her condition remains untreated...

"May I touch your knees?"

“Huh?”

Suhyuk's hand already reached her knees. After he touched her knees carefully, he smiled a little smile before he knew it. Fortunately he did not feel any convex. In other words, there was no inflammation between the joints and the lubrication sac wrapped with the lubricant. It has not progressed to bursitis.

“Next stop is ... And the next stop is ... ” came out an announcement on the destination.

Suhyuk took a big breath at the announcement. Surgery was the best way to cure it.

"Madame, please listen to me."

"Huh?"

Suhyuk said at once, "Do not squat as usual, do not lift heavy stuff. Please eat a lot of minced seaweed, kelp, and vegetables that are rich in minerals such as magnesium, calcium, and zinc. It's important to eat various kinds of food. And stop by a hospital for a check-up by all means. You'll get better with medication or physical therapy alone."

"Huh?"

She opened her eyes wider, wondering what he was talking

about.

The bus door opened, and Suyhuk looked at her briefly. Then he turned his head quickly and squatted near her. He smiled at her, who now looking up at him.

"Well, I mean ... " The bus departed when he spoke.

The pork belly was grilling over a large pot lid with a delicious smell.

At that moment the door opened and a handsome young man came in.

Dongsu opened his mouth roughly,

"Hey, what time is it now man? Did you see an emergency patient?"

Suhyuk sat at the table with a smile and said,

"Sorry, sorry."

Grilled pork belly and soju.

They traded soju cups several times and the atmosphere was heightening.

They emptied 4 bottles of soju already. Dongsu offered a cup of soju to him, "Drink it!"

Hitting the glass against Dongsu's, he shook his head.

Dongsu really studied hard, but his effort was overshadowed by other students at Jaemyung HS. After he put down the cup, Suhyuk said as a joke, "I still cannot believe that you were admitted at a law school."

"Hey, as for me, there is nothing I can't do, if I try. Right?"

Suhyuk laughed at his words, and drank soju. He knew he would make it because he really worked very hard.

“How is your school life?”

Dongsu shook his head loudly and said,

“Oh, boy. it's a bunch of nerds. And they drink a lot. Of course they don't drink as much as you.”

In his eyes, Suhyuk was a monster. An alcohol monster.

When he had a drink with Suhyuk, he passed out before he knew it, and woke up back home after his mother hit him on the back.

‘Suhyuk carried you here on his back,’ said his mom.

According to her, he always carried him home on his back.

‘But today is different. No, it would be different, because I had milk and some liquor for fast sobering.’ Dongsu thought to himself.

“Drink!”

The two, clinking their cups, made a pleasant smile. One word came to their minds while they were giggling with each other, namely friend. One hour passed quickly like that.

When Dongsu, whose face became reddish with intoxication, was shaking his head, Suhyuk said, “Work hard. Now is the beginning.”

Dongsu nodded his head. Suhyuk was right. Everyone was studying hard whenever they could find time.

“Let's get up!” said Suhyuk.

Dongsu showed a puzzled look at his words, asking, “Already? It's not yet 12am?”

“Well, I have some work to do tomorrow. I should not smell of alcohol.”

Dongsu drank up the cup at once. He did not want to bother Suhyuk anymore.

When he was standing up, Dongsu stumbled.

“Did you get drunk again?”

At Suhyuk’s words, Dongsu opened his eyes sternly and stood upright.

"I’m not drunk. Let’s go!"

As soon as the store door opened, Dongsu swayed his body as if he were falling down. Fortunately, Suhyuk held him.

"Hey. I'm drunk."

"So drink moderately, moderately!"

Dongsu laughed loud, helped by Suhyuk, and said,

"I feel so good today. Here comes a law school student. Ha ha ha!"

Suhyuk had to be still like a stone statue.

A man who looks the same as himself before his eyes.

It was as if he was no different from him reflected in the mirror. In his hand, the mess that showed his skill turned round and round.

"What is so funny about playing doctor like this..."

Suddenly, his gaze, which was playing with a scalpel, stuck to Suhyuk. And he made a gentle smile. Suhyuk stepped backward, and that made his smile even colder.

"You are not funny these days."

What does he mean? Suhyuk had no time to think because he, grabbing the scalpel, was approaching him.

"Come back again, as you were before."

Suhyuk, who could not move back because of the wall, opened his eyes sternly. The sharp scalpel he was holding was falling to his neck.

At that moment, Suhyuk raised his upper body suddenly.

Looking around quickly, he soon sighed.

It was a dream. He wiped off his forehead soaked in sweat. He had cold sweat on his whole body. Nightmare. It seemed like he had a similar dream for a week.

Ticking.

The wall clock pointed to 6 o'clock in the morning.

Suhyuk, who rose from his seat, took a shower and went out.

Suhyuk's face, who was climbing up the steep stairs, was dirty as if he played with black charcoal. It was because he was carrying on his back an A-frame packed with a lot of briquettes. He was helping as a volunteer. If he put his name on the list of volunteers, he could add a credit on his liberal arts class.

"Whoo ..."

Suhyuk stopped for a moment and sighed.

"Now cheer up. We've got only 10 more houses."

After wiping his sweat, he moved again.

"Thank you very much sir. I have nothing else to offer than this. Please have this."

An elderly woman with a bent back gave yogurt to the volunteers.

Suhyuk got one and drank it.

"Let's move to another place!"

Suhyuk moved out of the door at the voice of the volunteer director.

At that moment, he turned his head again and fixed his gaze on the elderly woman touching the briquettes. She wore slippers without socks. And her feet were quite swollen.

"Were you hurt?"

She smiled at his question.

"It's okay, do not bother because it's okay."

"I think you should go to a hospital"

At a glance, it is full of irritation.

"I'll be alright. Why should I go to a hospital to spend money?"

She was wearing a warm smile, but Suhyuk gave a sigh before he knew it.

She did not get any treatment because she had no money. Not only here but in other areas, there were many elderly people who suffered from their painful bodies. Instead of going to the hospital, they relied on home remedies to treat their sickness. Worse, he saw one elderly man applying soybean paste to his wound.

"What are you doing Mr Lee?"

"Oh, yes, I'm coming now," Suhyuk said, looking at her.

"Thanks for the yogurt."

After that, his delivery of briquettes lasted three more hours.

As the sun was setting gradually and the sky was turning red, the volunteers were able to finish their work with a proud smile.

"Thank you for all of your hard work. Good job. We're going to have dinner at the hangover soup house nearby. So don't miss it, everybody!"

Suhyuk ignored it lightly and headed home. He washed and ate dinner, and then closed his eyes to sleep. Was it because he delivered briquettes without resting all day?

Fatigue made his body exhausted. He felt like going to sleep immediately, but could not sleep easily. He tossed and turned for two hours.

Those living in poor hillside villages were laughing brightly even

though they were sick.

Their images continued to haunt him when he ate or washed his hair.

Suhyuk, who woke up in the morning, went out of school after finishing all the lectures.

Though Choi Suryon followed him to have lunch together, he declined it giving an excuse, and he went straight to the pharmacy.

When he got inside, a pharmacist wearing a white gown welcomed him.

"Welcome, what would you like to order?"

"Do you have anti-inflammatory drugs? Such as anti-inflammatory drugs, hydrogen peroxide, medilox-f and cottonseed, multivitamins, and glucose amino acids..."

"Could you tell me again?" asked the pharmacist listening to him aghast.

Suhyuk scratched his head. As he was impatient, he spoke fast.

Suhyuk slowly spoke again. All the medicines he mentioned could be bought without a prescription.

"It is 240,000 won in total," said the pharmacist.

Both the talker and the hearer were surprised.

The pharmacist was amazed at the customer who spent over 200,000 won, and Suhyuk was surprised at the amount. He just bought exactly what he needed, but that's about the amount.

But he paid for them without any regret, thinking about those old people massaging their sick bodies even now.

"Take care!" said Suhyuk, getting out the store.

"Be careful and come again," said the pharmacist.

Suhyuk, who went out of the pharmacy, bought other necessary items at other places.

Suhyuk arrived at the hillside village at 5pm.

Before he climbed the steep path like a mountain, he was in a pensive mood, looking at the houses likely to be tilted anytime. How can they live like that? If needed, he could help them with surgery. Of course, he would do so as long as they wanted.

Suhyuk thought briefly on that, and moved again.

‘If you decide on your plan, that will bring about a result for you.’

Something in his mind pushed him forward, and without any hesitation.

Suhyuk, who was moving his body, paused for a moment, knitting his brows.

"Oh my god."

He felt a sharp pain in his muscles because he carried some briquettes yesterday.

All his body ached as if it were covered with sore muscles.

After patting his waist several times, he started to step up the stairs again.

The first house he arrived at was in front of a blue gate, whose wall was full of graffiti.

An old man in his 70s with two 7-year-old children lived there. Did he say he was doing manual labor? Suhyuk opened his mouth in front of the door and asked, "Is anybody inside?"

An answer came right away.

"Who is it?"

The door opened, and the old man appeared.

"Huh? Didn't you bring us briquettes?" he asked.

“How have you been sir?” Suhyuk said with a smile.

Chapter 36

Suhyuk went in, and he spread the medicine and other stuff he bought.

"What is all this?"

"Sir, you should not apply soybean paste on the wound."

He read somewhere that the alkaline ammonia that soybean paste contains helps the wound healing by causing the neutralization reaction, but it is not clear, because it was not his specialty. However, one thing he can be sure of is that secondary infection can be caused by soybean paste.

"Sir, can I take a look at the wound?"

The old man nodded, with his eyes opened wide.

Did he steal all this stuff from a pharmacy? There were unknown drugs scattered about.

"Are you a doctor?" asked the old man. He's never seen such a young doctor.

Suhyuk was laughing silently.

"Let me wipe away the soybean paste," Suhyuk said, and carefully removed it from his forearm.

He saw a scar there. However, he could not confirm it because it was covered with soybean paste.

"You will feel a bit sore."

Suhyuk picked up the saline solution. Saline solution is used to remove germs and bacteria, but this was the only thing that he prepared. But even this was a nice preparation.

Suhyuk, who thoroughly cleansed the wound, opened his mouth, "How did you get hurt?"

"I fell down while working."

"Where was it?"

"I fell from the stairs."

Suhyuk's face was a little relieved.

It means that he was not hurt by rusty steel. Still, damaged skin. How much was it damaged?

The skin consists of the epidermis, followed by the dermis and subcutaneous fat. The epidermis is fake skin. The outermost, non-nucleated dead cells are layers that make up the epidermis. When one goes to a public bathhouse, the dirt one cleans from his or her body is this.

And the dermis. This can be said to be real skin. It excretes wastes, and it includes things like the immune cells, sebaceous gland, lymphatic etc, and plays a leading role including in skin nutrition and perception function. The last is subcutaneous fat. It is a layer where fat cells accumulate. It maintains body temperature, protects against physical shocks and damage, and accumulates the energy that the body consumes. Obesity comes naturally when the subcutaneous fat is thickened.

But the old man before his eyes was far from being obese. He had skinny arms like twigs.

After completely removing the impurities on his arms Suhyuk thoroughly examined the wound, and he smiled a little smile. The dermis was damaged, but fortunately the wound was not so deep, so did not have to be sewn. The wound was disinfected once again and the ointment was applied, and band and bandage were applied.

"Grandpa, you should not use soybean paste next time. Otherwise, you'd be in big trouble."

Inflammation came secondary to infection, and if infection is neglected, it causes complications.

If so, the situation can change from light to worst.

"I'm done."

The old man looked at his arms here and there. His arms wrapped with bandages.

Has he ever been treated like this?

"Are you from a public health center?"

Sometimes they would come for volunteer service from the health center.

But the prescription was different. Unlike those who put a stethoscope to him a few times and dropped off medicine, this young man made the old man feel he was like a doctor, or something more than that.

"I've come here for volunteer work, Grandpa, I'll be back."

When Suhyuk turned back, he said,

"Eat this once, it's big and very sweet."

It was a few steamed sweet potatoes that he offered.

Exposing his white teeth, Suhyuk took and bit it without peeling it.

"It's delicious."

"Isn't it? I bought them from the market..."

At that moment, the two children living with him came in from the next room.

They were watching the sweet potatoes that he was holding in his hands.

"Now here you go," Suhyuk said, handing them the sweet potatoes.

"Hey, that's for the doctor," said the old man.

"I ate a lot of rice before coming here. I'm full."

When did Suhyuk eat rice? After school he rushed to this place.

Cough!

At the sound of coughing, Suhyuk bent one knee and adjusted his eye level with his.

"You have a cold?"

Then he felt the child's forehead. No fever, no dry cough, which meant he had a light cold. Suhyuk offered medicine.

"Eat sweet potatoes and have this pill before you go to bed, okay?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you wash your hands every day?"

Even washing hands everyday can prevent one from catching a cold well enough.

Suhyuk, with a slight smile, turned back to visit the next house.

"Hey! What's your name?"

He heard the grandpa's voice when he was going out, but did not stop and moved to the next destination.

Suhyuk, who visited the old woman's house in the hillside village, was looking at her swollen feet. He thought it was inflammation, but it was pus. It would be better if the drug treatment was done at the same time, but it was certain that she would not go to the hospital to save money. Suhyuk laughed, while looking up at her, "You will feel pain a little. Please be patient as you're an adult," said Suhyuk.

He moved a scalpel, which then reached her feet.

Did blood come out? No. A yellow liquid flowed out instead of blood.

Suhyuk began to touch her feet and squeeze the pus again and again until blood ran out.

It did not last long. With her eyes closed and subtle wrinkles on her face, she opened her eyelids.

Suhyuk disinfected as before and took a bandage in his hand.

The more he put the bandage around her feet, the more uncomfortable he felt.

"This medicine is..."

Suhyuk rephrased his words. His complicated explanation only made her head complicated.

"Please take this medicine three times a day, and your feet will get better soon. If you feel pain or feel uncomfortable, you have to go to the hospital, okay?"

Of course she would not have to go there as a must, because he would come back again.

"You just keep giving me so much... Wait a minute."

Entering the kitchen, she showed up again with corn and some milk.

"This is very delicious. Try it!"

"Thanks for the food!"

Then Suhyuk visited a few more households.

He was able to finish his work and return from the hillside village around 10pm.

He was holding a lot of foods in his hands.

"Oh, they're heavy!"

Corn, plastic bottles of sweet rice drink, boiled sweet potatoes, etc.

Suhyuk's visit lasted for two weeks. And when he did not go there anymore, a rumor was spreading in the hillside village: he was an unnamed white angel, who then flew to heaven with reattached wings.

"Why did you come again? I told you not to!"

With a cold gaze and a rough tone, she asked Suhyuk. He just laughed.

Hana leered at his gesturing like that.

He came to her father's restaurant every weekend to wait tables and do dishes.

Despite her request for him not to come, he still showed a smiling face like he did everyday.

"Go back. Even if you're coming here, there's nothing you can change about it."

She was talking about her dad's legs. He has to forever lead a life with a limp.

"I'll fix it," said Suhyuk.

Hana knitted her brows slightly. That same promise of his again.

"How can you fix it when they said they can't in the hospital...?"

She looked back at him very much embarrassed. For he entered the kitchen through a slight opening even though she was blocking him at the kitchen door.

"I'm here, sir!"

At his voice Hana's father turned his head.

"Why did you come again? I told you not to..."

When he said that, he put his head down because Suhyuk, kneeling on one knee, grabbed his ankle gently.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm okay. I'm not sick and I'm just normal."

Suhyuk nodded his head as he watched his feet carefully.

Suhyuk could not tell him he should take a rest: if he does not move because of his limp, the muscles supporting the legs will

become weakened and deteriorate rapidly.

"Do not overwork yourself," Suhyuk, emerging from his seat, once again said to him.

‘I'll find out how to fix it. Please wait a little while until then.’

“Are you medical students not busy? I hear they’re burning the midnight oil. How about you?”

This time again he could not finish his words because Suhyuk hurriedly got out of the kitchen at the sight of some customers coming in.

“Welcome, how many?”

“Two of us.”

Suhyuk smiled gently at them.

"Sit on the table here."

Hana was trying to take out water from the refrigerator, but Suhyuk acted faster.

Putting down a water bottle on the table, he asked, "What would you like to order?"

"Soju with two bowls of rice and soup."

"Okay. Your order will be ready quickly. Please wait a moment."

"Two bowls of rice and soup!" Suhyuk raised his voice toward the kitchen, and started setting the table. And he approached Hana at the refrigerator staring at him uncomfortably.

"Looks like they came to see you. I see more college students coming," said Suhyuk.

That’s true. In the past, those in their 40s and 50s were the main customers. Over time, however, younger people as well as college students started to come more often. It was because of Kim Hana.

Customers eating rice and soup pretended to watch TV, but took glances at her.

Of course, the taste of the rice and soup was also excellent.

"Go now. I can do this myself without your help," Hana's tone was cold.

However, Suhyuk just laughed.

Just asking for forgiveness with words alone would not be enough. Action had to be given priority. Until he fixes Hana's father's legs, he will come again, and again and again.

And that was how Suhyuk intended to apologize to him.

"Goodbye and come again."

When the customers left, Suhyuk began to clean the table.

Obvious they ate very deliciously because the pots of rice and soup were as clean as if they were washed clean. He felt proud and satisfied.

The moment Suhyuk moved toward the kitchen after putting empty pots on the tray, he heard something dropping.

Cling!

One glass slipped and fell on the floor.

"Oh .." Suhyuk started picking up the pieces of glass.

"Hey, if you touch it carelessly, you're going to get hurt!"

While he was hesitating at her sharp voice, she approached and said, "Because you broke it, buy the same glass or make up for it. Step aside!"

She began to collect the pieces and wrapped them in a newspaper.

Her cleaning like that created a smile on his face.

Those taking preparatory medical courses played out as much as they could. Just having fun and games day and night. Alcohol,

travel and romance. They took the essential courses that they could not skip, and enjoyed campus romance as much as they could. And there was advice from the seniors taking regular courses: Just go to play as if there were no tomorrow. Suhyuk was no exception, and he played out like his fellow students.

However, he also waited quietly. He just hoped time could pass quickly so he could move on to the regular courses by as soon as possible.

His wish like that took neither a long nor short time.

Some took the heartless passage of time as cold-hearted, while others felt it joyful. The last vacation came for those about to start regular medical courses. At the same time, a stunning news was delivered like a bolt out of the blue to those preparing for regular courses.

It was none other than about osteology.

A senior standing in front of them formed a smile on his face.

Though it was a caring smile, it turned into a totally different look to the juniors watching him.

A smile of the devil.

"Did you play well for two years without regret?" he asked.

They whispered to each other, nodding their heads.

"Aren't we locked in an auditorium?"

"I hear we're going to be locked in motels until we memorize all the stuff."

They are supposed to gather at one place to study human bones for one week.

They learn how the bones are stored in the human body in a certain form, and memorize the structure, direction, and even the

muscles, nervous system, and blood vessels that are located around the bones. One week's time. During this time it was not an exaggeration to say that they have to memorize all the names of the human body.

The senior opened his mouth at the juniors' uneasy clamoring, "You do not have to learn osteology right now, but I believe that you have to get the fundamentals if you don't want to get lost during the regular courses."

Osteology is the basics of basics for medical students.

They have to know the terms so that they can understand the professor's lectures.

It also holds true for clinical practice.

"I will not force you to do this. Those who want to learn can stay, and those who want to study separately can go home now."

It was not reflected in the credits, nor could it be enforced. It was just a school tradition. It's the seniors' drive to guide them in the hope that the one-week course can do them good. There were none of the students packing their bags to leave.

Instead, one student raised his hand, "Where will we study osteology?"

The senior who received the question laughed, "Right here."

The juniors became disturbed.

'This is the classroom? Where will we sleep or eat?'

They had a dark shadow covering their faces, however, Suhyuk's eyes were shining.

Was there anything he did not know? The excitement and expectation of learning something new, something that he did not know, pounded his heart.

Suhyuk raised his hand.

"I have a question."

Chapter 37

At Suhyuk's voice, the senior smiled and opened his mouth.

"I will no more take any questions."

Then he turned on the beam projector. The white screen was full of the skull and its corresponding denominations.

"What's all that?"

The faces of the students began to stain with despair.

At a glance, the number of the medical terms were over a hundred.

They look like alien and Arabic words. Even more shocking was the senior's instruction: "I'll give you two minutes, and you'll take the test in two minutes, and today it's about the skull. If you cannot memorize them, you won't have any sleep tonight."

"Oh, the study time is too short! Please give us more, please?"

At their urging, the senior added, "Okay, let me give you two and a half minutes."

Ticking.

The moment the second hand of the clock pointed to 12 o'clock, the senior opened his mouth again, "Start!"

The students started to concentrate intensely.

Some of them were muttering, and others memorizing from their notes. The senior folded his arms, looking at the juniors' studying for the test with a satisfactory expression. An old memory passed through his mind. He went through the same gruelling period when he had to memorize all that stuff.

At that moment Suhyuk raised his hand, asking the senior, "Sir"

"Did I give them too much time? There is no time to ask..."

With a slight smile, the senior said, "Okay, what is it?"

Suhyuk replied cautiously, "I already memorized them in high school..."

In fact, he had not memorized them, but known them for a long time.

The senior's eyes became wider, but soon went back to normal.

At the end of the day, this was the kid who got the media limelight since his high school days and was admitted to this medical college with full scholarship.

The senior felt it was possible Suhyuk had known the names, because the test is just about skull.

As if he appreciated Suhyuk's words, the senior came to him and presented a piece of A4 paper.

"You memorize this..."

Suhyuk confirmed what it was. A human body was drawn on it with countless names. Actually the number of bones in an adult man is 206. Moreover, the names of the neural system, muscles and blood vessels were also written down. How many names were on the paper in total? Well over one thousand.

When Suhyuk was looking over the A4 paper sheet, the senior student walked back.

"Sir."

Suhyuk's voice caught his footstep, and he turned to Suhyuk again.

"I know them already, too..."

He narrowed his eyes. With the paper upside down, he was scratching his head.

He knew everything on it. When his expectancy disappeared in a flash, Suhyuk found emptiness coming up in his heart. There was nothing new on the test.

“Really?”

The senior then gave Suhyuk a pen.

“Let me give you 5 minutes for this test.”

With a perplexed look, he said cautiously, because it was not something he could write down in five minutes.

“Sir, is it okay for me to answer verbally instead of writing down the names?”

With his arms folded, the senior nodded his head.

It was right to do an oral test for this kind of thing. Can he pour out many terms at once?

“Okay, let’s start from the skull to the toe...”

"Fibula, frontal bone, stellate orbital surface, orbital surface, bony, frontal projection, orbital orbital surface, temporal projection..."

Wearing a hollow face, he looked at Suhyuk reciting the names, and shook his head as if he were sick and tired of him. Names that he already forgot or did not think about were coming out of his lips. There were about 20 seconds left.

"Tarsals, Metatarsals, Phalanges..."

The classroom was quiet. Everyone's eyes were focused on Suhyuk, their mouth wide open, and then the senior burst into a laughter, "Hahaha!"

His laughter quickly stopped.

"What are you doing? Just go home now before you can’t take the bus.”

"Only me?"

He gently smiled and nodded his head.

"Yeah, you know it all. You do not have to stay here."

Suhyuk, rising from the seat, made an uneasy face because he had to leave alone.

When he was hesitating, the senior opened his mouth again, "What are you doing? I can tell them know-how when even one student is done and goes home like you."

That made sense.

When he tried to get out of the classroom, someone suddenly grabbed his hand.

It was Choi Suryon.

She pointed at herself with her fingers and kept muttering to him to save her.

"Choi Suryun," she was surprised at the senior's calling her.

"Yes, yes."

"Did you memorize everything?"

"Well... Time is too short..."

"Two minutes and thirty seconds passed."

The beam projector was turned off and the senior handed down pieces of A4 paper to the juniors.

"Test time is 3 minutes. I will give 10 minutes rest for those who get perfect scores. 2 minutes 30 seconds for the others. Start!"

Those looking at Suhyuk enviously quickly held pens to write down the names.

"Goodbye... to a warm place..." said Choi.

Parting with her, Suhyuk, went out of the classroom bitterly.

The senior whispered to himself, looking at his back, "He's just great..."

He's never seen a student who mastered osteology while taking preparatory courses. Not only he but also his professors.

The word 'osteology' was so infamous that it made the students rage with anger.

"What kind of doctor will he become?" he muttered.

There was nothing like jealousy in his murmuring as he looked at the door through which he left. He just had some sort of respect for him as a fellow traveller walking the same path.

Turning his head back to his juniors, he laughed gently, saying, "One minute left."

The season changed the clothes of the world a few times.

It was the same for Suhyuk.

He became a first-year student in regular courses, and was walking in the hallway.

Then, Choi Suryun, running from behind, ran toward him as if she wanted to take his arms.

"Hah, hah."

Suhyuk shook his head at the sound of her wild panting.

"Oops, looks like you're breathing your last. Walk slowly."

"Oh, huh, you know that? We are supposed to practice on a cadaver a week later."

When Suhyuk nodded indifferently, she made an expression as if to cry.

"What should I do? I can not ... I can not!"

She was already familiar with the picture of cadaver practice because she heard about it from the seniors.

A cadaver without a leg, or with its neck twisted back. There was also a cadaver, with muscles and tendons revealed here and there after it was dissected. They were not different from us during their lifetime. Now comes the dissecting practice. Just a simple

imagination of it made her tremble.

"I really cannot do that."

Suhyuk answered briefly, "You have to."

"Don't you feel scared at all?"

Suhyuk walked with a smile at her words.

Of course he did not feel indifferent to it. He was a little nervous. In his dreams he did it countless times. But it is the first time he has to do it after he woke up.

It was a lie if he did not get nervous. Suhyuk blew away his tension with a short breath.

He determined though, that he would get everything he could learn during cadaver practice to meet the wishes of the deceased who made a difficult decision in life.

First-year students attending regular medical courses moved to the outskirts of the school.

The memorial place was located outside the practice building, with a monument. The monument was offered by the bereaved to honor the deceased who donated their bodies. The monument did not contain a single name. Instead, seven portraits were hung on it.

Suhyuk looked at the faces in the photo one by one. And he muttered in his heart.

'Thank you, thank you.'

"Silence."

The politely dressed students closed their eyes and bowed their heads at the teaching assistant's word.

They could not be more quieter and holier. Some female students were seen shedding tears.

What kind of words were they conveying to the deceased? After

that ceremony that did not last long, the students moved back to hear the lecture.

The students who turned pale barely moved to the practice place. Among the crowd was Suhyuk wearing a white gown.

"What are you doing? Come in!"

The teaching assistant pressed them.

The students who lingered in front of the door started to go inside.

Seven wooden lids placed on the practice bench.

"This is unit 1, that is unit 2..."

According to the assistant's instruction, the students who have formed their own units moved to their designated practice bench.

"It is the place where the deceased is located. Lay down the lid cautiously. Do it."

The practice room was quiet. They got so anxious. The wooden lid was lowered. The cadaver was illuminated over vinyl covering it. Have they ever seen a body like this before?

There were yellow subcutaneous fats on the skin that popped all over the place.

"..."

The practitioners who closed their mouth trembled with panic and fear.

The girls had already started shedding tears, and the boys became hardened like stone statues.

"Wheck!"

It was not uncommon for them to retch. They stepped back before they knew it.

"Get close!"

At the cold voice of the assistant, the students, with closed eyes, approached the practice bench.

"Why are you crying in front of the noble resolve of the deceased?"

He again pressed them.

"The crying guys will get expelled from the room."

The atmosphere of the room was heavy.

So much so that they could not hear even ants moving.

The fragrance of formaldehyde from the cadaver made them sick and it pierced their eyes.

"Cut the vinyl with the scissors next to it."

Everyone hesitated. But before long, some courageous students began to cut the vinyl.

Then, the smell of formalin, which drifted silently, became clear.

Good luck? They finished the cutting of the vinyl of the cadaver. With everybody shivering, Suhyuk stepped up and removed the vinyl calmly.

It was a figure of an old man who seemed to be kind.

Without any clue how he died, his face was a little distorted.

By the time everyone was arranging the vinyl on one side, the professor came in.

Looking at the students, he opened his mouth,

"In front of the cadaver, doing your best is a courtesy and a sign of respect."

Everyone nodded. They looked like they were pulling themselves.

"The practice that we are doing now is the basis of the basics, and

the blood and flesh from this cadaver will be the blood and flesh for you to be a doctor."

Suhyuk belonged to unit 7, and even though they firmly refreshed their determination, no one came up to grab the scalpel. The unit members all looked at Suhyuk. With a bitter laugh, Suhyuk took the scalpel and closed his eyes briefly.

"Grandpa. thank you for giving us the chance to learn."

Opening his eyes, he moved the scalpel up to the forearms of the cadaver.

As soon as the scalpel was applied to the skin, it was opened up slightly. It passed through the dermis and cut off the subcutaneous fat. The yellow fat clenched the muscles messily.

Then he removed the delts calmly. Then he handed the scalpel to the other student next to him.

He was handed the scalpel with a trembling hand.

"You can do it, you have to."

At Suhyuk's encouragement, he nodded, swallowing dried saliva on his mouth.

Unexpectedly, the practice was going well.

Not only the boys who hesitated, but also the girls who were tearful regained their composure and cut the skin.

Suhyuk, watching his unit members, unconsciously examined the whole body of the cadaver.

Then one area attracted his attention. A string mark on the neck was clear. "Suicide?"

"Though he ended his life regrettably, his bereaved family donated his body according to his will," said the assistant, passing by.

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“We’ll resume after 10 minutes’ break,” said the professor.

The students flocked to the bathroom as soon as he said that, and so did Suhyuk.

At that moment, he made a frown when he was getting out of the door.

He smelt alcohol from someone out there.

The guy who was freaking out that he could not practice in a sober condition finally had a drink.

He wondered how he got in here without being caught by the assistant.

The break time passed quickly. Originally, it took one or two weeks to dissect, but because of the internal situation of the school, they had to finish all the dissection practice in eight hours.

So they have to come back again in less than a month. Shaking their heads, they went back to the cadaver.

This time, Suhyuk was the first to take a scalpel. At his unhindered movement, his unit members were just astonished. Given the dissecting speed, it looked like they were able to see everything from the origin of muscles to the insertion. He clearly showed not only the blood vessels but also the tendons to the unit members, which he cut off clearly. The boys muttered with a blank expression, "He’s different ..."

He looked like he was born to be a doctor.

The girls listened to Suhyuk’s explanation while taking a glance at the cadaver.

The assistant walking around was astonished at him, who had been demonstrating on his own why he was famous.

“Damn it! You guys are chopping the muscles...” shouted the assistant, rushing toward the Unit 2 members.

The time was already approaching 6 PM.

Now the weary students looked at the cadavers with indifferent eyes.

What remained for them was to look into the organs.

The professor said, "The organs can be extracted but should be kept as original as possible."

Suhyuk naturally raised his hand on cadaver's belly, and when he stopped his hand, he moved the scalpel without hesitation.

A thin peritoneal membrane encircling the organs was revealed.

A very delicate technique.

Other boys would have split it with the skin, however, there was no way they could know about it.

"This is the peritoneum," said Suhyuk.

Did they listen to him? They were anxious, swallowing dry saliva, looking at the organs behind it.

Suhyuk was forced to move the scalpel again. The internal organs were evident when the peritoneum was dissected.

"I think that swelling will happen ..."

The thorax was swollen as a whole.

Then Suhyuk lifted the ribs. The organs seemed to stick together with a sticky mucus.

The unit members barely pulled themselves through, though they felt like passing out.

Unlike them, Suhyuk was casting his gaze at the cadaver here and there.

The organs looked different from normal ones.

"What the heck is this ..."

The swollen lung covered almost all the chest as if it was full of water.

Besides, it covered even the stomach and duodenum.

Suhyuk lifted up his head. His gaze was fixed at the neck of the cadaver with a clear line mark.

Suhyuk's eyes fell down coldly.

Chapter 38

"What's the matter, Suhyuk?" asked members of Suhyuk's unit. Yet, he just kept silent.

He just fixed his eyes on the neck of the cadaver. A string mark was clearly seen on the spot where the thyroid cartilage was located. For suicide by hanging, one has to tie his neck round something in an elevated place like the ceiling. And while one is hanging by the neck, the string goes up to the tip of the chin. It is because of the weight of a person.

'Then, how come there was a string marked on the middle of the neck? How did he commit suicide?'

No matter how he thought about it, he could not figure out how the neck had a string mark.

He ruled out the ridiculous scenario where the deceased used his hand to tie his own neck. Suhyuk's scalpel moved to the lungs.

"What are you doing?" the unit members asked, with wide eyes.

The assistant told them to take out the organs without any perforation.

Nonetheless, nobody could stop him. He already took the scalpel into the lungs.

The moment the sharp edge of the scalpel touched, liquid came out of the lungs.

Suhyuk's eyes became colder. The lungs were full of water. As expected, one piece of the puzzle was put together.

His hand moved to the bronchus this time. He opened it up very carefully.

And what was seen in the bronchi was a bubble.

"Foam mass..."

It was this foam mass that is caused by a mixture of liquid and mucus derived from the mucous membrane inhaled during respiration.

Suhyuk scrutinized the entire body of the cadaver.

He could not find any red spots left on the body when a person was drowned.

If that's the case, it was logical that only his face that could breathe was immersed in water.

His prediction turned into a conviction gradually.

Given that foam mass was formed on the organs, there was no need to check the airway.

"How can this make sense? How can a person who already died hang himself?"

It did not make sense at all.

If he had hanged himself, there should be spots of blood congestion on his body due to the stenosis of the vein, choking, and the increase in blood, but they were not found anywhere.

Just a simple check of the face was enough to confirm it: his eyeballs did not protrude.

The cadaver had been already been medically processed. A case of this kind was not common.

He wondered if the deceased wanted to inform others ...

At that moment, the assistant approached Suhyuk, asking "What are you doing?"

Suhyuk made a puncture in the lungs and separated the bronchi.

The assistant narrowed his eyes suddenly.

"What did you do?..."

"I do not think it's suicide."

"What the heck? What nonsense are you talking about?" the assistant said in a threatening tone.

Suhyuk replied calmly, "The deceased can't hang himself, can he?"

Obviously his drowning to death came first.

Then he pointed to the lungs and some other parts of the cadaver.

"So what?"

"I think he was drowned ..."

The assistant seemed to make a big sigh and shouted, "Are you crazy? You're out of your mind now. Crazy! I think I favored you too much now you're acting like this..."

"What's the matter?" someone said out of the blue. It was the professor.

As he frowned, the professor looked at the cadaver, some parts of which had already been touched where they were supposed not to have been, which offended him badly.

When the professor turned his gaze at him, Suhyuk said, "I think it is drowning or murder."

He narrowed his eyes sharply.

"What a nonsense..."

However, the professor looking at the organs of the cadaver could not speak any more.

Because all the organs were pointing toward drowning.

"Even in this part too ..."

At his words, the professor's gaze moved toward the hands and feet of the cadaver.

That specific part had the same color as other body parts.

If a person dies by hanging his neck, the blood circulation stops and red blood cells are pulled down the body by gravitational forces. This is called blood sedimentation (gravity phenomenon). But in the hands and feet of the cadaver, such dead spots could not be found at all. Even if the cadaver has been treated medically, such spots stand out compared with other parts in detail.

The professor, wearing a hardened expression, looked toward the cadaver's neck this time. And he mumbled, "Assistant!"

"Yes, sir."

"Call the police."

"What?"

"I think it's a camouflaged strangulation."

The assistant's eyes opened loudly as if he could not believe it.

Moreover, each of the students could not speak, with their mouths shut.

The professor looked at Suhyuk silently. He was only a first-year student attending regular courses. He got into the school as a celebrity, and now presented his own opinion on the cause of the death as if he were a seasoned autopsy doctor.

"You... you came here to be a doctor," said the professor.

Is it not true that a medical student goes to a medical school to become a doctor?

But the professor's words had multiple meanings.

Walking on campus, Suhyuk was called somewhere.

The call did not take long to go through.

"What's the matter? How come you called me first? You wanted to listen to my voice, right?"

It was reporter Han Jihye.

"I've been absented for a while... I'm sorry."

"If you feel sorry, let's meet for dinner sometime!"

"Well, I've got one incident to tell you..."

"What is it?" She answered hurriedly.

"Well, I found some signs of homicide from a cadaver donated as suicide..."

"What? Why? Did you call the police? Did the reporters gather?"

"I'm not sure if the reporters would come or not. But the police are coming."

"Are you still at the school?"

"No, I'm home now."

"I'll see you at the school then." The phone hung up like that.

He smiled and shook his head.

In high school, when he was locked up in a detention center, she helped him out, and this was a chance for him to repay her for that.

Suhyuk immediately sent a message to her as if he forgot to say something.

The message to her was his request: never identify who found out the cause of the death.

He found it very uncomfortable to attract public attention.

In the meantime, the professor was talking with a reporter he knew.

<Cause of false death of cadaver identified by Daehan MS> Was it not a good opportunity to publicize the reputation of the school once again even though it's already known as a prestigious university?

The first journalist who arrived at the medical school was Han Jihye.

In an office of a high-rise building with large windows commanding a cool view, Kim Hyunwoo, in neat suit-dress, sat there.

At that moment, the office secretary's voice came out from his key phone.

"Mr. President, team manager Mr. Lim says he's done with the paperwork."

"Please have him come in."

A man in his early 50s, with a bald head, came in. He bowed his head and gave the paperwork to Kim Hyunwoo.

"Let me double check if you have made a mistake."

Kim Hyunwoo, who laughed and joked at him, began to look through the papers.

Then he lifted his head and fixed his gaze at a big TV screen.

The anchor's voice mentioning Daehan MS drew Kim's attention because Suhyuk went there.

<The body disguised as a suicide was identified as a homicide by Daehan MS. The suspect was arrested, and it was revealed during the anatomy practice session."

"You can leave now. I think I have to talk about the convention planning project tomorrow."

Kim Hyunwoo, who sent the team leader home, listened to the news and rummaged through the internet articles because he felt the news had a strong connection with Suhyuk.

And he just clicked on one of the many related articles. He read it while mumbling.

"The stepson murdered his father, and drowned him to death, and then disguised it as strangulation."

Kim Hyunwoo slightly frowned.

It was astonishing news that the stepson had committed the murder in a deliberate manner. The wife of the murdered, who remarried him, allegedly aided in her son's murder actively. And the method involved was cunning. They committed the crime in the bathtub and hung his neck to disguise it as a suicide. Then they consulted with a doctor who issued a death certificate. Moreover he corroborated with a police officer who he knew well.

“What a crazy lunatic!” Kim said.

‘The man even dared to donate the body of his murdered father. That was suspicious. Wasn't it better to cremate it to hide the murder? Otherwise the murderer would be a stupid guy.’ Kim thought to himself.

It was natural that Kim did not understand the incident. For a lawyer, who was close enough to contact the victim once a day, had been involved in the murder incident. Without informing his family, the deceased who turned into a cadaver, drew up a will and a deed of body donation with the lawyer with request that his body and half of his wealth be returned to the society, and the rest be bequeathed to his family. When the lawyer did not hear from the victim he had talked to over the phone at least once a day, he appeared at the funeral after searching him out. The new wife and the stepson made a big fuss about the donation of his body, protesting how a knife could be put on the body of the deceased. Later they tried to cajole him with money. But it did not work out for the lawyer. There were not necessarily bad men in this world. The lawyer kept his promise with firm determination enough to keep away temptation. As the deed of body donation had been submitted, the lawyer processed the execution of the will, his promise to the deceased, to the end. That's how the deceased became a cadaver.

“The world is vast, and crazy men are swarming there.”

Kim started to look at the documents again as if he lost interest in the news.

He expected some news about Suhyuk to come out, but it did not. At that moment, the sound of the TV caught his ear.

<Surprisingly, the person who identified the cadaver was allegedly a medical student. It turned out that he was a Mr. Lee who made the media highlight a few years ago with his first aid. This time he saved the name of the deceased. We all wonder what kind of doctor he will become in the future. That's it for our 9 o'clock news. Thank you everyone who watched the news.> Staring at the TV blankly, Kim Hyunwoo's expression was gradually smiling.

“Ha ha ha! This guy gets into trouble wherever he goes around.”
Suhyuk's request for anonymity was missed just like that.

Outside the hospital a girl, about six years old, burst into tears.

Her appearance, with an anxious eye and a runny nose, was typical of a lost child.

“Boohoo... Mom!”

"Are you lost?"

A man fluttering a white gown approached the little girl.

He knelt on one knee and matched his eye level with the child's.

"What is your name?"

"Boohoo...I'm Kim Narae. Please find my mom."

Nodding his head, the man took the child's hand gently.

"Let's go find your mom together."

When they were moving to a broadcasting room in the building, a woman rushed toward them.

"Mom!"

"I told you not go around!"

It was dreadful even to think what would have happened to her if she had left the hospital completely and went out ...

She scolded her daughter and said to the man, "Thank you sir."

The man laughed pleasantly at the mother and daughter.

"Well, I did not do anything, I'm just a student, not a professor."

Time flew like an arrow, and Suhyuk became a third-year student attending regular courses.

And today was the first day of his hospital practice.

Chapter 39

The practice students were walking around the hospital in great excitement and tension.

It was the same for Suhyuk. No, he looked around and gave a silent sigh.

There were so many sick people out there who were in dire need of help.

At that moment a nurse came to him, pushing a stretcher car on which a patient was lying. Suhyuk moved to the side and unconsciously read the name attached to the label.

"Other peripheral vascular diseases... does the patient smoke or have any hypertension? Also suspected of having hyperlipidemia, and there is a family history of diabetes ... what if the patient has ischemia...?"

Suhyuk continued to mutter, "Using heparin, incense coagulant and removing embolization..."

"Where are you going Suhyuk?"

At Choi Suryon's voice, he got his head screwed on and stopped walking.

He was following the patient without realising it.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

Suhyuk was following his peers walking ahead, and once again he looked back. He look at the patient with pupils full of regret, but he turned back instantly.

After that he repeated the same action several times.

Suhyuk himself was not aware of it.

The students briefly listened to the PK practice to be held in the

conference room.

2 weeks with the Emergency Department, 12 weeks with Internal Medicine, 7 weeks with Surgery... They should complete a total of 36 weeks of experience and practice to finish the third-year in regular courses. Plus, they should pass a school test and get practice credits. Far from easy.

If they get lazy, getting flunked is a sure thing.

‘I can make it. Definitely,’ Suhyuk promised to himself.

He vowed he would master what he did not understand, and refresh on what he already knew.

‘I’ll run toward my goal without hesitating.’

"Don't be too scared," said Park Ganghyun, a first-year resident, who was supposed to contact the interns most often. Park, with his slim jaw and tough beard, melted the frozen atmosphere among them.

"You do not prescribe to the patient directly, nor do you do the surgery. It is literally a practice. If you do it as instructed, and make no mistake, you will be able to complete PK practice well. Of course, you should be working hard."

"Yes, sir!"

"Just feel relaxed as if you were looking around the hospital today, okay?"

"Yeah!"

Their voice, like that of new-born chicks, made a smile rise on Park's face.

‘I had those days too.’

Practice is no big deal. When they pass the state exam and enter the internship, that is the beginning of hell. No more personal time.

"Today, there is no making the rounds with the professor. Instead, you come with me to look around the patients building for a taste of the practice. Anybody have any complaints?"

The conference room was quiet. Park opened his mouth again, "Let's go."

They went out of the conference room. When Suhyuk was about to go out, Park stopped him to say, "You must be Lee Suhyuk."

He scratched his head awkwardly.

"Yes, please give me a lot of guidance."

"The professors have a lot of expectations for you."

Park then moved to check the condition of the patients.

Suhyuk's unit followed him.

The unit assigned to PK practice does not change throughout the year. Never, ever.

"I'm shaking," said Choi Suryon quietly, but Suhyuk relieved her, saying, "He told us we were just looking around, so we don't have to worry about it."

They arrived at a patient's room.

A patient in his 40s.

Park asked about his condition, "How are you feeling?"

"I feel okay, but I'm not sure."

"Let me see the surgery area."

When Park lifted his clothes, the students behind him focused with glaring eyes.

"Thoracic empyema ..."

Recognizing the patient's illness, Suhyuk moved forward before he knew it.

Then one of the students grabbed Suhyuk's gown and whispered.

"Hey, do not go too close. You stand in the way of him checking the patient."

But it was already too late.

Park turned his head toward Suhyuk who was up close, and looked at him.

With a slight smile, he asked, "Early thoracotomy in empyema. Why?"

Then he fixed his gaze on the affected area again.

Suhyuk opened his mouth without hesitation, "I think the patient has undergone early thoracotomy because the fibrinolytic enzyme and pleuroscopy failed to induce drainage."

Park, who was looking at the affected area, suddenly turned his head to Suhyuk again.

He showed an expression wondering how he could know as far as that.

But he soon laughed, thinking that's why the professors were interested in a chick-like student, who was not an intern.

"Oh, it's hard to understand. How about you?"

Park asked the other students playfully. There was no reply.

They were just silent like a mute that ate honey.

Laughing gently, Park finished disinfecting the patient's affected area, and then he looked at the practice students. They wore a blank expression as if they heard an alien language. This is normal. Looking at Suhyuk, he moved to the next patients' room, shaking his head. It was the same with other students.

Lunch hour.

People in the hospital lobby were watching TV and clicking their tongues.

"Nowadays, police are busy sparing themselves even when they see brutal criminals. Tut, tut."

"That guy must become a cop!"

When each and every one of them said that, with a frown, Suhyuk moved his eyes to the TV.

And he had to look blankly because someone he knew was reported on the news.

<An ordinary citizen caught a wanted murder suspect after he had a violent fight. This brave citizen is a law student who graduated from law school..."

At that moment his phone was vibrating, but Suhyuk received the call with his eyes fixed on the TV.

"Hello."

"It's me brother."

It was Dongsu.

"I see you on TV right now."

"What? Am I on air already? I heard they would report about me on the 9 o'clock news."

Suhyuk sighed deeply.

"Hey, why did you meddle like that? If something goes wrong, what are you going to do? You're still a student. It's not too late even if you catch criminals later."

"Don't you monopolize the TV, okay? It's about time I were on the TV news at least once. Ha ha ha!"

Suhyuk shook his head.

Unlike the personality of someone who wants to be a lawyer, Dongsu throws a punch first without thinking deeply... What if he's a prosecutor?

At that moment Suhyuk conjured up an image of him cracking

his knuckles before a suspect.

'I can't believe he would do that in that kind of situation.'

"Where are you now?" asked Dongsu.

"I came to the hospital for practice."

"You must be busy. Which hospital are you at?"

"Daehan Hospital, where are you?"

"Huh? I am now near that hospital"

"Why are you there?"

"I just got out after I wrote a report at the police station nearby. Shall we see each other? It's lunch time."

"Okay, let's have lunch together."

The two who met in front of the hospital went into a restaurant.

"Were you hurt?" asked Suhyuk.

Dongsu just chuckled.

"I'm your brother, nobody can touch me," he said.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk ordered food.

Suddenly, he looked at the back of Dongsu's hands.

A faintly visible blood stain, which he washed carelessly.

"What happened to your hand?"

"Oh, this?"

Dongsu looked at the back of his hands, "I had it lightly scratched."

"Wasn't it scratched while you were fighting with the suspect? Let me take a look," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu waved his hands.

“It’s nothing. Just scratches.”

“Let me see then.”

Grabbing his hands, Suhyuk rolled up his sleeves. There was a wound drawn like a solid line on the forearm. With a frown, Suhyuk looked at his forearm carefully.

He could see the damage done where the epidermis was entering the dermis.

Though it was not serious enough to worry about, Suhyuk stared at him with a hardened face.

"Did you get scratched by a knife?"

Dongsu replied, scratching his head, "He challenged me with a knife, so I crushed him out of shape."

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "Get it disinfected. Also get a tetanus shot, just in case."

“Your order is here.”

Freshly cooked ox bone soup was served, with steam rolling up from the pots in which chopped green onions had been sliced.

"Huh? Are you...?"

The waitress serving them recognized Dongsu.

He scratched his head with a smile.

"Yes, yes, I am that student."

"Huh?" This time she was amazed at Suhyuk.

That medical student who found out the cause of that body.

She looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu in turn.

Not only she, but also all of the customers recognized both of them.

"Yes, yes I am that very student, hahaha."

Dongsu’s laughter grew bigger, and Suhyuk only moved the

spoon quietly.

So, they ate without knowing whether they were eating with their mouth or nose.

"It's okay, really," Dongsu said.

"Come on. Just follow me," Suhyuk insisted.

After failing to break Suhyuk's stubbornness, Dongsu was entering the hospital entrance.

Then they heard an ambassador siren. Suhyuk's head turned to the side.

The ambulance stopped, and a patient on a stretcher was taken out.

White bubbles in his mouth. Suhyuk's feet moved before he knew it.

"Well, the hospital is really big. If you become a doctor, you may work here..."

Dongsu was busy staring at the hospital.

"Hey, are there pretty girls in your class? Please introduce me to..."

Dongsu, turning his head to the side, shook his head with a silly expression.

Wondering why there was no answer from him, Dongsu saw Shyuk walking slowly toward the emergency room.

"Hey," Dongsu grabbed his shoulder.

Then, Suhyuk turned back.

"Where are you going? You said you're going to do the disinfection for me?"

"Oh, yes, let's go to sterilize."

Suhyuk, guiding Dongsu, looked back again.

But soon they disappeared into the building.

After Dongsu went back, Suhyuk's group members moved along again with Park Ganghyun.

They had already seen several patients and become acquainted with the faces of the hospital employees. During that time, Suhyuk barely managed his dizzy spirit.

Whenever he look around, he saw many patients everywhere.

Different illnesses and treatments for them came to his mind in a messy way, which kept coming out of his control.

"Wuwheck."

Choi Suryon was surprised at his retching.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk, wiping his lips, nodded his head.

Though he said that, he did not feel at ease at all.

His dizziness has made him feel like vomiting.

Suhyuk closed his eyes to clean up the clutter in his head as much as possible.

"Well, ten minutes break. If you want to go to the bathroom, do it quickly."

The students were scattered as if they had waited for it.

Suhyuk sat on a chair in the hallway.

"Are you really okay?" Choi Suryon asked, sitting next to him.

"I felt a little dizzy," said Suhyuk.

Her anxiety was reflected on her face.

"Don't you think you have to take medicine? How, and where in

your body are sick?"

Suhyuk looked at her grinning, "It's okay now."

"Hold on a little bit, it will be over soon. Can I bring some medicine? If I ask, probably they will give some..."

Shaking his head, he put his head on the wall and closed his eyes.

His uvula protruded convexly. She was looking at it quietly.

"..."

What was she thinking? She just fixed her gaze on it without saying anything.

Ten minutes passed.

As soon as Suhyuk rose from the seat, Park came up to him and said, "Lee Suhyuk, Prof. Kim Jinwook is looking for you."

"Yes? Why me?"

"Well, I'm curious too," said Park shrugging his shoulders. Suhyuk pondered over it in his mind.

'Professor Kim Jinwook...'

No familiar face came up.

He was left alone after Park and the students left for another place.

'Why is he looking for me?'

Suhyuk went to the office Park gave him, with a doubtful mind.

With the knocking sound, he heard a man's voice.

"Come on in."

When he opened the door, the man, who had been looking into a book, lifted his head.

"Hi, Professor, I hear you want to see me."

Suhyuk could not speak further. The professor in his early or

mid-30s, familiar face, which he saw a few years prior.

The professor smiled and said, “It’s been a long time since we met, right? I see you bringing about storms.”

LionStrong: Hey everyone, question for you all, would you like me to explain some of the medical terms that come up that aren't explained in the novel?

Chapter 40

"You're the professor...?"

Kim chuckled.

He was the very intern who had been at the place when Suhyuk first woke up from the vegetative state. And it was also resident Kim Jinwook who checked the condition of Inbae who had been treated with Suhyuk's first aid.

He's become a professor now.

"I watched the news well. Did you identify the cause of the death of the cadaver?"

"I accidentally found it," said Suhyuk.

Kim Jinwook shook his head.

"I think you have the ability to have figured it out well enough."

His memories are still fresh in his mind. A 15-year-old middle school student who just woke up from a persistent vegetative state and diagnosed himself. He's now grown up into an adult, getting a lot of media highlights.

"Have a seat!"

Kim gave a cup of coffee to him, which he brew himself.

"Thank you."

The smell of coffee spread gently in the room, and it tasted good.

"Well, did you learn a lot at school? Or was there any stuff you could learn?"

"I've learned a lot," said Suhyuk.

He narrowed his eyes, asking, "Really?"

Suhyuk just scratched his head.

"Those in the same class as you must envy you a lot. And have a lot of jealousy too. But you don't have to hide your abilities or do

average. Just keep marching as you would.”

So they exchanged conversations like that.

Then Kim Jinwook asked out of the blue, "Are you okay, because your face looks bad?"

"Yes, I'm okay. "

Though he still felt nauseous, he felt much better now.

“Did you decide on your speciality?”

Suhyuk was about to reply but did not. Actually he's been struggling about that in his heart, though Kim did not sense it, because he was only quiet for a brief moment.

Suhyuk soon opened his mouth, “Well...”

“Wait a moment,” said Kim, answering a phone call.

"Yes, this is Kim Jinwook."

"Professor, we have an emergency patient."

"Have you checked the patient's condition?"

"It seems to be a patient with an aortic dissection."

Aortic dissection refers to the tearing of the intima of the aorta in the chest.

"Is it true or not? Did you check the CT?" Kim Jinwook pressed him, who was muttering.

"Yes, he is a patient with that symptom."

"Are you sure?"

Some sort of unsure tiny voice was coming out of the cell phone, "In my mind..."

After breathing a short sigh, he opened his mouth again, "Let me go down now and get ready."

He was a resident that Kim prized, but he did not progress as much as Kim wanted, possibly because of his insufficient training.

After he hung up the phone, Kim looked at Suhyuk regrettably.

Though he wanted to talk a bit more, he had no choice but to treat the patient.

But there are plenty of opportunities. As Suhyuk has come to Daehan MS for practice, Kim could see him anytime.

"I'll see you next time."

The two stood up.

When Suhyuk tried to go out, Kim Jinwook turned around and asked, "Would you like to come and observe?"

Trainees like him go into the operating room anyway and observe. It does not matter even if their observation comes earlier than usual. Who would oppose when the professor in charge of operation wants to bring one as an observer?

Suhyuk nodded his head with a smile of expectancy.

Arriving at the elevator, Kim Jinwook pushed on the buttons, regardless of whether it was the elevator for the medical staff or one for patients and their guardians, the situation could not be more urgent.

The door of the elevator opened, and the two went inside.

Kim asked with strange eyes, "A patient with aortic dissection. What kind of condition does he have now?"

"If it is aortic dissection, the patient seems to be in a dangerous condition. It seems to be an emergency..."

Kim Jinwook nodded as if he had expected that kind of reply from him.

‘If so, does he know the cause of it?’

“Any cause?” Kim asked.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "The main reason is that 80% of the cause is known to be related to hypertension, so it happens mainly

to senior people. It seems that there are other causes such as congenital. For example, genetic defects such as denaturation in the media itself, arteriosclerosis or aging... "

"That's enough," Kim waved his hands, asking him to stop.

He regretted asking him tactlessly because it was the obvious answer to the obvious question.

He wondered what kind of doctor he would really be.

Kim Jinwook, who went down to the emergency room, rushed to check on the patient's condition. He identified the patient's condition clearly after checking the CT. The aortic dissection that the resident said without confidence was right. Treatment is divided into two types. Type B can be treated with medication, while Type A requires surgery. The patient was rapidly progressing from B to A, and he required surgery.

"What about the guardian?"

"He was brought to the emergency room alone."

Kim Jinwook, who immediately contacted the guardian, verbally signed the operation agreement. He could not afford to wait until the guardian came.

When the aortic dissection transitions up or down or swells up and the blood that the heart pumps out bursts then it is too late. The patient will die from excessive bleeding.

In the meantime, Suhyuk observed the CT very carefully. Aortic dissection with tearing of the inner membrane. It will be a dangerous surgery that needs stopping of the heart.

Then his cell phone vibrated. It was from Choi Suryon.

"Hello!"

"Suhyuk, where are you?"

He forgot that he was supposed to have an outing with the team members tomorrow, Saturday, when they have a day off.

"Ooops... I do not think I'll be able to come..."

"Why? Any business to do with your professor?"

A voice suddenly popped out next to Suhyuk.

"Is it an emergency?" Kim Jinwook approached and looked at the CT.

Suhyuk, who was making a serious expression, nodded his head.

"Let's go."

Professor Kim Jinwook first walked back, and Suhyuk rushed to his cell phone.

"I'm sorry, Suryon. You guys have to play without me. Talk to you later then."

"Come on, wash it thoroughly after me"

Kim Jinwook showed them how to disinfect.

They washed it as you wash hands, and then scrubbed it with a brush.

Suhyuk followed his demonstration.

It was an awkward move, but he cleaned it carefully because he knew how important it was. Sterilization work that he does not recall at all even from in his dream.

No, obviously he did not do it in his dream. For he just held a scalp and opened a patient's stomach.

"Nurse Ms. Lee, please put on a surgical gown for this trainee," said Kim.

Helped by the nurse, Suhyuk wore a surgical gown, and put on a hat, a mask, and gloves. Suhyuk looked down at his two hands, which reminded him of his old memories.

How long did he wear surgical gloves for? Actually it was the first

time.

"Let's go, it will be a good experience for you. So, focus when you watch it!"

Suhyuk nodded and went into the operating room.

There were a total of seven people in the operating room.

They were medical residents absolutely necessary for all surgeries.

Resident of anesthesiology, nurses specializing in thoracic surgery, extracorporeal perfusionist, resident of cardiothoracic surgery. All of them gathered to save a person's life looked at Suhyuk with a curious look.

"Well, I'm a trainee observer."

It is very rare for trainees to attend an emergency surgery. But in the operating room, the professor's word is like law.

At Kim's words, they quickly quenched their interest in him.

During the course of the anesthesia, they moved around in unison until the patient was fully asleep. Everyone doubled checked to carry out their duties steadily, and got ready.

The aorta is directly connected to the heart.

Since it is a dangerous operation, no error is tolerated.

Suhyuk slowly looked around. The patient's condition was checked and various devices were attached to the patient's body. Then. Snap! Snap! Snap! They began to knock on the IV cords as thick as knuckles relentlessly with the scissors handle and pen. Professor Kim did the same. They carefully checked whether the bubbles inside IV cords were removed fully.

Looking at them, Suhyuk muttered, "Extracorporeal circulation..."

It was a device that intentionally stopped the heart and lungs for

surgery and artificially circulated blood and oxygen through the body. In addition, there was a lot of fluid to be injected into the patient's body as well as several packs of blood. Hemorrhage was inevitable because of the incision of the aorta.

Suhyuk's eyes turned to Kim this time.

When the anesthetized patient closed his eyes, Kim moved with his scalpel.

From now on, all the residents have to follow his words and movements.

"Start the aortic arch substitution."

As Suhyuk came back behind Kim as if haunted by something, Kim said, "Watch closely."

Kim, who incised the patient's abdomen and surface, told the resident, "Bovie!"

With the smell of burning flesh, the patient's abdomen became completely open.

Suhyuk muttered without realising.

"Heparin, cardioplegia. Keep the body temperature from 27 to 28."

Hearing Suhyuk's murmuring behind him, Kim smirked and shook his head.

How did he know as far as this?

He gave an order, "Heparin."

When heparin was injected into the IV, Kim's hands moved.

As the surgical tools pushed the organs away, the heart was seen inside.

The heart was pounding as if it were alive.

"Cardioplegia, please stop the heart."

The extracorporeal perfusionist immediately injected cardioplegia.

Kim continued to order, "Cooling down. Keep the temperature at 27, 28 degrees."

Cooling down is intended to manipulate body temperature artificially to prevent damage to the aortic tissue during the operation time.

The movement of the heart became noticeably smaller.

Kim said loudly, "The heart is stopped. Is the cardiovascular circulation device working? Work it now."

According to the order, the extracorporeal perfusionist waited for the right timing.

And when the heart was stopped, the artificial circulatory device worked.

The mingling blood began to circulate, making the ringers stranded.

Surgery cannot start without stopping the heart. As the heart keeps pumping blood all over the body, it needs to be put to sleep so that it can stop the blood flowing to the aorta for a while. If the heart is beating and blood is spewed out without treatment, the patient will die from excessive bleeding.

So all the preparations were over. The circulatory device, which suppresses the coagulation of the blood that meets the air and supplies blood and oxygen instead, started working. Also, the patient's body temperature was dropped to minimize tissue damage.

Now, what's left are the patient who wants to live, and the staff who are trying to save the patient.

"Let's start."

Kim's hands moved.

It was exactly where the inner membrane was damaged.

The aorta was reminiscent of a thick, smooth earthworm.

Watching it closely, Suhyuk's pupils were expanded.

Moreover, he mumbled like a person who lost focus, "Remove the damaged area and get the artificial blood vessels."

Kim was a little surprised because he felt someone pushed him from behind.

It was Suhyuk.

LionStrong: Hey! As you have probably noticed by now, the chapters have become much much longer (double/triple the length), so we've decided to guarantee one chapter a day and when Pyoncs can find the time we'll release two chapters! I hope you all understand and thank him for his hard work!

Chapter 41

Kim said to Suhyuk without turning his head, "You got too close to me. Step back."

Kim did not sense Suhyuk's blank eyes. Awakened by Kim's words, he stepped back.

Without the professor's words, he would not have realised that he was muttering.

"Open it more," Kim ordered.

The resident carefully pushed the surrounding organs to the side to make the damaged aorta visible.

Kim's scalpel moved instantly.

"I am incising now. Blood is coming, blood, suction ..."

At the same time that the aorta was cut off, the suction machine moved around.

Did the resident not set it up properly?

The soaring blood splashed on Kim's loupe. The stagnant blood rushed up.

Kim Jinwook took down the scalpel and spoke sharply to the resident.

"Hey, Lim Taejin, aren't you doing it right? Wake up!"

The more time is delayed, the higher the probability of complications. Then It is only natural to adversely affect the brain, liver, and kidneys. The heart circulatory machine was running, but it was far from a match for the heart.

"Sorry, sir!"

The nurse wiped Kim's glasses and loupe thoroughly, and Kim turned his head again.

At that moment, blood rushed up again. Kim looked hard at Lim,

saying, "Get out."

"Professor, the patient's blood pressure is falling."

At the extracorporeal perfusionists' words, Kim knitted his brows.

"Please keep the blood pressure stable as much as possible."

With that order Kim turned back. Suhyuk's pupils were filled with an intense desire.

He was the very man who opened the cricothyroid membrane without any help.

Though Kim thought deeply about him like that, Kim shook his head. Even though Suhyuk was an extraordinary student, he was only a practice intern. He could not assign him the role of his assistant. Turning his head again, Kim turned his head again and looked at the resident intensely.

"Stay awake, okay?"

That was his last warning, and Lim was well aware of it.

Professor Kim had a reputation for having a good personality, but he was different in the operating room. He was cold and unkind. But nobody would badmouth about him behind his back.

The operating room is the place where the life and death of a patient is determined even if there is the slightest mistake. It was very natural for Kim to be sensitive.

The resident briefly took a short breath and got down to work again.

At that moment the trainee's behavior caught the eye of the professor.

What was he doing? Looking at the chest of the patient whose belly was opened up, he was moving his hands in the air as if he were doing the surgery himself.

"What are you doing!"

Alarmed by Kim's shouting, Lim stopped watching Suhyuk.

The suction sucked the blood and the target of the surgery came back into his eyes.

The incised aorta finally came out. At the same time, Suhyuk's muttering was heard in Kim's ears.

"Needle holder ..."

Kim shook his head as if he was stunned.

When the nurse skillfully handed over the needle holder, Kim started stitching.

It was a technique that required a high degree of concentration.

Sometimes the surrounding organs may be torn in the process.

Kim's eyes were focused on the magnifying glass.

The inside of the operating room was quiet. Everyone focused on the voice and movement of the professor. Not just the professor, also on Suhyuk's silent murmurs that kept coming back from behind. Was he not ahead of Kim in the surgery with his words?

Where on earth did he learn that? Through books or videos?

Surgery always has anomalies. Like now, when the expected surgery time passed by a bit.

However, Suhyuk kept whispering something to Kim as if he were informing him.

No sooner did Kim gave a sigh than the suture ended.

Finally, by applying an electric shock to the heart, the medical staff fixed their eyes to the machine they were in charge of, or to the patient's heart. The heart must beat.

While everyone was thinking about it, the heart started beating again.

The heart that was stopped shook and it started to run again.

"Huhh.. please take care of finishing it well."

When Kim withdrew, the rest of the medical staff gathered to stitch the opened belly.

"Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk was still mumbling something among the medical staff.

"Stitching may cause inflammation ..."

The professor tapped him on the shoulder several times.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes, Yes?"

"What are you doing? The surgery is done."

Suhyuk followed him with a deep sigh. Again he could have meddled with the surgery before he knew it. It was not the kind of will that he could control. As if there was no one else, only the patient was visible to him and his mood was moody.

Was it because it was the first day of practice?

Today was really strange.

If there was not the professor's voice in the middle, obviously he would have ...

"Where did you learn all that?" asked Kim.

"I saw it in books," replied Suhyuk, scratching his head, to Kim who was taking off his surgery gown.

'Would he believe that I have done the surgery in my dream? It was unthinkable.'

Kim shook his head again at Suhyuk's reply.

It was a real technique that can be used even now.

Can anyone become a Suhyuk if he learns and accumulates a vast medical knowledge through books alone enough to deal with any

situation in his head?

Kim, who was looking at Suhyuk dumbfoundedly, had no choice but to laugh.

Suhyuk, following Kim to the recovery room, confirmed the time. It was 7:30 pm.

It seems like he just came in and out of the operation room. It has already been 3 hours.

Of course, the duration of a stopped heart was much shorter.

"Patient, what's your name?"

The patient who underwent aortic arch reduction.

He was increasingly becoming conscious. Pulse, respiration, and blood pressure all pointed to normal values. He opened his eyes soon.

"I'm sick... Where am I?"

"It's a hospital, a hospital. Your surgery went very well."

The medical staff constantly checked the patient's consciousness.

The patient was talking incoherently like a drunk man.

"I'm going to go home," said the patient.

Suhyuk, who was next to him, muttered, "It's delirium symptom..."

It is a symptom often seen in patients who are regaining consciousness after urgent surgery. There were many cases where the patients did not know whether they had undergone surgery or where they were. It was literally chaos. But after 2 or 3 days, they go back to normal as before. During that time, the would patient often hit a doctor or a nurse, or even roughly pull a needle that is plugged into their body. Therefore, careful observation was required for patients with delirium symptoms.

"Professor, we have an emergency patient."

Kim smiled bitterly at the nurse 's call.

He could not have a brief moment of breathing space. He patted Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times.

"Even observation was hard, right? Good job. Go home and take a break."

"I'll see you on Monday."

"Okay."

Kim headed for the emergency room, and Suhyuk went out of the hospital.

Suhyuk took the cold air in with a deep breath and breathed it out with a sigh.

He missed his bed very much, but could not go to bed because he had work to do.

Suhyuk immediately went to the bus stop.

"Give me a bottle of soju here!"

Even though it was late into the night, the rice and soup restaurant was crowded with customers.

It was the kind of restaurant that would normally attract old people, but those in their early twenties were the main customers.

"Give me a bottle of soda!"

"Yes, Yes!"

Hana was running around in the narrow hall and took orders.

At that moment the door opened, and she turned back with a regrettable expression.

"It's soon time to close in a little bit..." she said.

"I was a little late today? Sorry."

It was none other than Suhyuk.

Hana seemed to harden her face, but started to do things without saying anything.

However often she shouted at him not to come, or pushed him outside, Suhyuk would come here every day on a busy day like this. She does not know how many years it has been going on.

Suhyuk laid down the bag and rolled up his sleeves.

"Please bring some more meat here!"

"Yes, sir!"

Answering with a laugh, Suhyuk went to the kitchen.

"Uncle, I've an order for more meat to Table #3!"

Hana's father, busy at that moment, was happy to see him.

"You came here again?"

He became almost resigned to his coming back.

However hard he shouted at him not to come, it fell on deaf ears to him.

Cling!!

Suhyuk turned his head at the sound of the broken glass.

When Hana was trying to move with a broom and a dustpan, Suhyuk quickly took them away.

"Let me do it. Just give me one more cup."

When Suhyuk cleared the cup, the male guest looked at Hana with a regrettable face.

The light did not turn off until 11 o'clock that night, with Suhyuk and Hana taking orders and cleaning up the tables. When they got some time to take a break finally, a male guest in his early twenties, who looked like a student, made a weird move. His friends kept quietly cheering for him as he kept touching his cell phone.

"Hey, go get her phone number like a man. Otherwise some other

boy will take her.”

He seemed to have decided his mind.

"Hello..."

Hana approached the guest with a smile.

"Well, do you need anything?"

"Well... well..."

After hesitating a bit, he said at once, "Can you give me your number, because you are my ideal type?"

"Ahhh..."

Hana's face blushed slightly.

She was asked that kind of question several times before, but found it difficult to manage it.

And the guest, in a situation like this, it was difficult for her to reject it.

After all, she had to lie as usual, "I'm sorry, I have a boyfriend."

"Oh, you have a boyfriend... Let me have the cheque then..."

He paid quickly like the wind and left the restaurant with his friends.

"Hahh ..." Hana gave a sigh and cleaned the table.

Every time this kind of thing happened she felt as if she was losing regular customers.

In fact, most of them did not come back when she refused to give her number.

"Wow. Your popularity never goes down!"

She leered at Suhyuk who said that.

"Let's go."

"No, I have to turn off the shop sign light."

He was laughing gently.

How could he laugh like that when she kept rebuking him every day?

Shaking her head, she began to clean up the store.

When the store was almost cleaned up, Hana's father brought some food out of the kitchen. Suhyuk took it and put it down on the table. Steam was rolling up from the pot.

Kimchi stew with pork chops. It smelled wonderful.

"Come on, everyone here."

He called out one of the two, Suhyuk, who was cleaning up the soju and cups.

"Dad, go home early and rest. Why are you drinking alcohol?"

"Hey, I do not drink it all the time. Sometimes I can. Right, Suhyuk?"

"Sure," said Suhyuk, sitting down at the table with a bright smile.

"Haha, turn off the sign light and come over here."

Shaking her head with an unbelievable look, she turned off the light.

When she was about to lock the door, someone opened the door.

"Hey, it's been a while."

Hana was surprised suddenly and looked at Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was as much surprised.

He said to Dongsu, "I told you I was here, but didn't tell you to come here."

With a big smile, Dongsu came into the store and said, "Hi, sir!"

Dongsu had visited the store a few times before.

Hana's father said, with a laugh, "What is that bamboo sword?"

Chapter 42

With a funny smile, Dongsu put his bamboo sword to the side, and said, "My friend's father is the director of a fencing center, and I feel like I have to learn somehow."

When Dongsu sat down next to him, Suhyuk asked, "Why should you learn fencing?"

"Well, to be a prosecutor, you should know something about fencing," he said.

What is he talking about? What has fencing got to do with a prosecutor's job?

Suhyuk shook his head. It was impossible for Suhyuk to predict what he was thinking.

"Hey, the kimchi stew smells so good. Please give me a cup of soju, sir!" Dongsu said to Hana's father.

"Hahaha. Yeah, I guess you are stressed a lot because of studying."

After giving him soju, he looked at his daughter.

Hana was just staring at him through the door with her arms folded.

"Hana, do not stand there like that. Just come here and try some."

"I won't drink it," she said and went out.

As he stared at the door where his daughter was leaving, he smiled bitterly.

'She would not open her heart to Suhyuk who came to the store to repent from his mistakes every day. But the day will come someday when both of them will be laughing and smiling because she was not only tender-hearted but also far from having a tough character', he thought to himself.

"Now, toast."

All three toasted and drank some soju.

At that moment, the door opened and Hana came back. With a transparent red nose, she breathed on her hands as if they were freezing.

"One cup of soju will make you warm," Dongsu said.

At his words, she approached them with a reluctant look. And she, still standing, asked for a cup of soju. After savoring a sip of it slowly, she put down the cup and said, "It tastes bitter..."

"Now have some appetizers."

Hana's father gave her a spoon in which tofu and kimchi lay.

Knitting her cute frowns, she ate it quickly.

Her face seemed to lighten a little.

"Wasn't it delicious?"

When Suhyuk asked her that, her facial expression turned prim instantly.

The atmosphere grew increasingly ripe.

Dongsu kept talking to Hana's father ceaselessly, while Suhyuk just smiled listening to their conversation. Hana sipped soju as if the birds were pecking at the feed.

"Where are you going, dad?"

"To the restroom, honey."

Watching him limp on his leg to the outside, Suhyuk sighed a deep breath.

And he muttered in his heart, 'Please wait a little longer. Uncle.'

After he emptied his soju cup at once, Dongsu suddenly looked at Hana and said, "I hear you're employed at a large company. Don't you see any pretty women in the [same class](#)? Please introduce one to me."

She shook her head, holding her soju cup.

“Which lady would like someone like you who’s just ignorant and wants to fight with someone?”

Dongsu straightened up his shoulders widely, and said,

“Don’t you know I was on TV? And I’m going to be a prosecutor. Many young ladies would come and see me in droves...”

Dongsu could not continue there because he did not have any close girls around him.

That was something Suhyuk was curious about too. Given his cool character, handsome face, and great school background, he could attract some nice girls’ attention. Moreover, as he worked very hard, he would be a great judicial officer someday. Suhyuk had no doubt about it.

Then why?

“Suhyuk, you have to marry me off. Don’t you have any nice girls around you?” he asked.

“Well, it is a kingdom of animals around me. Lick ants, salamanders...”

Hana shook her head, saying, “How could you compare human beings like that man?”

Dongsu, bringing his soju cup to his lips, stared at her. Was it because he had a drink? He had bloodshot eyes, too.

“Hey man, you’ll find it out later. All the beautiful girls are taken by somebody already, and the rest are...”

When Dongsu wore a tearful face, Suhyuk made a dumbfounded smile.

At that moment Hana’s cell phone rang.

“Dad, why don’t you come back inside? What? Did you leave to meet your friends? I wish you had told me about it in advance...”

“I haven’t met these friends in ages, so have a good time. Just leave the tables as they are, because I can clean up tomorrow.”

So, the phone was hung up, and a text message arrived on Suhyuk's cell phone.

It was from Hana’s father.

“Suhyuk, it’s late already. If it’s too late, I would appreciate it if you can take Hana back home.”

"Do not worry."

"Let's go."

Rising from the seat, Hana began to clean up the tables.

"Hey, Why? I have not yet quenched my thirst..."

“You can do that at some other place.”

“Oh, forget it. I don’t know. Just one more bottle of soju. Let me just have one more and then stand up.”

She stared at him, but she soon took out one bottle of soju from the refrigerator and put it on the table.

“Just one more bottle.”

“Okay.”

All of a sudden, all of them were getting tipsy off their faces.

Only one person, Suhyuk was sober, who even Dongsu recognized as a heavy drinker.

Hana, after sweeping her hair, stood up from the seat.

At that moment, Suhyuk hurriedly grabbed her arms because she was staggering.

Hana was looking down at his hand briefly, and then moved out.

"Where are you going?"

"Bathroom, toilet."

In the bathroom she wet her face with water to cool off her hot face, and she looked at herself in the mirror.

"Did you get drunk? Kim Hana? Wake up! You should not do this."

It was just nonsense. Images of Suhyuk kept coming back to her eyes, that smiling face of his at her screaming. Images of Suhyuk bending down to the drunk customers pissing up a storm, images of him running to the drugstore to get medicine for someone hurt or sick.

For reasons they do not know, Suhyuk smiles every day, looking at her and her father.

"How can I keep thinking of him like this? I should not do this to a bad guy who hurt my dad ... Huhh ..."

When she gave a sigh, a streak of tears flowed down her face.

She lifted her head suddenly and looked up at the ceiling.

"Come to your senses, Kim Hana!"

Despite her self-reproach and determination, her wishes collapsed in a moment. She dropped her head and pounded her heart.

"Boohoo... boohoo..."

Darkness, darkness.

Whenever she clinched her white hand and touched her chest, drops of tears fell down.

Who was she reproaching and blaming?

Her sobbing quietly filled the bathroom.

The weekend passed quickly.

Suhyuk, befitting of a PK practitioner, went to the hospital.

"This morning we're going round with the professor. Be careful so that you don't stand in the way. Got it?"

"Yeah!"

Park Ganghyun chuckled at the voices of the interns slightly.

It was as though the newborn chicks were chirping.

And Choi Suryon's long straight hair caught Park's eye.

Then the professor came to them. He was was a middle-aged man who seemed to be in his early 50s. The square jaw strongly emphasized his impression. He was neurosurgeon Prof. Lee Mansuk.

"So, is everyone here?"

He glanced at the interns quietly, and his eyes stopped where Suhyuk was standing.

What was he thinking? Prof. Lee fixed his eyes on Suhyuk and he nodded his head a few times and started moving. Of course, the trainees followed him.

Three interns followed him closely.

"Which patient do I see first?"

Park answered, looking at the chart, "A patient with a facial bone fracture. He has been treated."

The professor's eyes fell into his hands because the hospital call was ringing on his phone.

"Take it."

"Yes, sir."

Then Park turned his head and answered the phone quietly.

"Telling me to do it even during my break time? Are there any other staff available?"

"I think they went into the operating room."

When Park sighed, the professor asked, "What?"

"No one is available to do surgery for a lumbar puncture patient..."

The professor shook his head as if it were just hopeless.

"I have no idea how they manage the hospital. How is there no one available to do the lumbar puncture surgery?"

He paused for a moment and opened his mouth again,

"It's a good experience, and it will be a good experience for the trainees. I'll go there first."

Park guided the professor.

A student, who seemed to attend high school, was lying on the stretcher, naked in his top coat. The professor gave instructions to Park.

"Let's get started. It would be better if you list the surgery order before doing it. That would be helpful to the students."

Then he looked at the students and interns.

"It's a good experience, so watch it carefully."

Park Ganghyun, who approached the patient, relaxed his tension.

"If you put up with it a little bit, it will be over soon. Crouch your body a bit more."

He naturally induced the patient to crouch his posture.

That surgery needed a technique in which a needle is placed on the vertebrae to pull the cerebrospinal fluid. If you can not pinpoint the exact location, the patient may become disabled. Park disinfected the area where the needle should be inserted and spoke out loud so that the students could hear it well.

"Keep the spine as level as possible. Bend your head and neck to make the acantha gap wide."

His face became bitter. He could not understand why he was doing this before the trainees.

Nonetheless, he had to do it because he was instructed to by the professor.

Park picked up a syringe. And the professor opened his mouth when he was trying to inject it to the target area.

"What are you using now?"

"Oh, it's a local anesthetic needle."

It was the professor's intentional question to Park that he should continue to explain each and every step of the practice.

The interns and practitioners began to write down his words. But the only one who did not, was Suhyuk.

Professor Lee looked at him with a slight glance.

Obviously he heard Suhyuk's mumbling before he spoke.

That was about what Park would do with the surgery.

Did he not hear it wrong?

"Uhh."

As the needle came in, a small moaning sounded from the patient's mouth.

It is a procedure that makes adults clench their teeth tight enough to get cold sweats.

The student put up with it well, though.

Park's moves continued.

The syringe that reached the dura mater began dropping fluid from the tail.

Park gagged at his hand and went on to explain.

Then the professor asked the interns, "Does anyone know what complications are going to happen if you don't treat lumbar

puncture in the correct way or make a mistake?"

No one answered. All of them were busy laying their eyes on the floor and avoiding the professor's gaze. That's the same for Suhyuk. He was only looking at Park's procedure.

'That's what I guessed.'

The professor, who looked at Suhyuk for a moment, turned his head.

Suhyuk's body was shaking back and forth like a languid person.

Choi cast a mysterious look at him. She always watched Suhyuk's actions closely.

A thin smile flowed over her mouth. 'What kind of interesting situation will happen?' She muttered herself and tapped him on the back gently. It was a small force but he could not withstand it and moved forward in the middle of Park treating the patient and the professor.

Narrowing his brows, the professor looked at him.

"What is it?"

After he swept his hair, Suhyuk looked at the professor.

"Brain herniation, headache, nerve damage, hemorrhage, paralysis, muscle weakness, bladder rectal symptoms, infection..."

He opened his mouth again, "And... isn't the doctor who causes the complications stupid?"

Same class: In this case it means the people who have entered into the company in the same year at the same time. In large companies you are expected to form a supportive connection with those who enter at the same time so you can show loyalty to each other and eventually to the company. Although not about Korea itself (though this wouldn't be too dissimilar), there is a book by Thomas Rohlen called "Spiritual Education" which talks about the aspects of loyalty to the company etc in case anyone is interested.

Chapter 43

It was as if time had stopped. Students and interns full of astonishment on their faces.

How did he dare behave and speak so rudely in front of the professors and the seniors?

With a deep frown, the professor did not take his eyes off Suhyuk.

Though everyone was surprised and felt discomfort, Suhyuk alone had a relaxed expression.

“Lee Suhyuk.”

The professor called him.

It was not such a big voice, but Suhyuk replied with surprise.

"Yeah?"

The professor turned to him and said, "Follow me."

Suhyuk followed him for a long time. Those around him were agitated.

Suhyuk followed him with a staggering gait.

At that moment while he was feelin dizzy, his classmates and seniors were staring at him.

So did the professor. What kind of situation is this anyway?

"Huh ..."

Suhyuk's, with his wide back, who deeply sighed, seemed to be kind of shabby today.

"I just feel sorry for him..."

"I wonder if he will get a big scolding..."

"Of course he will..."

Everyone cast their eyes at his back disappearing into the

distance.

He was usually a quiet and good guy. Then how could he have such sudden rude behavior?

It was unbelievable, but it had already happened.

Could it have an adverse effect on his practice score?

"Quiet!"

Everyone withdrew their attention from Suhyuk at Park's voice.

Prof. Lee Mansuk's office.

Lee stared at Suhyuk sitting on the opposite side with his sharp eyes.

On the contrary, Suhyuk was staring at the table without meeting his gaze.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes?"

Only then did Suhyuk lift his head.

"Have you ever studied about lumbar puncture before?"

"I read it in a book."

"I see..." he said.

Lee brought his coffee cup to his lips.

Then he asked, "Did you study legal medicine?"

In front of him was the student who unveiled the cause of death of the cadaver. Doctors too can roughly detect the cause of death, but it's very difficult to find out the exact cause like an autopsy doctor.

At his question, Suhyuk replied like before, "I studied it in a book."

"In a book..." Lee nodded his head.

Of course, it's possible to study about lumbar puncture in a book. Yeah, that's possible.

"In a little while you would become an intern and then resident, right?"

What did he want to say to me with such a cold look?

"As you know, when you become an intern, you can't even dream of personal time, let alone sleep."

Actually Suhyuk knew that very well. He heard that from his seniors.

The faces of the interns and residents who visited the hospital seemed exhausted all the time.

If they closed their eyes for even just a moment, they will likely immediately fall asleep because of their exhaustive tiredness. That would be his destiny, too.

"But I think you can be guaranteed your personal time and leisure time even if you become an intern."

"Why is that...?"

Lee laughed slightly, adding, "If you become my assistant..."

Suhyuk had no choice but to be surprised, while the professor recalled his arrogant attitude a moment ago. 'Isn't the doctor who causes complications stupid?' His way of speaking like that was very arrogant, but Lee liked it because he was right.

Actually when he heard something coming out of somebody's mouth that he used to think about, he felt as if the vigor of his youth were waking up the cells in every corner of his body again. He even felt he wanted to get out of the office right away to get hold of a scalpel.

"What do you think about my offer?"

Lee Suhyuk, who had more medical knowledge than his peers or even the interns, he was admitted to Daehan MS after he had been on the news twice. Surely there must be some professor who wants to retain him as his assistant. At last Lee found a guy that he really liked. Naturally he had to take some action in advance, so that other professors cannot snatch him away first. Those residents who were far from meticulous, exhausted by tiredness, did not attract his attention. He could not find any enthusiasm in their eyes.

‘If you decided to become a doctor to save a person, you should have at least this much vigor and spirit.’

Suhyuk had no choice but to feel embarrassed at Prof. Lee’s offer. For he expected a big scolding from him, but instead he offered an assistant role for him.

“Well.. let me...” muttered Suhyuk.

“Do you have another speciality in mind?” asked Lee.

With a regrettable expression, he nodded his head.

“Which speciality?”

“I want to ..”

At that moment Lee cut off his words.

"Choose neurosurgery. It is the flower of medical science. There is nothing particular in other specialities. And have you heard of my name?"

Suhyuk quickly searched for his name in his head.

There was nothing special he could recall, except he was a neurosurgeon professor.

When he was hesitant to speak, Lee opened his mouth bitterly.

"I just feel embarrassed to say this by myself, but many lawmakers and rich men come to me when they get hurt. Why is that? Because I’m the best doctor in this speciality in Korea.”

When Suhyuk's face was tinged with surprise, Lee made a satisfactory expression.

"How about it? Don't you feel attracted to it? If you become my assistant, money and honor will come naturally."

Suhyuk had no choice but to think it over.

Money? Of course he wanted to earn a lot so he could take good care of his parents.

But there was a priority in his work. He had to clean his sins.

"Sorry..."

"Wait a minute."

The professor, who received a call that he had an emergency patient, looked at Suhyuk with a wistful look. Though he wanted to talk more, he had to move because only he alone could treat the patient. Of course, he could make some other time to see Suhyuk.

"Are you busy after today's practice?"

"No."

Actually he had nothing particular to do.

"Good. Come to see me after practice. I've got some more things to talk to you about."

"Yes sir," said Suhyuk, rising from the seat.

So, they broke up. Suhyuk, who was going down the stairs, had a blank face.

'Lee asking me to be his assistant...' It was a golden opportunity for him to learn a lot under the direct guidance of Prof. Lee.

"I have to tell him clearly though..."

Unfortunately he had to decline Lee's offer politely. For he had to choose another department. Suhyuk was surrounded by members

of the same group.

"What did the professor say?"

"Suhyuk, why did you do that?"

Suhyuk laughed bitterly while he was listening to what his friends said about his behavior.

Only then did he faintly recall the rude words that he had said in front of the professor.

‘Do I suffer from excess stress symptoms?’

When stress builds up and accumulates, this behavior disorder may come about.

‘I have to rouse myself more tightly.’

When Suhyuk saw a patient, he felt impatient to treat him.

In such a situation, he just felt a headache and felt a pressure in his chest because he could not do anything as a trainee. The feeling of powerlessness he feels when he cannot do anything with a sick patient before his eyes. Maybe that came as a big stress to him. It’s about time he needed to learn to control his mind.

‘The hospital has many more excellent medical staff than I, and it is not too late for me to be qualified and learn enough first before seeing the patients.’ Suhyuk resolved himself like that as if he were hypnotizing himself.

"Lee Suhyuk."

Resident Park came to him quickly.

"I told you to stay silent so that you do not disturb the round. How dare you show such an arrogant behavior before the professor? Were you crazy?"

At his icy tone, Suhyuk recalled his mistakes once more in his head and said, "Sorry."

"I have never seen a guy who lost favor in the professor’s eyes get

a high score.”

"I'm sorry"

"What did the professor say?"

"Well ..."

"What did he say?"

“He asked me to be his assistant...”

"What?"

Park suspected his earring was wrong. He asked again, "You said he asked you to be his assistant?"

"Yes ..."

His eyes became wide.

‘Professor Lee, who seemed to have no interest in the residents, asked this yellow chick-like student to be his assistant’

Park, looking at Suhyuk quietly, was in pensive mood.

‘He likes this kind of style... Why didn’t I notice it up to now? Even if I appear arrogant, the professor likes the kind of vigor and spirit that I could speak out with what I have in mind, and that is the thing. If I become his assistant, I would have a bright future before me.’

"Where is the professor now?"

"He said he would go and do the surgery."

Park, who nodded his head as if he made some resolution, began to lead the trainees again. The evening was approaching. Park went to see Prof. Lee.

"What's going on?"

Park spoke, turning over the chart.

"As for patient Choi Jinhee, you prescribed medications to her, but I think the other way is the right prescription.”

The professor stared at him quietly. The inside of the professor's room was still. Only the dirt that glowed in the sky was floating freely.

When Park was intensely anxious, Lee's mouth opened, "Are you crazy?"

After finishing clinical practice, Suhyuk did not go to the house but sat in the hospital lobby.

It was because Professor Lee requested him to wait.

At that moment, a woman giving off a scent of fragrance came sitting next to him.

She was Choi Suryon.

"Are you not going to go home?"

"No. Because the professor says he has something to talk to me about..."

She was watching TV in the lobby, but there was nothing that attracted her eyes.

"You are welcomed everywhere you go."

He responded to her whispering words, "What did you say?"

Her hardened expression grew bright quickly, "Nothing, nothing at all."

She was wearing black stockings in a semi-formal suit.

She lifted her slender legs and massaged them. Fully exposed, her thigh looked breathtaking.

"I was just regretting that I wore high-heeled shoes today. I accidentally made a run in my stocking."

When Suhyuk nodded his head, turning his gaze elsewhere, she said in a coy tone, "Hey, your friend is sick right now. Would it kill you to take care of me?"

"You'll get better when you foment."

At that moment resident Park appeared.

"What are you guys doing here..."

He could not take his eyes off Choi's legs.

She quickly lowered her legs.

"What are you doing here while not going home?"

"Oh, I'm going home now," she said.

She knitted her brows while standing up. Of course, no one was aware of it because her face was buried by her long hair.

"See you tomorrow, sir. See you tomorrow, Suhyuk."

With that goodbye, she started moving.

"I want to go out for some fresh air, so let me take you to the front."

Park got close to her side. Choi did not refuse and laughed.

"Oh, thank you."

Then she looked at Suhyuk for a moment.

He was waving his hand toward himself.

'Yes, you should always act innocent as if you do not know anything. You...'

She turned around and walked out of the hospital with Park.

The crowded lobby was silent and many people started to go home one by one and others went into the hospital rooms.

"Suhyuk."

Professor Kim Jinwook, who came out to leave for home, found him.

"What are you doing not going home?"

Suhyuk rose from his seat and welcomed him, "The professor

told me to see him."

"Professor, what professor?"

"Professor Lee Mansuk."

Kim Jinwook knitted his brows.

Was it because he felt too complacent?

Prof. Lee was already hell bent on getting him as his assistant.

"Really? Actually I had something to tell him. Good timing."

He had known Suhyuk from when he was an intern, so he did not have the slightest intention of just kicking his heels and losing him like that.

"Lee Suhyuk."

Suhyuk turned his head to another voice calling him "Uh?"

Chapter 44

A man dressed in a classic suit fit for his body.

His face was also handsome like a movie star's. It was Kim Hyunwoo.

"What are you doing here?"

Kim Hyunwoo, with a slight smile, scrutinized Suhyuk up and down.

Suhyuk, dressed in a white gown, seemed to be a doctor already.

No, the Suhyuk he had in mind was already a doctor.

Even though he had no medical license, he was taking care of his mother.

"Well, I came here to inquire after someone's health. By the way, who is this person?"

"Oh, he is the professor here."

Kim Jinwook also wore a curious look.

"This is a person I know..."

"I'm Suhyuk's uncle. I hope he is in good hands."

Kim Hyunwoo reached for a handshake.

"Oh, no need to say that. He's a very smart student."

"Indeed he is," said Kim Hyunwoo, looking at him proudly as if he was his nephew.

"Well, next time I'll see you again."

Kim Hyunwoo moved straight to the elevator. At that moment he looked back at Suhyuk.

"Next week is my mother's birthday and I hope you can come. She really wants to see you."

She was irritated daily because she wanted to see the doctor.

"Yes, I will certainly come and see her."

With a peeking smile he got on the elevator.

"Has he ever come to the hospital before?" Kim Jinwook asked.

Suhyuk shook his head at his question.

"I think it's the first time he's come here."

'Kim Hyunwoo knew I was practicing at Daehan MS. If he had wanted to come here,

he would surely have contacted me first.'

The professor nodded his head slowly at Suhyuk's words.

Prof. Kim had seen his face before many times somewhere, but he couldn't recall where that was.

'Where did I see him before?'

"Prof. Kim, what are you doing here?"

Prof. Lee was walking down towards him.

Kim Jinwook bowed his head and said hello.

"Long time no see. I should have come to see you first..."

"We are not the kind of people who are just happy-go-lucky. I wish we would find a new talent, so that we can take a break," said Prof. Lee.

Lee's eyes gleaming at Suhyuk shone as if he were looking at bars of gold.

"Then let's see each other next time."

Prof. Lee then prodded on Suhyuk.

"Let's go."

"Well, professor Lee," said Kim.

Lee, who was moving forward, glanced at Kim with a flinch. He felt something doubtful.

"What do you have to say?"

"I think you are going out for dinner. Can I join you? I only had bread for lunch..."

Lee looked at Suhyuk with an embarrassed look.

"I'm okay, but I think this guy will be uncomfortable."

"Hahaha. It'll be okay. I've known him all along, from the time when I was an intern."

At that moment Prof. Lee knitted his brows.

An old-fashioned home decorated with tiles.

The two professors and Suhyuk sat in a neat room.

"Of the specialty beef restaurants I have visited, there is no place like this for meat. Just go ahead and eat it."

"Thanks for the meat." Suhyuk put the raw meat on the stove.

Befitting the expensive price of the meat, the stove was made of red clay. As soon as the meat was put on, the red color of the thin beef disappeared in an instant.

"Eat it quickly. You're supposed to eat it as soon as beef is put on the stove."

At Kim's words, Suhyuk took the meat into his mouth.

"It melts in your mouth," was exactly the right expression.

The meat disappeared in his mouth even with just a few times of chewing. Suddenly his parents came to his mind.

'I'll have to come back here later with them.'

Kim Jinwook and Lee Mansuk continued to drink, while Suhyuk was eating the meat.

"Professor Lee, please drink it with the meat. Otherwise it's bad for your stomach."

Lee smiled at his words.

"Well, I do not have appetizers when I drink alcohol. Why don't you eat it? Didn't you say you had only bread for lunch..."

"Well, I just feel bloated even though I ate a little. Can I order one more bottle of alcohol?"

"Sure, go ahead."

Although both of them did not directly express their intention, they knew it well.

This was a battle of pride to them. Whoever drinks himself down first is the loser, and the winner is given the right to win over Suhyuk's heart.

Neither of them could ever back down and each was confident.

Both of them have never been defeated before in a drinking battle.

Empty bottles continued to pile up, with one bottle, two bottles...

And when the full course of beef was served out, Kim Jinwook, whose face got hotter with intoxication, started to speak up in earnest, "You served me delicious meat, so let me treat you at another place. I know of a great bar that I stop by at sometimes."

"Sure, why not? I would feel sorry if we part here."

Kim heard his answer as a clear provocation. He could not be beaten.

Suhyuk shook his head quietly at both of them. It looked like they were determined to drink throughout the night.

"Then, let me leave first..." said Suhyuk.

The two professors shouted at him, "You should come with us!"

A room where sweet jazz was playing. Fresh fruits of the four seasons were well placed on the table. Kim Jinwook opened the lid

of hard liquor and said, "I drank 38 year-old Royal Salute the other day, and it tasted very good, I wonder if you'd like it."

"It's a pretty expensive liquor. I know it's over two million won." "That's why I only drink it sometimes, and seeing as I have come here tonight with you, I have to serve this much. hahaha."

'You want me to drink it up and get knocked down.'

Lee, who muttered like that, drank it with a smile.

"Oh, Suhyuk. You too should have a drink."

Suhyuk drank it without any reservation.

How was the taste of such an expensive hard liquor?

Clink, clink.

Suhyuk, who rolled ice in the cup several times, swallowed it instantly just like when he drank soju.

He felt it going down his esophagus, and he could feel some sort of fragrance inside the mouth that he could not express in words.

'That's why people like to drink this kind of liquor.'

He could probably understand why it was expensive.

"You are drinking well. Have another drink."

Suhyuk did not refuse it again this time.

As he was not in a position to join the conversation, he just had to drink.

An hour passed quickly.

When the liquor ordered ran out, Lee, very drunk, shouted at Kim, "Order one more bottle. Let me buy this time."

At that moment, Suhyuk rose from his seat.

"Where are you going?" the two professors opened their mouths at the same time.

"To the bathroom..."

Their surprised look went back to normal instantly.

"Okay, come back soon."

Inside the bathroom Suhyuk cooled off his hot face by washing it.

Was it because he drank hard liquor first? He got tipsy instantly.

He felt as if would fall asleep if he closed his eyes.

"I have to say that I have to leave first."

It was already 1am. After drying his wet hands, he went out the door.

At that moment, he ran into a man's shoulder.

"Fuck you! Open your eyes straight, okay?!"

Suhyuk, who had a slight twist in his face for a moment, soon said, "Sorry."

There was nothing good that would come about for him if he were to deal with such a guy.

It won't cause any trouble if one backs down first, and it was a place where there were the professors waiting for him.

"Watch out!" said the guy, going into the bathroom quickly.

Suhyuk moved his body again. He put his hand on the the wall while stumbling along.

Was it because he drank too much? He felt dizzy.

Moreover his black pupils had shrunk considerably and went back to normal in an instant.

The man who bumped into Suhyuk then came out.

"What the hell are you doing here? Just go home and hit the sack if you're drunk."

Staggering along, he passed by Suhyuk.

Suhyuk, who had his head lowered down, raised his head slowly.

His eyes rested on the guys back.

Suhyuk began to step towards his back.

"Damn, it's killing me."

The staggering man walked through the alley and walked well.

"Hey."

Did he hear someone calling him from behind? The man kept walking on.

"Hey."

Only then did the man turn back.

"What the hell?"

It was Suhyuk.

The man burst into laughter.

"You son of a bitch, were you following me like a puppy? Were you mad at me because of my swearing?"

Clenching his fist, he approached Suhyuk while cracking his finger knuckles.

"Sorry, but you'll get beaten up tonight seeing as you have followed me up to here."

He threw his fist at Suhyuk's face fiercely.

Surprisingly, it was the man who made a stuffy groan.

He had his back against the wall, and Suhyuk was pressing down his neck with his forearms.

"Oh, you son of a bitch...!" He could not speak any further.

It was because Suhyuk grabbed the ribs with his fingers.

Suhyuk grasped the ribs so perfectly that he would have broken the ribs if he pressed it a little harder. Suhyuk looked into his eyes

coldly.

"What did you say to me?"

"Fuck you!" said the guy, but he could not say any more because of the feeling that his ribs were going to fall out. Suhyuk was pressing down on the ribs more and more.

If he had pressed even more, the bones would break sharply and would be able to cause serious damage to his organs.

It was really like using one's bones as a sword.

"What did you say to me?"

The man apologized hastily. He felt that if he resisted any more, Suhyuk would break his bones.

Though he was drunk, he could definitely sense it, because his body gave a warning that Suhyuk was dangerous.

"I'm sorry. Let go hold of your grasp first."

Suhyuk laughed.

"You asshole... you should have checked your opponent first before attacking him."

As soon as he said that, the man's body was thrown plummeting to the floor.

Suhyuk hurled him down. Suhyuk's foot hit his face.

"You want to be killed? How dare you hit me?"

At that moment someone shouted,

"Het, stop right there!"

Police were coming towards them.

Someone, noticing them tangled as if they were fighting, had reported to the police.

Suhyuk, who was kicking him, stopped and muttered, "Damn it."

It was noisy and chaotic in the police box.

A drunken man sang a song loudly, and hurled curses as if he could not get over his anger over something. Among them was Suhyuk, who was sweeping up his hair.

Instead of responding to the police officer's questions, he just looked at the guy who had a fight with him as if he was still mad.

The guy who took a glance at Suhyuk said,

"Oh, it's okay with me. I do not want to do anything like taking charges. Just let me go, please. I'm busy!"

With a frown, the police officer nodded his head with an appreciating gesture.

"You said you do not want to take charges and you just want to go home? Got it. But as someone reported to us, all you have to do is write down some details on the paperwork. As it's our job, we can't help it. It'll be done quickly, So, give me your ID, please."

"I didn't bring my wallet."

The officer gave a little sigh and gave him a piece of paper.

"Write down your name and the resident number before going."

With a pen, he started to write down his personal information in a hurry.

The officer then approached Suhyuk this time.

"Hey, you heard me talking to him. As he said he didn't want to take charges, just fill out this and go home. Stop drinking."

Then someone called the officer from behind.

"Hey, brother."

The officer turned back.

A rookie officer, with a flyer in hand, was staring at the guy filling out the form.

"F*ck!"

Throwing away the pen, he jumped out of the police box quickly.

"Catch that bastard!"

The police followed him instantly.

Chapter 45

“Wake him up!”

"Hey, student, student, wake up! He won't wake up because he's far too drunk."

A police officer rummaged through his pocket, who was asleep.

He could find his cell phone instantly, and fortunately it needed no password to unlock.

While checking the contact numbers on his phone, the officer noticed 'My sister' on the contact list. It seemed like his real sister. Though in fact, there was no way the officer knew that he had saved Han Jihye's name like that on the phone. Of course, in Han Jihye's cell phone, Suhyuk's name was saved as 'My brother'.

The ringing sound did not last long.

“Hey, Suhyuk. What's up at this time?”

A voice came out from Han Jihye who just woke up.

It was currently 3am.

"This is a police officer. Are you Lee Suhyuk's family by any chance?"

"No..." She jumped out of bed, and added, "Yes, yes, you're right. Why are you calling?"

"Oh, Suhyuk fought against a wanted suspect..."

"Which police station are you calling from?"

Her drowsy eyes were gone and began to shine brightly.

A sight made up of police officers came into Suhyuk's eyes.

Suhyuk hastily raised his body, but a headache made his head painful.

Touching it, Suhyuk shook his head.

However expensive the liquor was, he could not help avoiding the hangover caused by it.

It was not that important to him.

'Why am I at the police station?' His memory was completely blown away.

'I should have drunk moderately...'

Suhyuk approached the police officer staring at a monitor.

At that moment, he heard a woman's voice from the side.

"Woke up?"

A beautiful woman with long hair tied behind her back, dressed in her training pants.

It was Han Jihye. She seemed like someone who just woke up and ran to find him, but even that could not hide her beauty. She gave him a cold canned drink.

"Why are you here, sister?"

Han Jihye rubbed his hair hard with her hands, and spoke to him, wearing a strange look.

"Don't you remember anything? You lost your memories completely..."

"Yes, I drank too much drink..."

Han Jihye grabbed Suhyuk's cheek and pulled it.

Her eyes were shining as if she was looking at a treasure box.

"I hear you caught the suspect. My darling! How cute you are!"

To her, there was no treasure like him.

Any news related to Suhyuk was a big scoop.

Medical student Lee Suhyuk. This time he caught a suspect who robbed several empty houses one after the other, and who the cops did not catch! How dramatic was it?

Was he not a hero in this tough world, who saved a person's life and caught a suspect?

Suhyuk did not hide his surprised look when he heard from Han that he, fully drunk, caught a suspect. He recalled what he had said to Dongsu in the past, "You have to quit drinking."

Thinking like that, Suhyuk looked at her with a worried look.

"Did you ... Did you already report about it? I would like you not to mention my name..."

It was really a big headache for him to get the spotlight.

Moving her gaze to one side, she laughed bitterly.

Suhyuk's head moved along with her to a black laptop closed.

While Suhyuk was asleep, she already made a report, which went out beyond her control.

"Next time I'll take your name off!"

Suhyuk's eyes, who seemed to give up on everything, turned toward the wall clock.

It was 8 am in the morning. He was late.

"I have to attend the clinical training, so let me go."

Suhyuk quickly went to the door.

"You have to eat something first!"

Even though she reached out her hands, he was already out of the police station.

The main gate of Daehan Hospital

Suhyuk, who was running hard, received a phone call.

"Hey, do you want to be a celebrity or something after giving up your medical career? Why are you again on the internet and TV?" Dongsu's voice, who was astonished at him, kept coming from his

cellphone.

The report filed by Han at dawn already was filling the morning hour shows.

The name reported was Lee Suhyuk. Though the report did not elaborate on him, he had a precedent in history: First aid for a high school student, and a medical student who revealed the cause of death of a cadaver. A little more research about him produced lots of related words. It was too easy to find out who he was.

"I'm going to be late now, so let's talk later."

After he hung up the phone call, Suhyuk passed through the lobby and finally arrived at a place where his peers gathered.

He could barely avoid being late.

Members of Suhyuk's group looked at him as if he was great and shook their heads.

Lee Suhyuk already drew the media's attention three times...

Was this enough to call him a semi-entertainer?

"Is your body okay?"

"Don't you deserve an award for being a brave citizen?"

Suhyuk had to smile bitterly.

The professors who drank yesterday with him also sent him messages, asking to see him after the clinical training.

If he became an intern, how many more nonsensical things would happen?

Although he became sober, he felt his head throbbed painfully.

At that moment Park Ganghyun approached them.

"Good morning, sir!"

Greeted by everyone, he nodded his head and looked at Suhyuk.

His eyes were glaring as if he were asking him what kind of guy

he was.

Shaking his head, Park turned around and said to the trainees, "Today's training will take you to the emergency room, the heart of the hospital, so you have to be careful, okay?"

"Yes!"

"If you make a mistake, I will take off some scores from your usual attitude grade. Got it?"

"Yes!"

Suhyuk's group went straight into the emergency room.

There were not only those groaning patients who complained of their pain, but also other emergency patients who kept coming in. Suhyuk calmed down his throbbing heart.

It would not be late for him to become qualified and learn enough first before taking care of them.

There were many doctors in the hospital who were more excellent than he. His self mind control like that worked. He did not feel drowsy like before. Rather he felt his concentration improved.

Park turned over the interns to the resident who was almost a fixture in the emergency room.

"Sixty percent of the patients in the emergency room are all in critical condition, so be careful that you do not interfere with the medical staff treating them."

Park left the emergency room leaving behind those words. The tired resident approached the group. As if he regularly exercised, his shoulders were wide and strong, but his face belied it. He had an impression like a good bear.

"Glad to see you. My name is Oh Byungchul. You guys are not yet near the point where I test your practice abilities, right?"

"No, sir!"

Approving of their spirited voice, he made a gentle smile, and he then looked at Suhyuk.

“Are you a public figure or someone who prefers the private life?”

At his words, the trainees burst into a laughter. And it was only for a brief moment. They soon followed Oh.

Patients constantly came to the emergency room.

A child who swallowed a coin, a patient complaining of abdominal pain, or a person who was in a traffic accident. Oh Byungchul was too busy to take care of them.

For so many patients were pouring into the emergency room like water.

Several interns there were short handed. However, all of them were able to diagnose effectively and connect them quickly to the medical team appropriate for each patient.

The trainees followed Oh, holding their breath. It was the same for Suhyuk.

Bump! He turned back his head at the bump sound.

"100J!"

Bump!

As soon as the stun gun hit the patient's body, his body oscillated the bed.

"Give him more! Raise it to 150!"

Bump!

The cardiograph that made a flat oscillation showed the line going up and down on the screen.

When the doctor wiped the sweat off his forehead, Suhyuk took a sigh of relief.

At that moment there was a guy who shouted suddenly. A

middle-aged man in his late 40s.

The chin line, which stands out in his dry physique, sharpened his impression.

"Then why did you call me? Because the person was dying, you want me just to know about it? With that kind of fall, he needs an emergency first aid quickly. It's too late if he gets transported here!"

The man, who took off the phone from his ears, breathed out deeply as if he was mad.

Then he put his cellphone back to his ear.

"You say the helicopter is passing by our hospital? Then stop by here briefly. Did you hear the answer he wanted?"

After he hung up the phone, he began to collect medical devices in his black bag. Syringe, thread, scissors, sap.

It seemed as if he put everything in the bag, but all of them were essential. Then he carried his bag quickly and looked around him. His eyes met Suhyuk's.

"Are you an intern? Follow me."

He needed an assistant.

"I'm not an intern..."

The professor turned around and stared sharply at Suhyuk when he heard no indication of his following. Suhyuk looked at Oh with a perplexed expression.

Oh then looked at the professor and Suhyuk in turn. The professor's voice was heard at the moment, "Do come quickly!"

With a frown, Oh said to Suhyuk,

"The professor is calling you. Just follow him quickly!"

"Yes, yes."

Suhyuk had to follow the professor.

Suhyuk and the professor were standing in front of the elevator. Where does he want to go? The professor pushed the top button. "The door opens," said a recorded message.

The professor first entered the elevator and Suhyuk got in.

"A person fell off the cliff while climbing."

"Professor, I'm not an intern..."

Did he hear Suhyuk?

The professor received a phone call. Even though they were in the elevator, the phone rang very well.

"Did you land? Okay."

They arrived on the rooftop. Suhyuk had no choice but to open his mouth because a helicopter was waiting with a loud noise. It was a 119 emergency helicopter.

'I wonder if he will get aboard the helicopter.'

His prediction was correct.

"Do get in quickly!" said the professor.

At his pressing, Suhyuk lowered his body and approached the helicopter.

He had not yet even boarded a plane, and now he was getting aboard a helicopter.

He could see the hospital disappearing gradually in the distance...

At a mountainside.

Trees were shaken by the powerful propeller of the helicopter, and they saw two people in red climbing gear there. They were so lucky that they were hanging in the middle area protruded from a vertical cliff. It was literally sheer luck. However, there was no sign of their movement.

A rope fell off the helicopter, and the rescue team started to take off. The rope swinging in the wind looked very dangerous.

The professor was watching it seriously in the helicopter.

Suhyuk looked at him.

'Did he come to see the patient by using a helicopter?'

He did not hear or see that there was such a doctor.

No, he was watching such a doctor now.

Looking at the professor, Suhyuk's heart pounded hard, and it came to his mind: 'He's a genuine doctor.'

Soon, one unconscious person came up into the helicopter. Now the other person was left.

The professor took off his overcoat while waiting, and he scrutinized the patient's chest, belly, and arms with his hands. At the same time, he knitted his brows suddenly.

"Hah ... there is nothing normal in his body..."

His arms and ribs were broken. Suhyuk already recognized the seriousness of his condition. The bulging belly was clearly marked with a bruise. It was very possible that the organs were damaged. With such a condition, it was essential to pierce through his chest and inject drugs.

The professor, with a regrettable and serious expression, looked at Suhyuk.

Chapter 46

“Seeing as you’re an intern, have you observed a lot of surgeries?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth with an embarrassed expression.

"I'm only a [PK](#)."

‘Why do I feel sorry to him when I was forced to come here involuntarily?’

“What the heck?”

The professor, who had a cold look, quickly softened his face.

Actually he was in a situation where he had to deal with all the work, including the role of an assistant. He lifted the patient's closed eyelids to check the pupils.

No matter how the professor flashed the light from the torch in the eyes, there was no reaction from the patient.

Clearly he was in an unconscious state.

Giving a sigh, he immediately put on an oxygen mask to help the patient breathe, and then checked the blood pressure. The professor knitted his brows. He could not get any blood pressure. It was impossible to administer medication to the peripheral vein.

The criterion for severely traumatized patients worldwide is when they fall down from a place higher than 6 meters up. It was natural that the patient’s body would have problems, because he fell down from a place as high as 13 meters. One has no choice but to create a route to administer the drug by using the [central line](#).

Then the other patient was brought into the helicopter.

Suhyuk helped to move the patient and lay him down, and he took off his clothes and checked the status as if he were performing an assistants role.

"Professor, I can't get his blood pressure."

At his words, his face was further distorted. The condition of the two patients was serious.

The professor moved hastily. First, he applied a local anesthesia to the patient in front of him, and poured out all the stuff from the bag he had packed. Inside was a box of long length. It was a kit exclusively for central venous catheter insertion. It was composed of a long and thick needle, wire and drape, suture and so on.

The professor began disinfecting the dimple beneath the collarbone of the patient.

His eyes shone sharply and he had a point in his eyes.

He located a position to poke a long and thick paracentesis needle, which needed a skill that required a high concentration as the needle was put into the chest.

[Pneumothorax](#) could have happened if the needle was slightly deflected or stretched.

Besides, they were inside the helicopter that shook the surroundings.

Even the professor, unable to balance his body and hands, was shaking.

But there was no hesitation. The needle was pierced into the vena cava precisely.

His work did not end there. He inserted a guide wire all the way through the needle.

As he wore such a serious look, his face seemed to have no expression at all.

At that moment the professor's eyes moved toward Suhyuk. He was drawing out blood in the abdomen with a syringe. Not only did he do that but he also marked off the exact location with the disinfectant to draw the C line correctly.

"You say you're a student?" asked the professor.

Because it is not easy for a student to draw blood from the abdomen as well as locate the exact position to catch the C line.

"He seemed to be in such a critical condition, so I drew out the blood first."

Moving his hands busily, the professor alternately looked at his patient and the patient Suhyuk was taking care of. The Golden Time has already passed. Five hours after the accident.

Even one more second could not be missed. And there were not enough hands to treat the patients. The professor turned the unvented central venous catheter insertion kit to Suhyuk, and he said, "Just poke it where you already marked off."

What he meant was that he apply the paracentesis needle to the C line. Winding the wire, he opened his mouth again, "You just do it as I tell you to do. First, put the needle..."

At that moment the professor had no choice but to stop talking, because he found the needle already being stuck in the patient's chest. He saw Suhyuk doing it skillfully. That was not all. When the blood flowed back, Suhyuk was checking whether it was an artery or not.

"Oh... just marvelous," said the professor.

The professor, shaking his head with a dumbfounded expression, focused on his patient.

Blood was supplied through the line planted in the patient's chests, and various liquids were also inserted. Then, little by little, the condition of the patients began to recover with signs of vitality appearing.

However, it was necessary not to be careless.

They had to confirm the exact diagnosis at the hospital.

The two of them continued to pull blood from the patients'

abdomens.

Whenever they did so, the professor looked at Suhyuk unbelievably.

Beads of sweat dropped from his forehead. He could have wiped the sweat blocking his vision, but instead he just concentrated on the procedures. His eyes looked even somewhat scary.

The propeller of the helicopter was running for about 30 minutes. Finally it reached the rooftop of the hospital. The waiting medical staff rushed toward it quickly. They carefully laid the patients on the wheeled bed and headed for the elevator.

"Run! Faster!"

At the professor's shouting the medical staff quickened their gait. It was the same for Suhyuk.

Pushing the stretcher with the medical staff, Suhyuk's eyes were tinged with regret.

"Could they ever stand up again?"

Suhyuk looked at the professor yelling at the medical staff.

'He could... The expressionless face and the quick action of his when he deals with a patient. In a way it seemed he took care of them without caring about them. There was no hesitation or indecision on his part. But his glaring eyes were different. He was full of a determination that he could do his best to treat a patient.' Suhyuk clearly could discern it.

The two patients had examinations immediately. As expected, their organs were damaged and abdominal bleeding was severe. The bones were cracked and broken. The situation was urgent. Eventually, the professor decided to take care of the most urgent patient, and the other patient was assigned to another team.

Before entering the operating room, the professor said to the patient's wailing family, "I will do my best, calm down and look at

me, and I will do my best."

The guardians also grabbed Suhyuk's hands and entreated him to save his life.

Whatever money the surgery needed, they said they did not care as long as his life could be saved.

Suhyuk's expression changed bitterly, because the patient's condition was too serious.

He wondered if the patient could survive, and he could not participate in the surgery.

So Suhyuk looked at the professor who entered the operating room.

Somehow he felt the professor could save the patient by all means. He just felt it vaguely.

Soon the door to the operating room was closed and Suhyuk turned back.

At that moment, the door opened again.

"Where are you going?" the professor appeared again and asked of Suhyuk.

"As you have touched the patient, you have to take responsibility until the end!"

So, Suhyuk went into the operating room.

The operating room with a cold mechanical sound.

The medical staff were moving busily. Blood and sap were hanging around and the preparation for surgery was over. Then the professor moved with a scalpel. Finally, the patient's abdomen was opened, and a sigh came out from the mouth of the professor.

The organs were ruptured and distension was occurring. Watching it nearby, Suhyuk knitted his brows. The blood caused by damaged organs was sloshing in there.

It was impossible to pinpoint exactly which organ was ruptured and how much blood was to be ablated because the blood blocked his vision.

"First we will lower the pressure at the site where the dissension occurred. Suction!"

What the professor meant was to draw out the blood from the organ with distension.

The scalpel moved, and the organs poured blood like water guns.

The medical staff were quick to respond. They immediately put the suction device to draw the blood coming up.

"Irrigation!"

When the professor ordered, the speciality nurse handed down the saline solution. "More."

The saline in the container continued to pour into the abdomen of the patient. Saline was sloshing with the blood in the patient's abdomen. The device continued to suck out the blood. But that was not enough. In the end, the blood was overflowing and the floor was filled with blood.

In order to prevent slipping, the medical staff threw down onto the floor surgical gowns and the doctor gowns hung on one side. After removing blood and saline, they could see the ruptured organs finally. The professor shook his head while Suhyuk gave a sigh.

Now they had to find out how much of the ruptured organs they had to incise, and where bleeding occurred. The professor's hand moved busily. Next to him, Suhyuk was just watching.

Although the professor told him to take responsibility for the patient, he was a student.

He could not have him use the scalpel.

"I feel like the inside of the patient's stomach had received a

shock," Suhyuk murmured.

With a faint sigh, the professor stared at Suhyuk.

He confirmed the patient's condition, but when he reexamined it, Suhyuk was right.

Was he really a PK? His suspicion quickly disappeared.

Now it was time for him to concentrate on the patient.

After four hours of long surgery, the patient was taken to the recovery room.

Now that the patient had his damaged organs partly cut and removed, it was time for him to fight the complications. The professor met the guardians immediately.

"The surgery did go very well, but I need to check the progress. So, please steel yourselves. You will have a lot of difficulties from now on. The patient will become strong when you're strong-minded. I'll do my best until then."

After meeting the guardians, the professor moved with Suhyuk.

"Where are you going, sir?"

At his question, he answered briefly, "To smoke a cigarette."

The two escaped the hospital building and arrived at the smoking room.

As the cigarette was burning, the smoke filled the professor's lungs and then it came out.

"Huhwu ..."

The professor was looking up at the night sky and said,

"He did look like a climber, did he not?"

"Yes," Suhyuk nodded his head.

He was referring to the patient he just did the surgery for.

He could feel it from the patient's clothes.

"He fell down while working."

The professor heard from someone that he fell down while carving a rock. He could not know what he was carving and how much he was making for that, but one thing was certain.

"Do you know what kind of work most emergency patients in critical condition are doing?" asked the professor.

Suhyuk shook his head. He did not know it.

The professor, puffing out the smoke, said with a lonely smile,

"Most of them are doing manual work, such as shipping deliveries or working at distribution centers, and many of them come to the hospital as patients."

Mainly poor people suffering from daily life get involved in accidents.

About 80% of those patients had similar jobs. Those without enough income become more exposed to risk and become patients. The professor no longer spoke.

As those people were in such a miserable condition, does it mean that doctors should do their best to treat them? Suhyuk was nodding his head, when the professor put out the smoked cigarette and put a new one in his mouth.

"By the way, are you really a student? What's your identity?"

He skillfully located the C line and the bleeding area of the patient in the operating room, which was a high-level technique that a PK could never carry out. Suhyuk just scratched his head.

'Finally the time came... What should I tell you?'

Suhyuk opened his mouth.

Poli Clinic

Central line is basically a large vein and this is where the catheter

is inserted into.

Abnormal collection of air between the lung and chest wall.

Chapter 47

"Well..."

"Professor!" called an intern who rushed toward the professor urgently just as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth.

"There is an emergency patient."

A thick cigarette smoke puffed into the air from the professor's mouth.

He rubbed out the cigarette and looked up at Suhyuk.

"PK student, I'll see you next time."

So the professor left the room, and Suhyuk looked up at the sky and said in a soft voice, "In my dream, it was him that I learned from, and he was a very scary person. It's a dream... It's like a dream," his muttering spread into the sky.

Surprisingly someone replied to it. She had been leaning against a drink vending machine as if she were hiding there. It was Choi Suryon.

"In a dream? Humm.. you're talking about some strange things..."

A dark shadow covered her face, but her white teeth were shining brightly.

Suhyuk immediately went to see Professor Lee Mansuk.

"You're a little late."

"Sorry."

"It's okay, it's okay. That can happen when you're busy."

When Suhyuk sat down, he opened his mouth,

"Anyway, did you catch the suspect? That's why you disappeared without a word yesterday."

"I was absent-minded yesterday. I'm sorry."

He could not remember how he caught the suspect. As he was drunk, he fell asleep soundly soon after the incident.

At his words, the professor nodded his head approvingly.

He seemed to show he was a generous person.

"Have you thought about my offer?"

He asked him to be his assistant.

"I'm sorry," replied Suhyuk.

The professor's expression was surprisingly calm.

He just nodded and lifted his coffee cup.

"Anytime, you can come and see me if you change your mind."

"Thank you."

After that, they exchanged some trifle conversation...

Suhyuk then said goodbye and rose up from his seat.

The professor fixed his gaze on the back of Suhyuk, who went outside.

'You will come to me at the end of the day. I will make you come to me.'

Suhyuk came out into the hallway and went straight to Kim Jinwook.

Kim greeted him with great delight.

He handed Suhyuk a cup of coffee that he brewed himself, and talked for a while about what happened yesterday. They did not exchange any particular conversation.

"Yeah, I'll see you again tomorrow," said the professor.

Suhyuk, who went out of the faculty room, shook his head.

As things stand now, he may have to stop by the two professors'

offices every day first thing in the morning.

“Huhwoo...”

He did not expect that he would be so busy like that.

With a low sigh, he moved to the elevator to return home.

Then his cell phone vibrated. It was a call from Dongsu.

"Are you busy?"

"I'm going home now."

"I'll introduce you to a girl. So, come to my place."

Suhyuk shook his head without realising it.

"Are you not studying?"

"I got first place in the class this time," Dongsu said.

Was he a genius?"

“Introducing me to a girl at this hour? I’m going home.”

It was already 9 o'clock at night.

“Come out. I’m in front of the hospital.”

Suhyuk was blown away by his insistence.

When did he get here?

"I'm tired today."

"Just get out here."

The phone was hung up like that.

When Suhyuk walked out of the hospital, Dongsu, leaning on the street pole, revealed himself sneakily.

"Why did it take so long for a trainee to go home?"

"Did you wait for me? Do you even know when it is that I finish?"

"No, I didn't wait. I was nearby, and came here as you were done."

Suhyuk looked at him up and down.

Dongsu was dressed up in a clean, unusual suit.

Suhyuk soon realized his intention.

"No way.. Are you here for a blind date?"

"You're quick witted! Actually I want you to meet a lady whose partner didn't come."

"Go somewhere else to find her partner. I'm so tired today. I even got aboard a helicopter."

"What?! Helicopter?"

Dongsu quickly caught up with Suhyuk, who was walking ahead.

"Please do me a favor only this time. Please, brother Suhyuk!"

Dongsu was staring at him with earnest eyes.

"Well... Let me just sit down briefly and leave after, brother!"

A man in front of the bar welcomed Dongsu.

He was in the same class from the same law school.

His eyes became wide at Suhyuk.

"Was he really your friend?"

"Yeah, I told you man, he was a real friend of mine."

Suhyuk first greeted him.

"Hello."

"Hello. I've heard a lot about you from Dongsu, and I've seen you on TV too."

When Suhyuk smiled awkwardly, he said to Dongsu playfully, "Did you bring too strong of a competitor?"

"Do not worry. He's such a fool, so he will stay like a mannequin and go away."

So, they went in. The bar was buzzing with singing and people's voices.

They sat at an appropriate place and waited for their partners.

A short time passed. After 20 minutes, three beautiful women came to the spot.

They were dance majors.

"Hello."

The eyes of the three guys began to shine brightly. Not only their faces but also their figures were great.

No wonder those dance girls were clearly different from other girls.

"Oh, you must be Lee Suhyuk, right, right?" a girl who recognized him said.

Not only she but the other girls also recognized him.

"I saw you on TV when I was a middle school girl. I heard that you caught a criminal suspect this time."

All of their gazes were fixed on Suhyuk.

"Don't you have a girlfriend? How come you are here for a blind date?"

At that moment Dongsu interrupted, "I also was on TV hahaha."

Unfortunately, they did not recognize him.

"Oh, you were..."

They then introduced themselves naturally. First, the men simply told the girls about their age and name, and the women followed suit.

"Hello, I am 22 years old and my name is Han Isul, Korean dance major."

She had big beautiful eyes resembling a puppy's. She also had a

good impression.

After she introduced herself, Dongsu whispered to Suhyuk, "She's mine."

Suhyuk shook his head and nodded with a sip of water.

"Hello, my name is Im Heeyon, and I'm of the same class with Isul."

She was an exotic girl with a small face and well-defined features.

When she smiled shyly, the dimples gently setting in her face looked pretty.

"Hello, my name is Yun Kahee. I'm also of the same class."

She was like a modern chic woman. Yun's v-necked clothes showed her breathtaking breasts every time she moved.

After the introduction, they exchanged drinks a few times.

The awkward atmosphere was soon gone and they were having a great time gradually.

"Aren't you medical students busy? I was told that you were too busy to even eat..."

"Not necessarily..."

Actually it's when they became interns that they start become hectically busy.

Suhyuk poured beer into his cup.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let me pour it for you."

"Thank you."

Then Dongsu rose from his seat.

"We can't skip this game at a drinking party like this. Do you know the number-matching game on the bottle cap?"

"Of course!"

So they played various games.

Suhyuk never got tricked during the game. Others put their brains to work to tempt him to get tricked, but it was not easy. The containers of soju and beer changed from time to time, but did not land on Suhyuk. Suhyuk rose from his seat while they were laughing and talking like that. Opening their eyes widely, the female students looked up at him.

Dongsu asked hastily, "Where are you going?"

"To the bathroom..."

When he was heading to the bathroom, his phone was ringing.

"You are not going home, right?"

"No, don't worry."

"Leave your phone here when you go to the bathroom."

With a feigned smile, Suhyuk walked into the bathroom, shaking his head.

At that moment he heard some voices from behind him.

"Hello..."

Suhyuk looked back. It was Im Heeyon who looked pretty.

"Yeah?"

She showed hesitation at Suhyuk's response.

Her cheeks blushed.

"Can I get your contact number?"

Throughout the drinking binge, she remained silent all along, and he heard vaguely that she was forced to come to this place by her friends.

It would not have been easy for her to pluck up her courage like this.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk put his number on the phone she gave him.

She bent to say goodbye.

"Let me leave first because of the curfew hour... Nice to meet you."

She ran away from the bar as if she were fleeing.

"I think I should leave too, so that the others can enjoy themselves as a pair."

Suhyuk quietly went out of the bar.

The cold air of the outside made him feel strangely excited.

He was sober because he drank only a few glasses.

It was 10:30pm. Hana's Rice and Soup store was not yet closed at that time.

They will be busy preparing to close a bit later.

He visualized the sight of Hana and her father cleaning up the tables and washing the dishes piled up like a mountain. Suhyuk moved without hesitation. At that moment he saw a bus destined for Hana's store arriving at the bus top. He quickened his gait to the stop.

As he opened the door, Hana was sweeping the floor and cleaning the table as expected.

"Hi?" said Suhyuk.

She leered at him as if she were asking him why he came again, and as soon as she was about to say something, he had already disappeared into the kitchen.

"How are you sir?"

"Hey, why are you here? We're almost closed for the day."

"I'm bored."

The kitchen sink was piled up with pots.

Suhyuk rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and pushed him out inch by inch.

"Let me do the dishes."

Hana's father stepped away from Suhyuk looking at him as if he were resigned.

Suhyuk immediately began washing dishes.

Finishing the dishes quickly, he came out alone, dusting off his hands, and he checked his cell phone. It was a little past 11pm.

"Oh, look at that."

Suhyuk, who put down his cell phone at the table, approached him.

Hana's father watched the news with a frown. The news had it that a house was robbed and all the family members were killed. Suhyuk also looked sad. Death due to excessive bleeding.

"If they were taken quickly to the hospital, they could have survived..."

Of course, as long as the organs were not damaged.

Then he said, "Ooops, I'm being absent-minded. I have to throw away the garbage." He moved in with limp.

But Suhyuk moved faster.

"Let me throw it away."

Suhyuk grabbed a bag of garbage that was on one side.

Beep. The cell phone rang at the table. The message screen was displayed openly, which read "It's Im Heeyon. Are you still the bar? It was really fun today. I want to see you again if a chance comes along..."

When Suhyuk was about to catch his cell phone, Hana snatched it quickly as if she were taking away the trash bag.

"Isn't it a lie that medical students are busy? You have plenty of time to see a woman and drink."

After throwing icy remarks like that, she went out with the garbage dump.

Hana's father laughed silently at her gesture like that. And he looked at Suhyuk scratching his head. His daughter's gaze at Suhyuk. How could he not know the meaning of such a gaze as her father?

"Suhyuk?"

"Yeah?"

"What do you think about Hana?"

Suhyuk answered with a smile, "She is pretty, popular and works at large company. She seems to be the perfect girl."

"Of course, she is. I mean, what do you think of her as a woman?"

Suhyuk was speechless at that moment.

Wu-dang-tang! A loud sound was heard from outside.

"Damn it. They have to learn how to drink..."

Hana's father shook his head.

At this time of the day there were constant noises of drunk people and those talking loudly.

Then, he came to think of his daughter who went out to throw away the garbage.

With an anxious expression, he was about to stand up, but Suhyuk moved quickly.

"Let me go out."

He opened the door.

Vroom!

It seemed that a bike passed by. He saw a motorcycle

disappearing rapidly.

'How can a motorcycle drive that fast in an alley like this? What if they had caused an accident?'

Looking at the disappearing motorcycle with an upset expression, Suhyuk moved toward the garbage collection box. Walking a few footsteps like this, he tilted his head sideways.

The garbage bag that Hana carried was thrown onto the street with its side broken open.

And Hana was there fallen down.

"Oh my god, Hana..."

Staring at her blankly, Suhyuk quickly came to her. A red stream of blood from her body flowed along the slope of the road. Her eyes closed halfway. Hana opened her mouth as if she was murmuring.

"I am so sleepy..."

Chapter 48

Suhyuk's eyes were filled with despair.

Hana was bleeding too much.

"What happened... How did this happen?!"

It seemed to be related to the motorcycle that disappeared down the alley a little while before. But right now, that was not important. He scrutinized her whole body quickly to find the area the blood was pouring from.

"Where is it ... Hana, which area do you feel pain from?"

He could not see the wound. But he could not touch her body carelessly because moving her wrongly could lead to more blood gushing out. Suhyuk continued to check her body.

Suhyuk had a look on his face that seemed horrifying.

Some mumbling came out of her mouth, as she were looking at him blankly.

"You ... you are not crying, are you?"

His eyes became red as drops of tears looked like they were about to fall off if he blinked his eyes.

"Hana.. tell me, which area do you feel pain from?"

She made a hard smile. And her eyes were becoming closed more and more.

"I feel cold."

Her eyes closed with a short voice after that.

"Wake up! Don't close your eyes. Open your eyes!"

Suhyuk caught her slender shoulders.

"Wake up, you have to harass me like before. Just harass me with open eyes like before!"

Despite Suhyuk's screaming, her closed eyes would not open.

Drip. drip.

Sparkling drops of tears from Suhyuk's eyes fell down onto Hana's white face.

"Let's go, let's get up, let's go to the hospital, hospital..."

Suhyuk raised her body in a hugging style. At that moment, a rebar was pulled out from her back. A rebar as long as 8 cm had been nailed into her back.

Rushing into the rice and soup house, Suhyuk shouted, "Call 119!"

He laid her back down with her belly touching on the ground.

Surprised, her father fell before her while rushing forward.

"Hey, why are you doing this?"

Suhyuk did not answer him, but dialed 119 first.

"Here with me is a patient with excessive bleeding. Please come quickly! Blood type B blood packs are needed urgently. The patient may die soon."

He ended the call after mentioning the address.

After soaking a towel, he squeezed it out completely. Suhyuk came back to her urgently, and tore off her clothes. There was a deeply penetrating wound on her waist. The blood gushing from there reddened her white skin. He blocked it with a towel right away. The bleeding site was not very good.

If it was her leg or an arm, he would tie it with a string, but it was her waist.

And her white face became more and more pale like a piece of white paper.

With a blank expression, her father shook her upper body.

"Hana, Hana, wake up! Why are you lying down? It's dirty, get up!"

Suhyuk, who was blocking the bleeding wound, pushed him away.

"Father, she will bleed more if you move her. So, trust me."

"What's wrong with you, Hana..."

About 5 minutes passed. 119 paramedics rushed in.

Appreciating Suhyuk's words, they carefully shifted Hana to the stretcher.

Suhyuk, riding with the ambulance, hardened his expression because he did not see what he wanted anywhere.

"Did you bring any blood type B?"

They shook their heads.

B-type blood packs usually found in abundance were not available at all on that day.

Suhyuk was forced to look at her with a sigh. He wanted to use a syringe to pull blood out of him his own blood, but even with the same blood type, if the leukocytes in his blood were not compatible with hers, they would attack each other. Then the situation would become worse, and Hana would...

Suhyuk grasped her white hand firmly, which seemed to be infinitely weak.

As soon as Hana arrived at the hospital, she immediately was examined.

As the doctor was examining her CT, Suhyuk was there next to him.

"Student, look here..."

"Please do a blood transfusion first, because it is urgent!"

The doctor flinched at his sharp eyes.

"Student, we have the procedure to follow..."

"Don't you see her blood pressure is plummeting inducing hypothermia?"

Hana lying on the stretcher was headed to the operating room.

"Guardians, please wait here."

Despite the nurses' request, Suhyuk was trying to get into the operating room.

"Guardian!"

Only at the doctor's shouting did Suhyuk come to his senses and said, "A rebar pierced into her back missing the organs, so it seems there was no organ damage. Just in case, however..."

"I will do my best."

The doctor said so and disappeared.

Suhyuk sat on the waiting chair.

"You can survive, Hana. You can survive, you have to get up."

There was nothing he could do at this moment.

Suhyuk looking down at his hands with which he wrapped his face.

Just futile. When he really needed to, he could not use his own hands.

Suhyuk wrapped his face again. His mumbling of self-reproach kept coming out between his fingers.

"Damn it...Damn...Stupid me!"

At that moment he heard someone's footsteps.

Limping, limping.

Hana's father.

He was walking fast while looking at the red light indicating there was an operation going on.

“Hana, she will be okay?”
Suhyuk rose from the seat.

“She’ll be okay, and she will definitely get up again.”

Since when did it start? Tears that he could not control were dropping from his eyes.

When he wiped tears like a child, Hana’s father hugged him.

“Yeah, you’re a medical student, and if you say she is okay, she will be okay. Yeah...”

Hugged in Hana’s father’s arms, Suhyuk, who was dropping his head, could see his wounded foot was bare, with one shoe lost. Suhyuk had not yet fixed this foot of his. And the same for Hana who closed her eyes before him.

‘How stupid of me.. Lee Suhyuk, you’re such a stupid guy.’

Suhyuk fell down on one knee and shook the dirt off his foot, saying, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

"What are you sorry for? I told you not to say sorry again..."

Even from his eyes staring at the closed operating room door, tears were falling.

Probably, it was on a certain night. The winter night where white snow was falling aplenty.

Yes, it was. White snow falling heavily on the lights of the tree-lined streets looked as beautiful as flowers. Right there I slipped like a fool and probably had my ankles sprained. You knelt on the white snow and stroked my reddened ankles. That day... Do you remember?

Hana’s eyes opened gently. A fluorescent light shining white came into her eyes.

"Hana?"

Her eyes moved sideways. It was Suhyuk.

"How do you feel? Can you see me?"

His face that at first appeared blurred was then seen clearly, and his voice was heard distinctly.

"Your father just went to the bathroom."

She nodded slowly. Then, she looked at Suhyuk silently who was checking her condition.

‘Back then, he must have been very cold because his knees were buried in snow.’

"Suhyuk."

"Don't overdo yourself. You may come speak another time."

Suhyuk moistened her cracked lips with a towel.

There was a slight smile on Hana's eyes.

"Back then, you felt very cold?"

"Uh? What?"

Hana slowly shook her head as if she were asking him how he could not remember it. And when she opened her eyes again, her gaze was fixed on Suhyuk's knees.

She has been hospitalized for over a week.

Fortunately, there were no complications, and her body recovered quickly.

After clinical practice, Suhyuk came to Hana right away.

Suhyuk, who visited her room today, checked her physical condition here and there, as if he were her primary care physician.

"I am okay."

Suhyuk laughed gently, "Yeah, I think you're definitely better now."

It seemed to be possible for her to be discharged soon.

That was not all, of course. That motorcycle that hit her shoulder and ran off; the hit-and-run criminal had to be arrested.

"The police are still investigating the incident."

She nodded and opened her mouth, "I am feeling stuffy in here."

When she tried to get up from her seat, Suhyuk helped her. And he helped her to sit in the wheelchair.

"It's cold outside."

He covered her with his padded clothes.

She hugged the fluffy padded clothes of his, and could feel his warmth.

Does he use perfume? The smell is also good.

Suhyuk looked at her with a smile.

'Now... I do not know what to think.'

She laughed and said, "Let's go."

Today of all days there seemed to be so many stars in the night sky.

"Don't you feel cold?" asked Suhyuk.

Hana looked up at him and replied, "Yes."

Suhyuk looked down at her. Hana's two eyes holding the stars twinkled.

"Huh, I feel the atmosphere here smells a little fishy?"

The two turned their heads toward a familiar voice.

It was Dongsu walking with a black bag.

Suhyuk answered with a smile.

"What's in there?"

"Spicy roasted rice cake and boiled sausage."

Hana narrowed her eyes.

"I never said I wanted to eat it, and now I can not eat anything."

"It's okay, you will not die after eating it. Just try it. You won't be able to stop once you start eating."

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "You just bought it because you wanted to eat it."

The students who had been following the resident for a long time were about to cry.

Question after question after they made the rounds. When they could not answer, they had to get a scolding. And they deserved it. So, their practice scores were cut and cut like that.

There were more students who did not answer the questions than those who did. The atmosphere among Suhyuk's group was subdued heavily. Nonetheless, there was one person who kept up with an expression like Buddha. It was none other than Suhyuk.

He answered any questions given to him without any embarrassment. Residents from each department shook their heads as if they were stunned. The group who belonged to Suhyuk, who made an expression different from the others, moved to the cafeteria for lunch.

"Maybe he was the famous Chinese doctor Hua Tuo in his previous life..."

"No, he would have been Hippocrates..."

"He might have been born with a scalpel in his hand..."

All the group members praised him, but their expressions were calm. Well, they have seen it not just once or twice, so they were

not aroused like before.

"Does your head feel okay?"

At Choi Suryon's asking, Suhyuk made a curious expression.

When was I sick? She asked again,

"Are you alright? You seem normal?"

"Well..."

She slowly nodded her head and kept holding and then putting down her jacket as if it were hot.

Whenever she did so, her white breast bone became exposed and then disappeared.

Choi glanced at him and knitted her brows because he was gazing somewhere.

Suhyuk, who stopped his walking, opened his eyes wide.

He surely saw her somewhere before. A familiar face to him.

"Hey, my eyes saw correctly!"

The grandmother approaching him and grasped his hands.

Only then could he recall her face.

As a freshman in college, he did a volunteering job briefly in the hillside village.

She was the very old woman who had pain on the back of her foot.

Suhyuk smiled at her naturally.

"Hello, how are you madam?"

"Yes, yes, thanks to you I was doing okay."

And she turned back and called out to others.

"I told you this is the right place. Right here!"

Grandmothers and grandfathers, looking around, came to where

Suhyuk was standing.

Chapter 49

Suhyuk's smile became brighter.

He met them when he worked as a volunteer for briquette delivery service during college.

Every one of them grabbed his hands warmly. Wearing smiles on their wrinkled faces, they offered him words of gratitude.

"I told you he was a doctor. Right?"

"Thank you very much for back then. We were so worried because you suddenly disappeared without saying a word."

"Hey, we met him again like this, and that's enough!"

At their exchange of words, Suhyuk laughed softly.

"I'm still a medical student..."

"Ah! Have you had lunch yet?"

"No, I'm actually just now going to eat."

"Good, good. You don't have to go out to buy lunch. Just share this food with us."

The grandma lifted a pink wrapping cloth. But then the grandpa next to her shook his head, saying, "Hey, old hag, don't you know that young people do not eat this?"

"Oh, really?"

Suhyuk laughed, "I am happy to eat any and all food."

He could eat lunch for 1,000 won at the staff-only restaurant, but he felt it hard to break up with those nice people that he had not met in such a long time.

"What is all the food?"

She laughed and said, "I wonder if you like seaweed rolls and miso soup."

"I love seaweed rolls very much."

Suhyuk guided them to the elevator. On the rooftop of the hospital there was a sky park where patients and carers could rest. There were small trees and grass on it. Of course, the place where the helicopter could land was located elsewhere in the sky park.

"Suhyuk," Choi Suryon called, but Suhyuk said, "Sorry, I'll eat with them today."

Suhyuk got on the elevator with the elderly people.

It was not cold. Even the winds blowing occasionally felt warm enough.

Seaweed rolls and miso soup in a Thermos bottle.

She offered him miso soup using the cap of the Thermos bottle.

"Drink it."

"Thanks for the soup. It is very delicious."

She smiled like a girl. Eating a seaweed roll, Suhyuk asked, "What brought you here, by the way?"

"Oh, someone in my village has been hospitalized..."

Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger.

"Is the patient feeling very uncomfortable?"

"No, the surgery was well done. And he says he's okay."

Was it a simple surgery?

"What kind of surgery did he have?"

"What was it... What did the doctor say?" She asked someone next to her.

"It was appendectomy, you said it was appendicitis?"

Suhyuk laughed as if he was fortunate.

Appendicitis is no problem when the surgery is done well.

However, if one gets older, it can become a burden physically, so they need constant care.

"It's so delicious," said Suhyuk eating the seaweed rolls.

"Yes, it is. If you want more, let me know."

Suhyuk nodded his head but was forced to make a bitter laugh.

Although seaweed rolls were delicious, the sight of them carrying food in a wrapped cloth made him feel bitter. They carried the food like that to save whatever little money they could. So Suhyuk ate it all the more deliciously.

Then she gave him a small pack of milk.

"I'm fine."

She had only one pack. She wrapped it to drink for herself. How could he have it?

"Try it instead of water. It tastes good after eating."

Suhyuk shook his hands once again, saying, "I like water."

"Really? Then let me have it."

Then she opened the milk pack and put it on the side. Then she pulled a plastic bag out of her pocket and poured something into the milk.

Suhyuk asked with a surprise, "Grandma, what is that?"

"Oh, this is good for your joints. I have eaten it a few times and it was really good."

It seemed as if she put in some processed herbal medicine.

"Don't drink too much. Such medication is good, but most of all, exercise is the best."

From now on, take it with water because medicine is mostly made to take with water."

She wore a warm smile at Suhyuk's soft voice. Her eyes became warm as if she were looking at her grandson.

"Oh, I love it."

After swallowing down the milk, she looked around slowly.

"I just wish I had a garden like this one."

Everyone was nodding at her words.

In their village, the house was narrow and there was no yard, and there was no space to plant even a small plant.

"Now, why don't we get up? We've been holding onto a busy doctor for too long."

When an old man said that, everyone got up from their seats.

"I'm fine because it's lunchtime. Please have a cup of coffee."

They waved their hands at Suhyuk's words.

"We can drink coffee at any time but our doctor should take a break."

Suhyuk laughed gently.

"When you come next time, don't come if you're sick like today."

They nodded, smiling. They could feel the same kind heartedness of his which they had felt in those days when he treated them without any compensation. Suhyuk was walking ahead to catch the elevator. At that moment, he heard a thump.

"Hey, hey!"

Suhyuk's body quickly turned around.

The old woman holding the wrapping cloth fell down.

Suhyuk hastily approached her, "Are you okay?"

"Uh-oh," she started to mumble with a strange sound.

Besides, her pupils were losing focus and becoming blurred.

"Grandma! Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

Despite Suhyuk's asking, she continued to shake hands in the air.

It seemed like an action as if she were trying to catch something.

He grabbed her hand and asked, "Why are you doing this? Are you sick?"

He kept asking, but she just murmured incoherently.

His gaze suddenly moved toward her left hand.

Her right hand kept moving, but her left arm did not move at all. 'Left side weakness?' Suhyuk lifted her left hand. When he put it back, it fell to the floor weakly. Suhyuk knitted his brows. It was as he expected.

'What the hell?' He quickly checked her head.

He did not find any scratches or bulging bumps.

'Brain hemorrhage?' There was a possibility, because some sort of disabilities overtook a normal person suddenly. Suhyuk carried her on his back right away.

He could feel her weight hanging down on him.

"Oh, what's wrong with you? Wake up!"

Following the woman behind, their faces were seriously hardened.

Suhyuk was as anxious as them. Today of all days, the elevator stopped and resumed on each floor.

"Grandma? Please wake up!"

"Well ...that one. It looks delicious. Pretty, pretty."

He kept hearing her mumbling incoherently in his ears.

"The door opens."

The elevator arrived, and Suhyuk went in quickly.

She was taken straight to the emergency room and Suhyuk put her on the bed.

And then he sought Oh Byungchul. Exhausted, he was handing over the chart.

"Sir, she has got left side weakness and her mental state is not right. I suspect that there is a brain hemorrhage."

Oh, lifting his head, looked at him with a frown.

"What are you talking about? What's going on? Slow down."

"Oh, she's an emergency patient."

Only then did he move, with his white gown fluttering.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, she fell, and she was fine until a while ago..."

Oh shone the light in her eyes. She opened her eyes, but the pupils did not respond.

"You said she fell down?"

"Yes, you have to check it out quickly."

"It looks like a brain hemorrhage."

Oh who muttered, called the nurses, "This patient, please take a quick CT."

She was moved on a stretcher. Suhyuk followed her.
In the Tomography room.

She, while blinking her eyes, was moving her fingers in the empty air. Then she kept muttering, however, it was not hard enough to not take a CT.

Within a few seconds, the results of the CT showed up, and along with Oh, Suhyuk looked at the computer monitors closely.

"What? It's clean?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his words. The cerebral blood vessels did not burst and were fine.

Then it was not a cerebral hemorrhage.

“What is this? You said she fell over and showed this symptom all of a sudden?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

She was okay, but after she fell, she was struck with paralysis and language impairment.

Oh called the department of neurology right away.

If you worry about it, it will only delay the time. It was much quicker to have a neurologist confirm it. So, she was moved back to the ICU, and a neurologist looked at her condition.

The doctor talked to her, and touched her left hand and foot, which did not move.

At that moment Suhyuk, who was nervously watching, opened his mouth, "I did not see a hemorrhaged blood vessel from the CT scan. But she was suspected of having a cerebral infarction, so we should do an MRI..."

A resident checking her condition looked at Suhyuk.

He had seen a glimpse of him among those students moving like a herd of chicks.

It was Lee Suhyuk, a PK student who has become a rising star among his doctor colleagues these days. Does he not deserve it?

"You are here after studying very hard?"

He smiled and called the nurses.

"Please take the patient to MRI."

The neurologist, looking at the monitor, wore an expression that he could not know.

He was 90% convinced that the blood vessels were blocked, but he guessed it wrong.

Professor Lee Mansuk, who just came after receiving the call, was the same.

He looked at the brain, which was circulating in 3D on the screen.

He could not find the answer.

"You said she suddenly had that symptom and fell down? "

"Yes."

Suhyuk was as impatient as the professor.

The brain was fine, but her mental state was weak.

Fortunately, she did not hurt her brain, but she could remain in that condition forever.

Before she missed the timing for a cure, they had to find the cause of her sickness quickly.

Looking at the MRI, Suhyuk moved his body quickly to meet those who came with her.

"What kind of medicine did she get?"

Some of the sleeping pills and other medicines often weakened one's mental state.

They shook their head at Suhyuk's question.

"She wouldn't have cold medicine even if she catches a cold."

They were surprised at his deep sigh.

"What? Is she in a bad condition?" they asked.

Suhyuk thought about it quietly. Her brain is fine and medication was not the cause.

He had to think differently.

Before turning back, he asked the old men, "Please call for her guardian."

His face grew even darker.

"She had no guardian. She lost track of her daughter last year, who contacted her on and off."

“Huhh.....”

Suhyuk let out a deep sigh, lowering his head, and then smiled, saying, "Let me serve as her guardian. Don't worry too much, and wait here. I'll bring her here."

“Mrs. Bang, that old hag, is giving the doctor a hard time again...”

"Please take good care of her!"

Everyone seemed to scold her, but their voices were filled with worries.

Suhyuk soon turned around.

'Her blood vessels did not burst. It was not blocked, and she didn't usually take drugs.'

What did all these hidden hints point to? Suhyuk's eyes laid low, and his white gown was fluttering silently.

Chapter 50

“Granny, please hold my hands tight, and blinks your eyes once.”

Professor Lee continued to check her condition.

'What is going on?' Her mental state fell to less than that of a kindergartener's. Not only is the brain normal but there is also consciousness. He cannot easily detect the cause of her sickness.

While Professor Lee Mansuk was thinking about it for a while, Suhyuk came.

“Do you know her?”

“Yes.”

Suhyuk, grabbed her hands with an anxious expression.

"Are you sick?"

Suhyuk, who threw out the question, was forced to take a short sigh.

For she kept speaking strangely. It seemed she had symptoms of an addiction, but she only had seaweed rolls and miso soup. At that moment, Suhyuk's gaze moved toward her lips.

Marks of white milk on her mouth. Suhyuk quickly returned to the elderly men.

"How is Mrs. Bang? Is it difficult for her to get up?"

"How can she... Did she come to her senses?"

When he showed an anxious face, so did their faces.

Suhyuk laughed forcibly. He was trying to make the elders feel at ease as much as possible.

"Do you know what kind of medicine she put in milk?"

Everyone was puzzled by Suhyuk's question.

"I hear it was something like seeds."

"Seeds? What seeds?"

"It was a type of flower... What was it? Yes, morning glory, morning glory!"

"Wasn't it called the morning glory of an angel?"

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger, and he bowed his head as if he had heard the answer he was looking for.

"Thank you."

He found a clue. He turned back and went back to the ICU room.

He took out his cell phone and started searching on the web.

All kinds of information related to flowers and medical care came out.

When he picked one of them, Suhyuk's face frowned.

'Morning glory of an angel...' The name given to the flower because it resembled the shape of the trumpet an angel held in their mouth.

It was beautiful, but unlike its appearance, there was venom everywhere in flowers, leaves, stems and seeds. That was the morning glory of an angel.

Suhyuk's gait moved more quickly.

"She seems to have been poisoned."

"Poison?"

Prof. Lee, who had been looking at Suhyuk, now turned his eyes to her.

Mysterious mumbling, unconsciousness, paralysis.

If she has been poisoned, all of this is explained.

"You said she fell over?"

"I feel she had the poisonous seeds of the morning glory of an angel, and it seemed she was struck by paralysis and then fell."

Suhyuk handed over his cell phone to him.

The professor, looking at the cell phone screen, opened his mouth, "Why are you talking about it now?"

"I just found out about it now...By the way she needs some sap fast..."

The professor went to the resident who was watching the MRI closely and gave him proper instructions. So a needle was put into her forearm. It was a sap that diluted toxicity.

Suhyuk grasped her hand that was still gesturing in the air.

"Grandma, why did you take it..."

Morning glory of an angel. It was also used as a medicinal material.

However, eating it alone is very dangerous because the dosage of the drug can not be strictly measured and an appropriate amount cannot be taken. An appropriate dosage should be taken according to the doctor's prescription.

The rumor that just eating it is good for your health made her become addicted to it.

"You'll be ok again a little bit later."

She heard words that felt like a hallucination and was in a semi-consciousness like dreaming.

Time will heal her wounds, after all.

Until the sap in her body has diluted all the toxins, she will have to wait until then.

"Pretty, pretty."

She again made a strange sound and tangled his hair.

Suhyuk, who felt her hand gently, stood up with a smile, and said, "Please wait a moment. Let me bring your friends here. I'll be back."

Suhyuk brought them into the ICU.

They continued to speak to her with a sad expression.

"What's wrong with you, Mrs. Bang? Wake up!"

Suhyuk put those surprised seniors at ease.

"She'll be okay in a little bit. Do not worry too much."

"Oh, you got sick like this because you ate strange food!"

"Don't give the doctor too much trouble. Come to your senses quick!"

While they gathered around her, Suhyuk slipped out of the room.

Suhyuk, coming to the front, asked an assistant, "How much does Mrs. Bang Jungja owe?"

"Wait a moment."

The assistant said, knocking on the keyboard, "I guess your family member is here for treatment."

"Yes," said Suhyuk.

"Her balance is 128,700 won."

Suhyuk gave his credit card without any hesitation.

"It's already been paid."

"Really?"

"Yes, the monitor shows it's been fully paid."

Suhyuk tilted his head.

'Who paid?'

Those elderly people could not have paid it because they had never come to the front desk since she was struck by poison.

"Can you tell me who paid it?"

"Wait a minute."

"Professor Lee Mansuk paid."

‘Why did he...’

No matter how he thought about why he paid, he had no idea. He felt he had to go and see Prof. Lee after his clinical practice. “Take care!” he left, after wishing her goodbye.

"Where have you been, Lee Suhyuk?"

He was 20 minutes late. Suhyuk bowed his head at Park Ganghyun's sharp tone.

"I am sorry. Someone I knew came here for treatment."

"Well then, you should have contacted me first. Still, your late arrival is a mistake because you have kept everybody waiting."

"I'm sorry."

"After the practice, go to the emergency room and clean it up for two hours before going home. Don't disturb the other doctors, okay?"

"Yes."

So the practice started again, and Suhyuk visited her at every break and checked her condition. Her condition was getting better over time just as he thought it would.

In one more day she could be fully recovered enough to be discharged, as long as she does not have any other emergency.

Checking her condition again, Suhyuk looked around but could not find Professor Lee.

"I'll come back later."

After greeting the elders, he moved back to his place.

Practice was hectic busy. Some of the students grabbed their heads out of stress.

No matter how hard they tried and focused, Park's explanation

sounded like an alien language. Whenever they ran into such trouble, Suhyuk had to answer their questions.

When asked, Suhyuk came up with answers to their satisfaction.

Stunned, they took down his words.

They felt it was much easier and faster to understand Suhyuk's succinct paraphrasing than Park's difficult medical explanation, thinking as if they could get full scores in practice test. The hours of such hard work in practice quickly passed.

Exhausted, the students went to their dorms or to their homes.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk was moving to the emergency room.

'By this time, she will have come back to her senses. I'll have to see her once more.'

When Suhyuk was thinking of her, he heard a "Woh!" from behind.

It was Choi Suryon, who was touching his shoulder.

She shook her head. He should have been surprised if someone touched him suddenly from behind, but he looked calm like a mannequin.

"Didn't you go back home?" asked Suhyuk.

She tied her long straight hair back, saying,

"How can I go home alone when I know one of my group was having a hard time? Besides, I learned a lot from you..."

"You don't have to feel that way. Just go home first," he said.

She was already walking ahead of him.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk followed her.

"Sir, the patient's blood pressure is dropping."

"You were bitten by a dog?"

The emergency room was always chaotic.

In the center of the room, Suhyuk took in a few breaths and controlled his mind.

If one stays with a lot of emergency patients like this, one feels delirious before one knows it.

Actually he was touching a patient before he knew it.

It was something he used to do in the past. Surprisingly, the symptoms disappeared when he constantly beat himself up in his head, realizing his weird behavior.

But when he sees patients, he still could not help but approach them.

Suhyuk collected some bloody gauze and medical tools that nurses had not been able to get close to in an empty bed. When he did that, the nurses laughed at Suhyuk, "Thank you."

"Do not pay attention to me. Just work comfortably," Suhyuk also laughed.

"You look too easy-going, don't you?" asked Suryon, to which he shrugged his shoulders.

Then resident Oh Byungchul approached them.

"What are you doing here instead of going home?"

Suhyuk scratched his head, saying, "I was late for today, so I was assigned to clean up the emergency room for two hours."

"Who gave this punishment to you?"

"Resident Park Ganghyun."

"Don't slack off if you want to be a doctor..."

He nodded and stared at Choi, asking, "You too?"

She laughed and said, "I came to help him."

Oh cast a suspicious look.

"Are you two dating?"

"No," Suhyuk answered at once, and Choi, who could not speak,

touched her cheeks as if she were shy.

Oh looked at them alternately with embarrassed eyes, saying, "Don't cause any trouble and don't stand in the way."

Then he left the place, touching his cell phone. He was sending a text message somewhere.

"One more hour to go," said Suryon.

At her words, Suhyuk moved again to clean up.

At that moment a sharp voice was heard from the door.

"My child was hurt."

A woman came to the emergency room carrying a child.

The child's left hand was rolled up with tissue paper, wet with blood.

A nurse came and lay the child down on the bed where Suhyuk was standing.

"How did the child get hurt?"

The mother answered quickly, "He was stabbed by a shard of pottery."

"Stabbed? While he was playing?"

The mother whose face turned pale said,

"Yes, he was playing at home when some pottery fell... He then got his finger hurt. Is he going to be okay?"

The nurse's response was quick. She pulled off the stuck tissue paper and began disinfecting it.

Suhyuk, next to her, examined the child's finger closely.

The blood stopped and his fingernails were blue. And there was no piece of broken pottery in his finger. "The fingernail will likely come out..." That's it. It seemed the bones had no problem.

The resident, approaching the child, examined his finger, when

Suhyuk smiled bitterly, thinking it's fortunate for him.

"I do not think there is a problem with the bones, but the fingernails will be lost, but the finger will be okay after it's been disinfected and dressed," said the resident.

At the doctor's words, tears dripped from the mother's eyes.

Suhyuk turned back and moved to another place for fear the resident and the nurse taking care of the child felt uncomfortable. Choi looked at his back quietly.

His murmuring after looking at the patient was the same as the doctor's diagnosis.

There was nothing he did not know. Her brows, knitted a moment ago, became relaxed again.

Then she heard a voice calling her.

"What are you doing here?"

It was Park Ganghyun.

"Oh, I just wanted to help Suhyuk..."

"Did I tell you to do that?"

Uncharacteristic of him, Park's face was hardened. His strange eyes looking at her.

On the other hand, he felt annoyed at Suhyuk's appearance from behind, who had been collecting gauze.

"Lee Suhyuk!" he called him.

Suhyuk and Suryon were standing before him.

Park, looking at them alternately, opened his mouth, "Are you two on a date here? I think I clearly told you to clean it up alone?"

He had on a look that showed he did not like their behavior.

At that moment there heard a voice from out the door.

"What's going on?"

Park quickly bowed his head. It was Professor Lee Mansuk.

“What made you punish them like this?”

Chapter 51

Prof. Lee stared fiercely at him.

He has been waiting for a chance to scold Park because of his unpleasant actions in recent days.

Prof. Lee took issue with Park's behaviour that went against his philosophies.

"Isn't it time for students to finish practice for the day?"

Park responded confidently, "He was late for the afternoon practice session, so I had him clean up the emergency room as recompense."

"In the afternoon?"

"Yes, it was after lunch time."

The professor questioned Park, whilst looking at Suhyuk.

"He's been with me all along. I think that got him into trouble."

Park was surprised and looked at Suhyuk.

"Why didn't you tell me you were with a professor?"

"Well..."

When Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, Prof. Lee said, "Mr. Park."

Park responded, breaking into sweats, "Yes, professor."

"What is the condition of patient Im Junghwan?"

He underwent surgery just recently, having suffered from various complications.

His survival in itself was amazing. No doubt did he survive thanks to Prof's Lee's surgical skills.

"Various complex complications..."

"He is a patient you can't get your eyes off at any moment,

right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just report to me the patient's condition every hour."

Park made an expression as if he were about to cry.

His instructions from Pro. Lee meant he could not afford to sleep in order to be able to check on his condition every hour.

"Okay, sir."

"And I have something to talk about with Suhyuk. Can I take him?"

Park nodded his head and wiped the sweat on his forehead.

"Come see me for a moment," Prof. Lee said.

The professor walked back and Suhyuk looked at Park with a sorry expression.

"Go quickly."

"Then..."

Suhyuk then quickly followed Lee.

Choi bowed her head at him, "Sir, I'll see you tomorrow."

Park took a short sigh of relief. For him, today, things did not work out well with either the professor or Choi.

"Choi Suryon, let's talk for a minute."

Park headed to the drink vending machine outside the emergency room. Park handed her a coffee, and he took for himself a coke to drink.

He gulped down the coke at once.

"Sir, don't you feel your throat getting hot?"

Despite Choi's question, he did not say anything, throwing the now empty can into the trash can. Then he opened his mouth, "Do you like Lee Suhyuk?"

Suhyuk was drinking coffee at Prof. Lee's office.

"Thank you."

"What do you mean?"

"I heard that you paid off the old woman's medical expenses."

When he thought about it, he felt the balance was too low. Most likely it might have been possible thanks to the professor's actions. At Suhyuk's words, Lee laughed and nodded his head.

Examination and medical expenses were big or small, depending on how one thinks of it. At his own discretion, however, the professor eliminated all his medical expenses. Except for the CT, MRI, etc., the total cost was less than 200,000 won.

He wanted to take care of the cost through to the end once he became involved.

"You don't have to feel burdened because of that. She looked less fortunate, so I just did what I wanted to do."

'If I lay the ground bait, he will bite it one day, and then he will be my disciple.'

Suhyuk once again bowed his head, "Thank you."

"So, how about your practice life? No... it's not fun, right?"
Lee Suhyuk would probably have the skill and knowledge comparable to an intern, or even a resident.

Suhyuk laughed, "I'm learning a lot."

"Do not lie to me," said the professor.

Suhyuk, scratching his head, lifted his coffee cup.

He had no idea what to say at this time.

'Tell him the whole truth? Such as that I have never seen a patient that I could not handle?'

Suhyuk shook his head a little. Even that kind of thinking was

arrogant in his mind.

"Oh, I took too much of your time. You must be tired. Just go."

"Didn't you say you had something to say to me?"

The professor laughed slightly, "I just wanted to have a cup of coffee with you."

He beckoned to Suhyuk to go.

"Then I'll see you again next time."

At the appearance of Suhyuk turning back, Professor Lee looked at him heartily.

Even though he helped Suhyuk, it was a prime time to show his coolness and generosity.

When this kind of trust keeps accumulating, Lee Suhyuk will have no choice but to become his own disciple.

It was now the weekend.

Suhyuk and Dongsu, who both just got off the bus, were walking in a crowded neighborhood of luxury houses.

Today is the birthday of Kim Hyunwoo's mother.

Both of them, invited to the party, had gifts in their hands.

"What gift have you bought?" asked Dongsu.

"Vitamins," answered Suhyuk.

He also bought some other stuff. Nutritional imbalances may be present in patients with dementia. Just like a child, they try to eat only what they like, and this was true of Kim's mother who was picky about her side dishes.

"How can you come dressed like that..."

Suhyuk shook his head, looking at Dongsu up and down. He was dressed like a monk.

He bought a wooden gong as a gift.

"I think the wooden gong is a good choice..." He smiled staring at the shiny wooden gong, "Because she said she broke it last time..."

So they walked for about 10 minutes to get to Kim's house.

The door was opened immediately when they pressed the intercom to show their faces.

Woof! Woof!

A big dog waved his tail and welcomed the two.

They had not seen her for a long while, but she remembered them, to their pleasant surprise.

"It's been a long time. How have you been, honey?" Suhyuk stroked the head of Sankum, a dog as big as a big bear. Sankum turned upside down and acted cute. Dongsu was just stunned at the sight of it.

Unlike her kindness to Suhyuk, Sankum, chained by her neck, was running mad as if she wanted to bite him if he tried to approach her. If he were to be bitten by her big mouth, it would be a disaster.

"Be careful. Once you're bitten, you're going to be in big trouble," said Kim, coming out of the porch.

"Hey, you're here."

Suhyuk and Dongsu greeted him.

"How are you?"

"You didn't eat, right?"

"Nope..."

Dongsu tapped his belly loudly, saying, "As you told us not to eat, I haven't ate at all since yesterday."

Kim, noticing Dongsu's costume, laughed dumbfoundedly.

But what was wrong with it? It was all for his mother.

"Here you go," Suhyuk gave him the paper bag.

"I told you not to buy any gifts. You bought one again. As a student, you don't make any money..."

"This is gift of vitamins. I thought it would be nice to put one pill in the food when your mother eats. I chose one that would cause no problem if she eats it with rice."

A small smile came out of Kim's mouth.

He had lots of expensive vitamins at home, but its value depends on who it comes from.

"Thanks."

"Mr.Kim, here is another one," said Dongsu, presenting a wooden gong.

"I hope you'll hand it to her directly. Let's go in," said Kim with a bitter smile.

The two followed Kim.

"Oh, you have guests here," said Suhyuk looking inside.

"Yeah, they're very good relatives," Kim replied sarcastically at his words.

"You are the guys?" asked a middle-aged woman, looking at Suhyuk and Dongsu with an annoyed expression. She looked like she was in her 40s or early 50s.

There were two other women who seemed to be of the same age.

"Sit down quickly. I could not even eat anything while waiting for you."

They were not that late for the appointment.

"Sorry."

Dongsu bowed his back, overwhelmed by their attitude. It was

also true for Suhyuk.

Rising from the sofa, the women headed toward the table.

"Now, all you have to do is wake up the sleeping princess."

Kim Hyunwoo, who smiled lightly, moved to wake up his mother who was taking a nap.

In no time, Kim's mother opened the door and came out into the living room.

"Doctor!"

Suhyuk laughed, "How are you doing?"

"I missed you!" she said, hugging him dearly.

At that moment, her gaze moved to Dongsu.

"Monk, what's wrong with your head?"

It was not bald anymore.

"You're a fake monk!" she said, as Dongsu just scratched his head, speechless.

Unexpectedly, there were not that many good dishes on the table.

There was roasted spicy rice cake, boiled sausage, and chicken; common foods found anywhere. They were all the ones Kim's mother liked.

The faces of the middle-aged women had frowns rested upon them.

"It looks like delicious!"

Kim's mother tried to take one of the sausages by the hand.

Then Suhyuk stopped her.

"You should first blow out the candle!"

"Huh? Candle?"

"Today is your birthday."

When she laughed, a housemaid brought a cake with candle lights on it.

Dongsu sang the song loudly.

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear beloved mother..."

"Whuuuuu..."

She blew out the candle, and finally the meal started.

"Doctor, this is really delicious. Try it."

Kim's mom brought various foods to Suhyuk's plate.

Dongsu picked up a chicken leg with an envious eye.

Then she said, "No! Monks cannot eat meat!"

With a bitter smile, he ate only the spicy roasted rice cake.

"I hear you attend a law school?" asked the youngest of the women.

Dongsu scratched his head as if he were shy.

"Yes."

"Do you know a prosecutor by the name of Kang Hansoo?"
Dongsu shook his head.

It was hard for a law school student to have any networks with an incumbent prosecutor.

She nodded, as if she already knew the answer.

"Sister, I told you the other day. That prosecutor was crazy for money."

"Yeah, when I first saw him, he spoke really scaringly, but when I showed him money, he began to show a smile, telling me not to worry."

"These days the judges and prosecutors are all corrupted."

Curses speaking ill of those in the legal business constantly flowed out from their mouths, and then they took a glance at Dongsu, as if they were telling him that he would be like that.

Dongsu's expression, who wore a bitter smile, became more hardened.

He felt as if he were sitting on a pin cushion.

At that moment Kim, who was listening to their nattering quietly, laughed, saying "Aunties, you don't have to tackle such a serious topic as it is a good day today. You can speak of it next time."

"Did we say anything wrong?"

"Yes, when your father was alive, how many judges and prosecutors all sponged off..."

Dongsu rose from his seat.

"Where are you going?"

"The bathroom," said Dongsu with a gentle smile.

"Doctor, doctor!"

Kim's head went back to his mother this time.

She was begging, holding his arms.

"Doctor, come with me into my room and play. I'm scared here."

Mom was minding her relatives, a sharp reminder how she had suffered mentally from them.

She had been harassed by her husband's relatives just for the one reason that she was from a poor family. There were lots of rumors about her that she married him for money.

When Kim was very young, he saw her slapped in the face, which he still remembers vividly.

"Huuuu..."

Kim, letting out a short breath, raised his head.

Soon smiling again, he said to Suhyuk,

“I’m sorry to ask this, but can you play with my mom for a while in her room?”

It was a mysterious smile.

Suhyuk nodded and moved as she led.

When the door was closed, Kim’s smile disappeared in an instant.

He was thirsty. He lifted a cup of water.

Gulp, gulp.

Why did they come even when they were not invited? Of course, they could be praised for remembering her birthday.

‘But you came to celebrate her birthday? Sounds fishy. You came here to ask me to offer a job to your bastard children or to extort money from me.’

Kim slowly dropped the glass cup.

At that moment, the glass that hit hard on the table was broken in his hand.

Red blood dripped from it.

"Oh my god... My hand just slipped off the glass. You were not surprised much, right aunties?"

Chapter 52

Incredulously surprised, they glared in their eyes, speechless.

“You did what now...”

“What did you do just now?”

When Kim dusted off his hand, drops of blood scattered away.

"I told you already that my hand slipped off the glass."

"You arrogant bastard!" shouted Kim's aunts and then they moved into the living room. And they picked up their expensive bags.

"Just like your mom, you were being so mean!"

“I’ll never set my foot again in this house!”

The door opened roughly, and the women went out.

"You’re never going to come back?”

Kim smiled, with his gaze fixed out the window.

‘After a month or two weeks, they will contact me again. Their purpose was simple. Money, money, money. They equally divided the wealth bequeathed by my father, but they squandered all the money in a flash. Besides, they are saddled with debts. Did I inherited more wealth than them? No way. I just inherited a collapsing company that they did not even look at, and revived it. And now they are saying it’s unfair?’

Looking down at his hand still bleeding, he headed to the kitchen sink.

At that moment, Kim heard a voice.

"What is all this ...?" Kim turned to her familiar voice.

His mother was looking at the drops of blood fallen on the floor with a surprised look.

He hurriedly hid his injured hand back and laughed.

"The scary people are gone now? Hyunwoo... where were you hurt?"

She slowly approached Kim. Did she come to her senses for a moment?

"Mom, do you recognize me?"

Despite his question, she pulled out her son's hand hidden behind.

Drops of blood fell down. Was he fortunate? The wound did not seem serious.

"I can't believe a grown-up boy like you can get hurt like this..." she said.

She looked down at his palm and then looked up at him.

Kim gently smiled, saying, "I'm okay..."

"Hey, you are not. Look at this blood coming out..."

She did not mean it. It was the kind of conversation that only the mother and the son could have. Looking at her son quietly, she brought a first-aid kit out of her living room.

She disinfected and bandaged his hand. Kim looked at his mother's caring of him without any words. Suhyuk remained silent all along. He wanted to wrap a bandage only after checking the wound on his hand first, but could not do so. For the two seemed so happy and warm towards each other.

"Mom, Happy birthday to you."

"You're the best son!"

She wiped tears from her eyes.

Kim hugged her with his bandaged hand.

"Why are you crying on such a good day Mom? I have bought a lot of foods you like."

“Let's eat quickly before they get cold.”

At that moment, Dongsu was coming out of the bathroom.

"What's all this..."

Dongsu's eyes became round at the sight of scattered blood drops in the living room. Suhyuk hurriedly shut his mouth.

"Let's go home..."

"What's going on..."

Dongsu was quietly dragged out by Suhyuk.

Saturday passed and Sunday came.

Opening his eyes in bed, Suhyuk went out into the living room.

The dishes on the table were covered with plates, and a note was placed next to it.

<Son, I cooked a delicious miso soup, so don't fail to eat it. Don't do the dishes after eating.> Suhyuk's face made a little smile.

‘They told me they were going climbing today.’

They said they would go to a meet-up early in the morning.

Once a month, his mother and father would meet up with their neighbors to promote friendship.

Suhyuk ate the miso soup. Spicy and with a good taste. The miso soup tasted refreshing because there was clam in it as well.

“Thanks for the soup Mom.”

Suhyuk ate one bowl of rice quickly.

He finished cleaning the dishes and sat before the TV. With a remote control, he switched the channels freely.

When was the last time he had a break such as this?

He has had a very busy life since he went into the hospital

practice. Observation of emergency surgeries and getting on a helicopter.

Besides, he was often called for by the professors.

Moreover, he was in the news because he caught a suspect who robbed a chain of empty houses. He had a scolding from his parents for that, though, with just the warning that he should not do it again. It was a really reckless act when he thought about it. Of course, at the time that did not come to his mind.

‘I should not drink hard liquor.’

It was the first time he lost his memory after drinking. Perhaps hard liquor was not his type of liquor.

Suhyuk, who stretched himself, enjoyed watching TV that he had not watched in a long while, and relaxed a lot.

And then he fell into a very sweet sleep.

"You know who caught the criminal?"

What was this sound? Suhyuk slowly opened his closed eyes.

At that moment, his surprised pupils expanded suddenly.

A space of pure white that has nothing. A guy stood in the center.

Suhyuk rose from his seat suddenly. A guy who has the same face as himself, like a doppelganger. He slowly came toward him.

"Don't play the good guy. Don't be mean!"

Suhyuk opened his mouth, but his voice did not come out, as if someone was holding his neck. It was the same with his body.

He wanted to get away from the guy who was coming toward him with a flashing scalpel, but his body would not move. Soon the guy approached right under his nose.

And he laughed, revealing his white teeth.

"Let's meet outside, not just inside. We're going to do so soon."

A cold scalpel was raised.

"Let's meet again soon."

The scalpel he was holding fell to his neck.

Sheeeek!

Suhyuk hastily raised his body like a surprised person.

There was a creepy sound from the side. Suhyuk turned his head and sighed relievedly.

On the TV, the main character in the movie was wielding a sword.

He wiped the sweat on his forehead. Though, besides that, his whole body was wet with cold sweat.

The nightmare that he did not have for a while was back again.

Even after dreaming, the scene was still vivid in his mind.

"Huuh..."

Feeling a change in his mood after letting out a sigh, he went into the bathroom to take a shower. The cool water pouring from the shower washed the sticky sweat from his body neatly.

He felt his head reeling from the nightmare getting better.

After the shower, Suhyuk rubbed the mirror that had steamed up.

Then Suhyuk's eyes were opened. Was the same person reflected in the mirror smiling from behind? He quickly turned his head.

"Hahh..."

There was nothing there behind him.

Suhyuk swept up his hair, which was dripping down with water.

'Am I too tired these days?'

It's possible.

He has been through a lot of things in a short time recently. And the nightmares.

Once again, Suhyuk washed his face with cold water and went out of the bathroom.

It was almost 5 PM. Suhyuk was looking out the window of the bus.

'It's been a long time.' Yes, it was the first time he would see her alone in several years.

Suhyuk arrived at his destination while he was gazing at the scenery outside the window.

He saw her sitting at the bus stop when he got off the bus.

Hana was moving her feet as if she were drawing something on the ground.

He opened his mouth with a smile, "You arrived here early."

He arrived 15 minutes earlier than the appointment, but she came here ahead of him.

"You're late," she said with a prim voice, and moved first.

Suhyuk laughed and followed her.

"This is the first time we've met alone together since we graduated from high school?"

"Is that so?"

Walking side by side with him, Hana recalled her memories.

No, it just popped up in her memory.

When she first went to see a movie with Suhyuk, she was having a bad feeling toward him.

She hated him so much, because, despite getting her father

injured, he was just leading a normal life as if nothing happened. But now...

"Hana?" Suhyuk's calling made her awake from that thought.

"Uuh? Why?"

"How is your body?"

"Yeah, it's okay, that's why I came out."

"You are not overdoing yourself, are you?"

"I'm okay. Even if you don't care, I'm taking care of my body by myself, okay?"

She took a glance at him with a sharp voice. Did she say that too harshly?

When their eyes were about to meet, Hana threw away her head quickly.

He was wearing a smile as if he did not care at all. 'That smile of his is too bright.'

"What kind of movie shall we see?"

She frowned at his words.

"Didn't you check the movie titles when you asked me out for a movie?"

Suhyuk scratched his head. Her father asked a favor of him, "just take her to the outside for fresh air, who was just discharged." He also gave him some pocket money. Although Suhyuk declined it, he forcibly put the money in his pocket, so he could not refuse any more.

Actually he did not dislike it. Rather he liked it.

These days he felt like walking around here and there without having to do any thinking; eating snacks; and watching a movie. Of course, he did not have any such thoughts in front of the patients. Sometimes, when he saw people laughing and the lovers dating, he

thought he would like to have a good time like that without any thought.

Suhyuk just came running only looking ahead. It was only natural that he had such thoughts.

"How about an action movie?" asked Suhyuk, scratching his head.

"Let's go to the movie theater and decide"

As it was Sunday, the movie theater was crowded with people.

"I think that movie would be fun."

He was pointing his fingers at a romantic comedy film.

She nodded heartily.

The movie time was perfect because they could just go in and watch it without having to wait.

He bought a two-seat ticket at the last minute with popcorn and a drink.

So they crossed by bending their backs into the dark movie theater.

At that moment, Hana's feet stumbled over the stairs. Staggering.

Suhyuk took her hands.

"Are you okay?"

"Uh, uh," she, surprised, quickly pulled her hand away.

"These are our seats."

So, Hana took her seat right away, and Suhyuk sat next to her.

The movie started within a few moments, and from the start of the movie, befitting its genre as a romantic comedy, made the moviegoers burst into a laughter.

It was the same for Suhyuk, and Hana too.

Every time a funny scene came out, Hana looked at him with a smile. It was quite different from her behavior when she watched movies with him during their high school days. Of course, Suhyuk was concentrating only on the screen as before. Back then and also now, Suhyuk did not know how to read her mind.

The movie made the people's tears well up in their eyes.

And the movie finished with a happy ending. The lights turned on brightly, and Suhyuk was a little surprised. Hana was wiping tears from her eyes.

"Did you feel sad?"

"Nope. It's so boring as to make me yawn."

Suhyuk, shaking his head, came out of the movie theater with Hana.

"Should we have dinner?"

"I don't feel like eating."

"Let's eat anyway."

Suhyuk led Hana to a place where restaurants were crowded.

"What would you like?"

"I don't feel like eating."

"How about steamed chicken? You like spicy ones?"

"Okay, do as you like it."

With a slight smile, he moved to a restaurant nearby.

At that moment, his gaze moved to the side. 'Choi Suryon?'

He felt that he mistook the person, so he looked again closely. Yeah, it was her.

She was walking with a man, holding his arms, and she kept smiling on her face.

'Is he her boyfriend?' The shape of the man was kind of familiar to him.

But he did not remember where he saw the man. Did he mistake the man for somebody else?

Even though one sees a certain person for the first time, sometimes that person looks a little familiar and oftentimes feels like déjà vu.

'Looks like he got hurt when he was a kid...'

He saw a wound on the man's neck. Obviously It was a surgical scar.

"What are you doing?"

At Hana's voice, Suhyuk turned back and smiled, "Nothing. Let's go in."

Chapter 53

A sweet weekend like that passed quickly and Monday came without fail.

"There are no morning rounds because the professors are busy today."

The zombie-like faces of the practitioners brightened instantly.

Actually the morning rounds with the professors is a continual time of tension.

The questions poured out by the professors, hard to understand like an alien language, were killing them.

"Do you feel good because you have no rounds?"

At resident Park's question, everyone shook their heads as if nothing happened.

"No, sir!"

Park continued, "Today's schedules have all been cancelled, because all the other professors are also busy today."

The students were so happy that their faces could not be brighter.

"So, do you like it?"

"No, sir!"

"You feel it's regrettable since you won't be able to do clinical practice, right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Yeah." "Sadly, I cannot practice." "Yes!"

"Well, then let me schedule one for you guys."

The students' faces darkened instantly.

"Don't be scared. Just do your homework in the PK room today,

as long as nothing unusual happens today. Okay?"

"Yeah!"

When Park Ganghyun disappeared, the students became noticeably disturbed.

"Oh, when was the last time we had any free time?"

"Just be quiet. Otherwise, we might get a scolding."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly. 'Self-study...'

He had nothing in particular to do. It was much better for him to make the rounds and check the patients.

"I think we'll finish early today. Shall we have dinner together?"

Suddenly, Choi Suryun, who came before Suhyuk, asked them.

"Good idea!"

"Don't exclude alcohol."

With such words, everyone looked at Suhyuk. He was always busy; busy with observing surgeries, and called for by the professors sometimes when clinical practice was over.

They felt jealous of him at first, but later they thought they were lucky not to be like him.

Without even going through it, they knew what kind of situations he was in when it came to having a one-on-one meeting with the professor. There, they would probably talk in an incomprehensible language instead of their native tongue. Rather than blinking their eyes before the professor, it was better for them to memorize a medical term related to bones.

"Let's go, huh?"

Choi Suryon shook his arms impatiently.

Suhyuk laughed gently, "If we're done early."

Looking back, he never attended his group members' gatherings.

Though he usually gave an excuse to avoid it, he really could not find any time for it. He felt sorry for that, so this time he decided to attend.

“Okay, good timing,” he said.

He felt he could attend since he had nothing else to do, especially seeing that the schedule was canceled today.

He would have to stay as much as possible in the the PK room, because he would most likely be called for if he met the professors by any chance.

‘Do I have turn off my cellphone?’ Some professor would send him a text message.

Suhyuk shook his head, touching his cell phone.

‘Let me tell them I’ve some work to do, they’ll understand.’

“Hey, I saw you yesterday,” said Suhyuk.

Suryon’s eyes turned round at his words.

“Where?”

"On Jongno street. You were walking with your boyfriend, weren't you?"

Choi made her eyes thin like a cat.

"I was at home yesterday, and I've never dated a man. I'm kind of a human treasure."

Suhyuk tilted his head. Obviously it was Choi Suryon who was with the man.

‘Did I see the wrong person?’

"You said you were at home?"

With her face turning sour, she said, “You are too mean, as you do not recognize a friend’s face.”

"I wonder if I saw the wrong person..."

There were many people with similar faces.

“Yes, you saw the wrong person,” she talked quickly and turned back as if she became sulky.

Suhyuk awkwardly scratched his head with a sorry expression, because he made her a woman who's engaged.

In the PK room only a murmuring sound was heard.

The trainees wrote the contents of the medical books in their notebooks as if they were trying to memorize them all and recited them out of their mouth with their eyes closed.

In the midst of this, Suhyuk was staring out of the window quietly.

He had nothing in particular to do. He already read the book many times. Actually the book was falling apart as he turned to it repeatedly to double check if there was anything he had missed.

"Suhyuk, breast cancer and spinal tumors are eligible for laparoscopic surgery, right?"

He nodded his head at his friends' questions.

"Laparoscopic surgery has advantages and disadvantages, so I think you should choose carefully if you want to do itl."

"Disadvantages? I wonder it's easy and safe because it is not an open surgery?" she asked.

Suhyuk shook his head.

"Laparoscopic surgery cannot be promoted, and the vision is narrow. It's hard to catch the whole picture. It takes a long time to stop even small bleeding."

For a surgery like this, the belly is not opened, but a small hole is made, into which a lens and surgery tools are inserted. Accordingly, it has a cosmetic advantage. It's less painful for the

patient to undergo such surgery, and the recovery is faster. But on the other hand, the doctor's vision is limited and uncomfortable. If any bleeding occurs, the blood can touch the lens and block the doctor's vision. If the bleeding site cannot be restored quickly, the probability that the patient will be at risk with the complications continues to increase. That means no error should be allowed in this kind of surgery.

"You really look like a doctor who actually did the surgery," said his friend.

Suhyuk just smiled at his friend's words.

An hour passed like that.

He rose from the seat by the time his friends' murmuring sounded like a lullaby.

'Will I feel better if I wash my face?'

Suhyuk sneaked out of the hallway quietly so as not to disturb his friends in the PK room.

Then he could see a boy wearing a crying expression.

The boy was close to tears, holding his father's hands.

"Dad, can't I not have this surgery?"

"No, this surgery is must for a man."

"I'm afraid it will hurt..."

"No, not at all. You can just lay down for a minute and then come out. Just listen to the doctor and get the surgery over with. If you do so, I'll buy you the stuff you mentioned last time."

"Really?"

"Believe me. Have you ever seen me lying to you?"

At that moment, he stopped walking and looked up at Suhyuk.

"Doctor, does circumcision surgery not hurt at all?"

The boy thought Suhyuk looked like a doctor because he wore a white gown.

Suhyuk smiled bitterly. It did not matter if he had it or not. Yet a boy can feel the pain more than an adult. After the surgery, however, the situation is reversed. It is the adult who feels the pain of it more, especially unbearable pain during the waking-up period in the morning.

"It does not hurt. If you count from 1 to 100 it will be over soon."

Suhyuk stroked the child's head and then moved to the bathroom and thought to himself, 'Yeah, it will hurt.'

The trainees did not come out of the PK room except for when they were eating.

No one bothered them whether they studied or fell asleep.

Having gotten used to day-by-day when making the rounds in extreme tension, this moment seem like a dream to them.

"By the way, how long must we stay here?"

Their expressions turned dark at one trainee's question.

It was already past 5 PM. At this time, they usually get ready to go home after getting permission from their primary doctors.

But until now they did not hear anything.

"If we leave without permission, we'll get scolded tomorrow, right?"

"Of course!"

At that moment, Choi Suryon waved her cell phone, saying, "We got the permission."

"From whom?"

"Who? Of course, it's from resident Park Ganghyun."

At her words, the students quickly packed their bags.

Inside a grilled pork belly restaurant they were busy cooking the meat.

Because they were so hungry, they ate up all the side dishes while cooking the pork.

"It's been a long time since I ate with Suhyuk."

"Yes, he's busy as if he's become an intern already."

Suhyuk smiled bitterly and opened his mouth, "Let's gather one more time after the practice presentation is over next week."

Everyone let out a sigh at his words.

Evaluation of clinical practice.

Each student is supposed to examine a patient assigned to them, and then make a summary of the results of the examination and present a powerpoint to the professor. The prospect was dark. It was terrible even to think about a situation where any of them is assigned a patient with a rare disease.

"We don't have to be scared right now. Let's worry about it later."

Cups of soju were gathered over the grilled pork belly with its delicious smell.

"Cheers for the sake of perfect practice!"

"Cheers!"

"First cup, drink it up!"

Everyone had a drink with a pleasant spirit.

"Huh? Suhyuk won't drink it up?" Choi Suryon asked.

At her words, their gazes turned to Suhyuk's cup.

Known as a heavy drinker, Suhyuk drank only half of it.

“What are you doing?”

“We gathered together in a long time. Are you trying not to drink it all?”

Critical gazes given by his friends.

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk had to lift his cup again.

Though he made a pledge to drink alcohol properly, he had not hung out with them in such a long time, so he felt he could forget about it momentarily. For they were casting a fierce gaze at him.

When Suhyuk emptied the cup neatly, Choi, who held a bottle of soju, laughed, “Come on, let me pour some more.”

Coming out of the pork house, they went into another bar as if they had not drunk enough already.

Even though it was Sunday, lots of people were drinking. It seemed most of them were college students. Suhyuk and his friends ordered drinks and snacks as soon as they took their seats.

“Are not you worried about tomorrow’s test?” asked Suhyuk.

At his question, each of them quipped,

“I just live for today.”

“I want to enjoy to my heart’s content as I can’t when I become an intern.”

When Suhyuk was shaking his head, a part-timer brought snacks and liquor.

“Drink it,” Choi offered him liquor.

“Let me drink it slowly,” he said.

“Hey, when it comes to drinks, the thing is you ask for it, not just drink it,” said Choi with a smile and asked him if he wanted it. Then he turned his head to the side suddenly because he felt it uncomfortable to see her V-neck. He was at a loss where to cast his

eyes because he could see the hollow underneath her collarbone in that V-neck.

"Hey, are those girls there pretty?"

"Where? Which area?" asked Kwon Jaehyuk.

Except Suhyun, all the male students moved their gaze toward the table where the girls were drinking.

Pretty and cute, they were drinking at the table. Kwon stood up abruptly.

"Let me go over there."

"Come on, man. You will turn them off with that face of yours!"

"Just meet a girl at a blind date later. They might swear at you."

Kwon's face was long like a horse's. It could not get any longer than that.

"Hey, guys, don't you know the saying, the brave deserves the fair?"

Despite his friends' discouragement, he went over to the girls with a proud smile.

And then something surprising happened.

In about 2 minutes, he exchanged contact numbers with one of the girls.

Coming back to his seat, Kwon held out his cup to get it filled up.

"What's the secret?"

"No secret. Just the fact I'm a Daehan MS student works wonders."

With a sigh, Suhyuk shook his head, but his other friends' eyes were glaring already.

"These men..." said Choi, who looked at them as if they were being pathetic, showed a cup to him.

Looking at them with a regrettable expression, Suryon offered him a cup.

"Let's drink," she said.

"Today of all days, you seem to drink a lot. Drink slowly."

"Don't you know I'm a good drinker?"

Clink!

Clinking glasses, she stood up furtively.

"Let me go to the bathroom," she said, moving slowly.

After she entered the bathroom, she locked the door.

Staring at the toilet seat, she put her fingers in her mouth. About five minutes or so passed by.

A woman knocked hard on the toilet door that Choi went into.

Bang! Bang!

"Hey, I'm really in a hurry!"

Choi did not come out as if she had rented the bathroom.

"Ooops... Damn it. Are you having constipation..."

Choi came out immediately knitting her brows and she stared at the woman.

"You don't know any manners..."

Though she opened her mouth as if she wanted to protest, she quickly rushed into the bathroom.

Choi went to the sink. After she washed her face, she looked at her face reflected in the mirror.

Both cheeks were tinged red.

"I should not get drunk."

Choi, who touched her face lightly, walked out of the bathroom.

Chapter 54

Choi Suryon, who came back from the bathroom, laughed as she looked at Suhyuk.

"Let's drink."

Suhyuk looked at her, shaking his head.

Her collarbone was clearly visible under her white, pale neck.

Perhaps because of drinking, her neck was tinged with red.

"I think we should refrain from drinking any more."

"No, let's not yet stop. Cheers!"

Drinking a cup of soju instantly, she wiped her lips and looked at him.

Every time he drinks, his uvula moved up and down.

"What are you looking at?"

At Suhyuk's voice, she woke up from her thoughts.

"I'm saying this perhaps because I drank, but you look more handsome today."

Now she was looking at him, with her chin rested on her hands.

Suhyuk drank some water with a laugh.

All along Choi's gaze was fixed on his neck.

"Don't you think your clothes show too much skin?"

She looked down at her chest at Suhyuk's question.

It was not that exposed so as to see her vest.

"Other girls are wearing clothes like this. It feels like you have come from the Yi dynasty several hundreds ago."

Though Choi said that, as a rule, she did not like to wear clothes that are too tight or exposing. Why and for whom would she wear

clothes like that...

Choi, laughed, holding her cup and poured alcohol into his cup.

At that moment she moved her gaze suddenly to her cellphone.

The message was seen displayed on the screen. Hiding it, she held her phone.

"I'll go to the bathroom."

Walking with short and quick steps, she went out and called somewhere.

"Oh brother, you are nearby?"

"Yes, did you have a lot to drink? Drink moderately and then let's go home together."

She hesitated for a moment at the voice coming out of her cell phone.

Then, she had in her eyes Suhyuk, seen over the window of the bar, staring with her eyes full of regrets. However, Choi's agony did not last long.

"Yeah, I'll come out soon."

Entering the bar, she said, as if she really felt it regrettable, "Sorry, I have to go first."

Her friends responded strongly.

"Yeah, yeah, you should go quickly if your brother called."

"Don't worry about us. See you tomorrow!"

"Hey, what's wrong with you? Isn't it normal that you should take hold of me?"

She, shaking her head, waved her hands at Suhyuk and said to herself, "Today is the only day for this. See you tomorrow."

Like her, Suhyuk also waved his hands.

As soon as she disappeared, their eyes began to shine.

"Yaah, tell them we want to join them quickly! Join!"

"Wait."

Suhyuk had no choice but to shake his head.

Choi, who came out, walked for about 10 minutes. And then she stood still by the side.

Within a very short time, a black foreign car stopped in front of her.

As usual, Choi opened the car door and sat next to the driver.

He was casually dressed, and holding onto the steering wheel.

Hiding behind a hat, with his eyes shaded by it.

"You drank a lot, didn't you?"

She shook her head at his question.

"No, just a little bit. Very little."

It was true that she drank a lot, but she vomited most of it out in the bathroom as she drank.

"I can strongly smell alcohol on your breath. You'll get scolded again for drinking like that."

Choi's expression became dark at his words. But she laughed very quickly, "I'm not scared at all because I get to go home with you, my brother!"

Opening the window, she breathed in the wind with her chin on her hands.

The wind blowing moved Choi's hair pleasantly. Perhaps he drove for about 30 minutes.

Soon they arrived at a large single-family house.

The garage door opened and the luxury foreign car went in. It was very spacious inside.

Choi, who got out the car, swept her head and sighed briefly.

"Let's go in."

The man moved first, followed by her. As she entered the porch, she adjusted her dress.

"I'm home."

The man's voice made a brilliant smile on a middle-aged woman's face.

"Son, where have you been?"

"I've been seeing a friend for a while."

His father, who sat on the couch, also welcomed his son.

"Have you eaten?"

Choi then came into the living room.

"I'm home."

When she said that, there was a moment's silence.

They were frowning at her. And it lasted only briefly.

The father fixed his gaze on the TV without saying anything, and the middle-aged woman only talked to her son. They acted as if Choi was an invisible person.

She dropped her head and turned to her room.

At that moment, the mother opened her mouth, leering at Choi, "Did you drink?"

She was standing without lifting her head.

"A little."

"It doesn't fit a student like you. Tut, tut."

With a light smile, the man took her side, saying "She drank with me."

"Really? You said you met your friends..."

While the mother and son were exchanging conversation, Choi bowed her head once and then entered her room.

"Huhh..."

Leaning against the wall, she let out a sigh.

She looked up at the dark ceiling, and then she turned on the light and sat in front of the desk.

She took a small picture from her wallet and stared at it. In the picture, her mom and dad, who was watching TV a while ago, held their hands. And between them was a girl smiling brightly in her childhood. She was really happy until that time. But unhappiness came without warning and without sound. Her mother died and she was brought to this house by her father when she was nine years old. Then she came to realize that her dad already had shacked up with another woman before her mother died. It was the beginning of her unhappiness. The new mother treated her as if she was an invisible person. Her dad did the same thing.

The moment her mom passed away and she set her feet on that house, they did not care about her except for feeding her and telling her to go sleep. So she became an invisible person, just like a ghost.

No, there was one person who recognized her existence. It was her half brother.

He always cared about and took care of her. When she was sick or sad, he always took care of her. And even as the years passed, he never changed.

Then one day. He was in an accident. Fortunately, he recovered without any injury.

But when he had the accident, she felt as if the sky would collapse.

The feeling that the only person in this world who took her side would disappear forever...

It was terrible.

"Lee Suhyuk," she muttered that name, recalling him.

Her brother is still suffering from the nightmare of the past.

He enjoys an occasional nap while watching TV in the living room.

Several times she saw him waking up flabbergasted, touching his throat.

Whenever he did that, he murmured the name of Lee Suhyuk, wiping the cold sweat.

Post-traumatic stress disorder. The terrible memories of the past continue to cause a man to make a panicked reaction, which then makes him devastated. Lee Suhyuk was the root of this. Then she could realize one thing. It was that she found some work to do for her brother.

The faces of the students, who gathered at one place after lunch, were resolute.

Kwon Jaehyuk said in a subdued tone, "You guys have to respect the outcome. Don't talk about something different or change what you said."

Everyone nodded, anxiously.

"We're going to decide by the rock-paper-scissors game. Whoever doesn't participate is the loser."

The body of the students who showed their hands became stuck like a stone statue.

It was because only Suhyuk showed rock in the game while others showed scissors.

Withdrawing his hand, Suhyuk smiled bitterly.

Kwon stuttered and asked him, "Which patient will you take?"

Clinical practice test.

Resident Park Ganghyun offered a piece of A4 paper to Suhyuk's group.

"You guys have to choose the patient among yourselves, and prepare for your presentation until next week. You have to prepare well because the professor will give you the score."

It was a list of patients hospitalized with different causes and diseases.

The total number of patients was five.

Four of them were patients with simple diseases. They could expect good scores if they prepare well enough by integrating the diagnostics of these patients with their hospital data...

But the problem was the remaining patient. The patient with leukemia.

The seriousness of that patient's disease was different from the other patients.

It was true that they found themselves reluctant to choose a patient with leukemia when they have easier patients to choose.

"Who is going to take that patient?"

When they asked one more time, Suhyuk laughed slightly, "Let me take patient Im Jinmook."

Their eyes turned wider at Suhyuk's words. He was taking the leukemia patient.

"Really? Don't say anything different later, okay?"

"Are you for real? Anything to say after that?"

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly.

"Hey, guys, why don't we buy Suhyuk delicious food?"

"Thank you!"

Suhyuk waved his hands, saying he would decline such a treat, and he came out into the hallway.

A nurse, who seemed to be in her mid 20s, was leisurely drinking coffee in front of the PC monitor. Then a voice popped out from the side.

"Good morning," It was Suhyuk.

The nurse who recognized him laughed brightly.

He was a PK practitioner who she looked at from a distance. She knew that he was a celebrity.

"Hello, what brought you here?"

"Well, I've been assigned to do a presentation on patient Im Jinmook."

"Oh, you are here to see his medical data. Wait a moment."

Her hand holding the mouse moved around.

Click, click.

"Take a look."

Suhyuk sat down at the seat where she had been sitting.

When he was about to look at the monitor, the nurse said, "It's an acute myeloid leukemia."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The most common leukemia is acute myelogenous leukemia.

Suhyuk kept looking at the monitor quietly. The nurse smiled at his gesture like that.

No matter how famous he was, he's but a student.

Actual practice was different from that of studying with textbooks.

'Can I help him?'

She opened her mouth softly, "There are four different types of leukemia: acute lymphoblastic leukemia, chronic myelogenous leukemia, chronic lymphoid arthritis, and acute myeloid leukemia, such as those of the immune system."

He responded with a smile at her kind voice, "Thank you."

Then he fixed his gaze on the monitor again.

"The leukemia Im has been suffering from is a very dangerous acute disease, and cancerous mutations occurred in the cells, resulting in excessive division..."

When Suhyuk scratched his head and stood up, she slurred her words, 'Was my explanation too difficult?'

When the nurse was about to open her mouth again, Suhyuk spoke first, "He already received chemotherapy, but did he get a hematopoietic cell transplant by any chance? I think it's time for him to have a self-transplant... I can't find the data for that."

The nurse was startled all of a sudden.

She should have put down the record on his treatment, but forgot.

She was being helped rather than helping him.

"Would you like some coffee?"

Suhyuk answered with a smile, saying, "No thanks. Can I see patient Im Jinmook now?"

He wanted to see the patient first.

Chapter 55

The nurse stared at him with wide eyes.

"Oh, don't you know about it? It's hard for any one other than a leukemia patients guardians to see them. I think you could prepare the presentation well with just the patient's data."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly. That's the kind of situation that he expected when he asked the nurse.

He was the first patient Suhyuk took since he came to the hospital.

Though he could not treat him directly, he wanted to see the patient's face even just once, which was regrettable.

So Suhyuk was forced to look at the monitor again.

The nurse looked at Suhyuk quietly. Thanks to him she could recall the forgotten medical record. She could have been disciplined for that.

'Well, let me do him a favor...'

"I'm now going to check patient Im Jinmook. Would you like to come with me?"

Suhyuk hastily looked back at her. The nurse was smiling a little.

"I have a condition instead," said the nurse.

"Condition?"

"Yes, please keep it to yourself that I let you come with me."

Suhyuk nodded pleasantly.

Suhyuk, dressed in aseptic clothing, entered the room along with the nurse.

A 42-year-old male patient Im Jinmook.

The nurse smiled as she looked at him.

"How are you feeling today, sir?"

Despite his haggard face, he answered with a smile.

"Very good. I want to brush my teeth everyday. I don't feel refreshed by just rinsing my teeth alone."

"You don't get any bleeding out of my gums, right? You can probably brush your teeth gently now, but don't forget to ask the doctor about it."

The nurse carefully checked the patient's condition.

Suhyuk looked at him from behind quietly and recalled his examination record from a little while ago. 'Did it say that he was overall in good condition and that he received chemotherapy because there were no complications? He received a bone marrow transplant for radiation therapy.'

A smile flickered in Suhyuk's eyes. One month? It seemed that he could be discharged by then.

At that moment, the name of a disease suddenly passed through his mind.

'HIV'

Whenever he saw reports about leukemia on TV, he naturally came to think about HIV.

Can HIV be used to repair leukemia? Leukemia produces and inhibits the production of normal red blood cells and platelets by overproduction and proliferation of immature white blood cells. As a result, the defense system of the body collapses, resulting in complications such as sepsis, anemia, and difficulty breathing. HIV is the opposite. HIV is a disease where the white blood cells are destroyed while leukemia is one where white blood cells increase abnormally.

A poison is cured by a poison. The HIV virus that destroys white blood cells is put into a disease that increases white blood cells. In

other words, genetic information (the HIV virus) is planted into the blood stem cell to treat leukemia. Theoretically it is more than possible, but it is not as easy as one thinks. If one can do the research successfully, treatment of leukemia will be easier and the pain suffered by the patient will be significantly reduced. In fact, it was a project implemented seriously in foreign countries. One in five responded favorably.

Suhyuk shook his head. Right now it's not perfect, but someday...

It was his own homework that Suhyuk had been thinking of.

"Shall we go now?"

At the nurse's words, Suhyuk nodded his head and turned back to the patient.

He looked at the patient again.

'When you are discharged, do not come back to the hospital.'

It was another way of Suhyuk saying to the patient he should stay fit and healthy.

The practice students' every day was hectic and busy.

As soon as they were done with the morning rounds, they went to see the assigned patients for examination or to check the medical records.

Only three days to go before the PPT announcement.

They did not go home, and prepared a presentation through the night at the hospital.

Suhyuk was no exception. No, he moved the mouse effortlessly.

While everyone was wrestling with the patient's illness, he was surfing the internet to look for a background for his PPT.

Then Choi Suryon approached him, saying,

"What are the tests that are essential to proving the early peritonitis? No matter how hard I tried, I cannot find the answer."

Letting out a sigh, she swept up her long hair as if she did not know.

"I think it would be better to take a simple radiographic image (Chest X-ray), because you can offer your own opinion on [pneumoperitoneum](#)."

"Are you talking about one where you capture the image of a person's chest while he's standing?"

Suhyuk nodded and spoke again,

"If you go deeper, you can find free air from using an electrified CT ..."

She shook her head. She felt her head throbbing as if she were talking with a professor.

"I just need to include a chest radiography in the presentation because all I need is to show pneumoperitoneum. Thank you!"

She turned back without any regrets. At that moment she was staggering and put her hands on his desk.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

At his questions, she slowly nodded her head.

"I feel like I have anemia. I feel it these days often."

Suhyuk slightly frowned.

Recently he has not seen her eating, and if she did, she ate very little like a bird.

"Are you on a diet these days?"

She put her hand on her waist and made a posture as if she wanted to show off her shape.

Her tight pants and vest stuck to her upper body showed that her shape is a subject of praise.

"Do you think my body needs to be on diet?"

Suhyuk said, shaking his head,

"Don't skip your meals. Or eat anemic medicine. If you want to be a doctor, you should be able to manage your body."

"Hey..."

She leaned back and showed her face to Suhyuk, saying, "Are you worried about me?"

With her vest stretched down, her breastbone was openly visible.

Suhyuk turned his head to the side and muttered to himself, "Put on some clothes, too..."

When he thought as such, Choi said calmly, looking around, "Are not you hungry?"

Suhyuk nodded his head. It was already 9 o'clock in the night.

Actually he felt hungry at this moment.

"Let me treat you, so let's go out."

"What about our other friends?"

"I'm not that rich, okay? Let me leave first, and you come out 10 minutes later."

She wrapped her backpack and waved to them, saying, "I'm leaving now. See you tomorrow."

Choi hopped like a rabbit to get out of the PK room.

Suhyuk looked around. Everyone was staring at the medical records on those patients they were assigned to. He felt sorry for them because only both of them were eating out.

For them, however, the practice score would be more of a priority than eating.

Ten minutes later, Suhyuk rose from the seat, saying, "I'll get some air outside for a moment."

They were jealous at his words.

"You must feel good as you can afford to go out for fresh air."

"Are you done already?"

Suhyuk went out of the room, with them casting jealous eyes.

Suhyuk and Choi found a coffee shop.

With coffee and a piece of chocolate cake, he moved to his seat.

What he ordered was a sweet piece of chocolate cake. He chose it without thinking, but the price was very expensive. That little piece cost 7,000 won. Naturally Hana's rice and soup store came to his mind. With this money, he could fill his stomach with one bowl of delicious rice and soup.

"Thanks for the treat."

She smiled at his words. The cake disappeared shortly.

Hardly had he moved his fingers a few times than he had suddenly eaten it all. He felt as if he lost to his appetite.

On the other hand, Choi had yet to eat half.

No, she just poked the fork as if to dismantle the cake rather than eat it.

"What are you doing?"

She woke up from her thoughts at his words, and she put some cake in her mouth.

"I just don't know what to do with the presentation... I already feel anxious."

"You'll be okay if you do it well seeing as you have prepared for it."

He has secretly seen the PPT she had been making.

The prescriptions and coping for the disease were accurate

without any margin of error.

If she goes ahead with it just as it is, she will definitely get a good score.

Then Choi stood up and laughed, saying, "I'll go to the bathroom."

She went to the bathroom and said, "Wow!"

She started to feel nauseous.

As if she felt choking in her throat, her white neck was becoming red.

She headed to the sink and rinsed her mouth.

Looking at the dripping water, she muttered, "Disgusting bastard..."

Recently, she felt it hard to swallow food. It was natural that anemia followed because she ate little.

"Lee Suhyuk..."

Chewing her thin lips, she shook her head and blew away her thoughts.

Extreme stress.

'I've had this before. "

"Huuhh..."

After adjusting her hair that slipped off, she soon went out of the bathroom.

Parting with Suhyuk, she was adjusting her clothes in front of her house.

Then soon she went inside.

"I'm home."

Her father and her stepmother that were watching TV took a

glance at her.

That was it. No one spoke to her.

Heading down, she walked across the living room.

In a situation like this, she just felt confused about if she was alive or dead. She felt like a ghost.

So she opened her door and her expression brightened in an instant. He is the only one who makes her like this. When she went into her room, her expression became bright in a moment.

For she found her brother sitting at her desk; her only supporter in the world.

"You're late."

With a big smile, she hugged him and played the baby.

"Yeah, I'm so tired these days because I have to prepare a presentation."

Tapping her on the shoulder, he said with a soft voice.

"Suryon"

"Yeah?" she replied, holding herself in her brother's arms.

Choi In-bae looked at her face-to-face after pushing her shoulder gently.

With a little sigh, he fixed his gaze on the notebook he put on her desk.

It was her diary. He did not mean to see it.

He was about to go out of her room after secretly leaving a bottle of perfume she wanted, but noticed her diary on the bed and read it with curiosity.

And he was stunned.

The diary was packed with the name Lee Suhyuk everywhere.

It showed her hate of, and big obsession with him.

"Suryon, I told you about it."

"What?" she asked, making a curious expression.

"I told you he saved my life. The doctor said my life would have been in jeopardy without his first-aid."

At his words, she hastily picked up her diary, and she murmured as she put it in the drawer as if she were hiding it.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Choi Suryon!"

She closed her ears with both hands, and she squatted in the corner of the wall.

"No, no, no, no, no! He tried to kill you! What a fool you are seeing as you don't know it yet? You will be alright if Lee Suhyuk disappears! Yes, if that bastard disappears!"

Choi Inbae was forced to look at her like a person totally aghast.

Did she not look like a person who had lost their mind?

"You... what's wrong with you?"

There was no response. Eventually he shook Choi's shoulder.

"Suryon!"

She slowly raised her head. Tears of sorrow dripped down her face.

"Choi Suryon, are you okay?" Choi Inbae, staring at her with surprised eyes, did not know.

Pneumoperitoneum - abnormal presence of air (or other gas) within the abdominal cavity.

Chapter 56

The presentation session was just around the corner.

Tomorrow they are supposed to present the presentations in front of the professors.

It's 10pm. The students, confined to the PK room, were busy with putting finishing touches on their presentation preparation. Some of them were mumbling while standing, and checked and rechecked if they had any mistakes in their presentations.

The central figure among them was Suhyuk.

If they did not know or understand anything, they turned to Suhyuk for help.

Suhyuk replied to their questions without hesitating even for a second.

On all such occasions they were stunned, but kept a calm expression because that was not the first time.

"Done."

Suhyuk smiled lightly, looking at the monitor.

He finished all the preparations for the presentation. Originally it was not even half a day's job, but he was a little slow because he had to help with his friends' work.

It was also because he was a bit complacent about his work.

When he tried to turn off the PC, Suhyuk put his hand on his cellphone.

It was a call from resident Park Ganghyun.

He would never contact the students after practice sessions.

'What is it?'

"Yes, sir," answered Suhyuk.

"Have you not gone home yet?"

"I'm going home now."

"Come to the emergency room right now along with your friends. No, just you alone."

"What's going on?"

Park hung up the phone when he said that.

Suhyuk stared at his cellphone quietly. Apparently his voice seemed urgent.

Then a voice popped out from the side.

"What's the matter?" It was Choi Suryon.

"Resident Park is calling for me."

"Why?"

Suhyuk shook his head. He did not know why either.

"Would you like me to go with you?"

"No, he asked me to come alone."

Choi looked back at him walking away, and murmured, "How busy he is... He thinks he has already become a doctor?"

The emergency room was crowded with patients.

More patients than usual rushed into the emergency room, making the nurses and doctors hectically busy.

"What happened?"

Suhyuk asked a busy nurse passing by.

"The bus that high school students were riding on had an accident."

Suhyuk looked around again. Most of the patients were students, who ranged from those with blood on their faces to those with bleeding limbs.

Luckily, he was not able to see an emergency patient.

"Huuhh..."

He closed his eyes for a moment and calmed down his pounding heart.

Then he found Park Ganghyun. Suhyuk was able to find him quickly.

"You called for me, sir," said Suhyuk.

Park did not reply. Instead, he opened the pupil of the wounded patient to confirm its reflex. There was no reflex.

"Nurse Lee, I think you should take a scan of the patient. Hurry up, please."

"Okay."

When the nurse disappeared with the patient, Park opened his mouth to Suhyuk, "You see resident Oh Byungchul over there? As you can see, he is short handed at the moment because many patients came here at the same time, so go and ask him if he needs anything."

Nurses, doctors, and interns all took care of the patients, but it was not enough.

In addition, new patients kept coming in.

"I'm afraid you have to help as an assistant."

Though he mentioned assistant role, it was more like an errand boy.

It was not possible to put a student without a medical license into actual treatment practice.

In addition to Lee Suhyuk, Park tried to call all of the apprentices. But he changed his mind because the guys, who were confused about even the simple names of the medical apparatus, would disturb him when they were called for.

Lee Suhyuk alone was enough.

So Park moved to the imaging room with the patient.

Looking at his back, Suhyuk scratched his head.

‘How can I assist?’ He thought to himself.

Then he went to Oh Byungchul who was watching over a patient.

He was instructing the nurse, checking the torn eyes of the patient.

"Tell them our emergency room is full, and to return the ambulance to another hospital."

"Yes!"

The nurse disappeared and Oh Byungchul looked at Suhyuk.

"Did resident Park call for you?"

"Yes, he asked me to help you..."

Oh Byungchul smiled lightly, and he gestured with his eyes, glancing at the medical appliances.

"Give me a needle holder."

Suhyuk moved his hands without hesitation.

He exactly picked up the right tweezers among dozens of tools.

"When you are doing your internship, you will be stitching countless times until you're bored. So, take a close look now. Otherwise you might get confused later."

Oh, who withdrew his gaze from Suhyuk, told the patient in a comforting manner, "It will sting a bit."

The needle touched the patient's skin.

At the same time, he skillfully sewed with thread to the skin. It was dermal burial suture.

It was a technique to suture the skin by touching only the dermis without suturing the underlying skin.

It was a cosmetic procedure as the stitch was done for a facial area.

"Synthetic (for inner skin suture)?"

"Oh yeah."

Oh Byungchul laughed dumbfoundedly at Suhyuk watching the stitching job.

It was difficult to visually confirm that the suture he was doing now was touching the skin or touching the dermis. Nonetheless, he could figure it out correctly. What a guy...

Without Oh's instruction, Suhyuk gave out the necessary things according to each step correctly.

On such occasions, he looked at Suhyuk sometimes.

He was as good as an intern who studied quite well.

He gave out the stitching instruments as if he were suturing himself.

The suturing time was not short, but the suture ended now.

Oh finally opened his mouth after disinfecting it.

"You can leave now," said Oh.

"Pardon?"

"Go and do your work. I don't think there is anything left you can do."

Suhyuk looked around. Most of the patients had light bruises and abrasions.

The only thing left is to look at the bones and organs of the students using medical equipment. The patients who were rushed into the emergency room like a rising tide gradually got discharged.

"Take care," said Suhyuk, and left the room.

It was less than two hours that he stayed there.

He just felt futile at the moment and thought like this: 'I hope that time passes quickly, so the day would come as soon as possible when I can touch and take care of the sick people and the patients suffering from pain. Then I won't calm down my throbbing heart, nor will I hesitate to help.'

Students in clean suits and white robes gathered in the conference room.

And they waited for the professors anxiously.

"I hope I do well without trembling during the presentation."

"I hope the professors don't ask questions."

Looking at them, Suhyuk laughed gently.

They were so nervous even though they were so well prepared.

Then Park Ganghyun came into the meeting room, followed by Professor Lee Mansuk and Professor Kim Jinwook.

The two professors' eyes turned to Suhyuk, with a look that seemed to ask, 'It was too easy for you, wasn't it' 'Just be my disciple as I give you a full score without looking at your presentation.' It was the kind of look that Suhyuk could not understand at all.

So the two professors sat down and Park opened his mouth, "Professors do not have much time, so let's start right away. Kwon Jaeik, you're first?"

"Yeah!"

"Start your presentation!"

The screen came down and the beam projector shot the video.

Kwon opened his mouth with a trembling voice.

"My patient is a 55-year-old man who has been diagnosed with

[ossification](#) of the posterior longitudinal ligament, and I will begin the presentation. Three years ago, the patient had pain on the neck and shoulder, so he had been treated at another hospital. The patient was taken to this emergency room after he fell while climbing. He had neck pain, weakness in the limbs ... "

Kwon's presentation, despite him being the most nervous among the students, was delivered surprisingly well. Professor Lee opened his mouth when the presentation was over, "Well, good job. What is the cause of postmenopausal syndrome?"

His presentation described the medical treatment in detail, but touched on the disease-induced explanation evasively.

"Well..."

"Don't you know the answer?" Professor Lee was stunned at Kwon, who became dumb as an oyster.

"A prescription is offered by a doctor, but the doctor doesn't know the cause of the disease. Do you think this makes any sense?" Then he called Suhyuk's name sitting beside him.

"Lee Suhyuk," His head turned to Lee.

"Do you know the answer?"

His expression turned embarrassed.

If he answered the question, it seemed Kwon's practice score would be deducted somehow. For the answer that the presenter did not know would come from the wrong person.

The professor frowned a bit when Suhyuk seemed hesitant.

He felt a bit disappointed because the answer did not even come out from the student he had in mind. Of course, his eagerness to have him as his disciple did not wane a bit just for that.

He's just a student now. What he had shown so far was great.

'What he does not know, I can teach.' Prof. Lee thought to himself.

When Professor Lee's gaze moved back to the presenter, he heard something, "It was abnormal ossification that occurs along the posterior cervical vertebrae."

The professor's head turned to Suhyuk again. He was laughing gently, which reconfirmed his trust in him. Suhyuk did not stop there, "Stenosis of the spinal canal causes radiculopathy and myelopathy."

When Suhyuk stopped, Prof. Lee asked, "What are the symptoms that have a tendency to accompany?"

"Common ligaments, yellow ligaments, and ossicles of the spinal ligaments may be common."

Lee nodded his head, as if he were satisfied. He could reconfirm his trust in him.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again,

"This is what I seemed to have heard from the presenter Kwon Jaeik yesterday. Maybe he must have forgotten because he was so nervous."

Lee asked Kwon, "Really?"

Meeting his eyes, Kwon opened his eyes wide and looked at Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was nodding his head with a smile.

"Yes, sir!"

"I see."

Profs. Lee and Kim took a pen on the paper they were holding. They wanted to deduct the score but did not. Suhyuk's behavior was praiseworthy.

He said he heard it all from the presenter? The two professors did not believe him.

The presentations continued.

The students who were sweating at the questions of the professors barely responded by using their knowledge as much as they could. Among them, Choi Suryon, who made a smooth presentation and a clean Q & A session, was praised by the professors.

Finally, Suhyuk's turn came up.

A break time was given prior to his presentation.

"I will give you 10 minutes break. So, go to the toilet quickly if you want."

"In that case I will return quickly."

At Park's words, the students moved quickly.

Suhyuk moved to a PC to connect his USB with the presentation contents.

Then Choi Suryon approached and supported Suhyuk.

"Lee Suhyuk, Go get 'em!"

Suhyuk nodded with a slight smile. There was nothing difficult. All he had to do was show the images and pictures of the data, and explain about the blood cancer that such patients were suffering, and the process of treatment and future prescriptions. It was a simple presentation.

If the other students had known this idea of Suhyuk's, they would have been stunned.

Simple? No way!

Soon Suhyuk came before the PC, connecting the USB to look for the files.

Then.

"Uh?" The file did not exist. No matter how he searched for it, he could not find it.

He vividly remembered that he finished work yesterday and

saved the PPT on the USB.

The students who had visited the toilet took their seats while Suhyuk was wearing an embarrassed expression.

And Park Ganghyun informed the professors.

"The last presenter is Lee Suhyuk."

Ossification - bone modelling, the layering of bone cells.

Chapter 57

“Huuhh...”

Suhyuk came off the PC with a short sigh. Since the file was gone, he had no choice but to present it with his own voice. Only that way could he could get whatever score they gave.

Suhyuk manipulated the remote control to lower the screen and turn off the beam projector.

"What are you doing now?"

At Park Ganghyun's asking, Suhyuk laughed bitterly. The professors looked at him curiously.

"I will start the presentation about patient Im Jinmook who has been suffering from hematologic cancer."

"Are you kidding me?"

At Park's words, Professor Lee Mansuk moved his hand. It was meant to let him proceed with the presentation. The eyes of the two professors were tinged with curiosity.

What was he going to do? Suhyuk, with a black pen, began to write down the patient's personal information on a large whiteboard.

"Patient Im, suffering from acute myeloid leukemia, had an easily treatable type of cancer, and he had chemotherapy because there were no prior complications such as pneumonia."

Suhyuk continued to open his mouth and did not rest his hand.

Suhyuk added that if the patient had complications, he would first have to improve his condition with antibiotics, blood transfusions, and adjuvant therapies before chemotherapy.

“Since then, he has been taking chemotherapy, which can eradicate leukemia cells from the whole body via the bloodstream, but because it does not reach the brain and spinal cord, he was

administered the recommended chemotherapy directly to the cerebrospinal fluid."

And he wrote down on the board some cautions about applying a long needle and the exact technique.

"Next, about introduction therapy..."

Lee raised his hand.

"Please go ahead."

"According to your words, it means that from the head to the toe the anticancer drug is circulated, but don't you think the drug is overused?"

"About 100 million leukemia cells were present in the patient's body, so systemic chemotherapy was inevitable."

"Got it," said Prof. Lee, shaking his head with glaring eyes.

His explanation was easy to understand. Granted that he searched the patient's data thoroughly, he was listing the step-by-step treatment as though he himself had done the surgery himself.

Besides, the additional explanations on the whiteboard were easy to understand for the students.

"It would be good enough for me to use it as a textbook..." Professor Kim looked at him gently at his murmuring.

"You'd better give him up quickly. He is going to be my disciple anyway," Prof. Kim murmured to himself, and looked at Suhyuk with a satisfactory look.

"If there are no more questions, I will proceed with the presentation again."

The two professors nodded, and Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

"Since then, the patient has received a hematopoietic stem cell (bone marrow) transplantation. There are two types of transplantation for the transplantation of other people's cells."

"Okay. That's enough," Professor Lee stopped his presentation.

He felt as if he were attending an academic seminar that intensively studies leukemia.

If he were allowed to continue, it seemed he would just go on and on.

So as soon as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth again, Professor Kim first spoke.

"Like other diseases, do you think leukemia can be prevented?"

"The cause of the disease has not yet been elucidated medically yet, but as a proven fact, exposure to chemicals such as cigarettes, lungs, benzene, and herbicides should be minimized and potential of getting leukemia is caused when doxorubicin or etoposide anticancer drugs are used."

"As for Im Jinmook, can he be cured?"

Suhyuk laughed gently at Professor Lee's question.

"I think he can be discharged soon."

Professor Lee stood up from his seat and looked at his notes on the whiteboard.

The summary was concise and to the point.

"Resident Park Ganghyun."

"Yes, professor."

"Print out Suhyuk's notes and distribute it to the interns, and you read it too."

So then he left, and so did Professor Kim. Looking at Suhyuk with a smile, they left the conference room.

"Huuhh..."

Suhyuk finished the presentation with a sigh.

His friends came up to him.

"Did you hear the professors' instruction that your notes should be printed out and distributed to the interns?"

"Why didn't you turn on the PowerPoint?"

Suhyuk answered shortly, "The file was gone."

"How come...? Anyway, you're a great guy."

While all the students were gathered around Suhyuk, Choi Suryon stayed sat down on the chair.

She was grabbing her nails and mumbling, "What the heck are you..."

She had him drink and seduced him. Also, she had all the professors ask him questions during the rounds time. She even deleted the PPT file this time. It was all meaningless. Rather Suhyuk used all that to make him get recognized even more brilliantly. Thanks to that, there was no one in the hospital who did not know him.

Her fingernails that she was biting got crushed.

'Yes, you should just disappear. Only that way can my brother feel relaxed.'

After the presentations, the students were able to head home early for the first time in a long time.

Still though, it was past 7pm. Suhyuk also left the hospital. But he did not go home.

He was going to visit Hana's rice and soup restaurant for the first time in a long while.

Arriving at the bus stop, he smiled with relief. He thought he would not get a score as the PPF file was gone. If that had happened, he would have flunked. Unlike his friends whose lives were on track, he would have to study one more year to retake the same courses.

"How lucky..."

What if the professors did not pass him due to his mistake? He just let out a sigh when he came to think of it. The bus arrived and Suhyuk was on the bus.

Suhyuk, who got off the bus, went into the market alley.

Although the street lights were installed everywhere, the lights were blinking as if they were out of order. Every day Hana and her father would pass through this road.

"Should I submit a complaint?"

Hana is a woman and her father is uncomfortable with his limp.

The road was dangerous for them because many drunk people would come and go.

"I have to call the civil complaint center tomorrow."

Thinking so, Suhyuk moved his feet. Then he had to stop because he saw a long shadow of a person between the flickering lights.

When the light was turned off and shone back on, the shadow had disappeared.

Suhyup looked around. Meow. A cat was jumping over the wall.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk moved again. So when the lights went out and came back again, Suhyuk turned back quickly. He surely saw it. A shadow chasing him from behind.

But there was nobody.

"Is it another cat?"

Suhyuk moved with a silly laugh.

At that moment, a person jumped out suddenly right before him.

"Die!"

It was a woman holding a sharp scalpel. A thin line of blood was drawn on his cheek.

He barely avoided the scalpel falling on his cheek.

The lights went out and came back on. Suhyuk was holding her wrist with the scalpel.

"Choi Suryon... what the hell are you doing?!"

"You must die!"

She gave more strength to her arm holding the scalpel. But she could not overpower him.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Die! Please die!"

This time she grabbed his neck with her other hand.

When she was about to scratch his neck with her sharp nails, he slapped her in the face hard.

She squatted on the ground. Suhyuk slowly approached her.

And he took a long sigh, "I did not think Inbae would tell you to do this."

Suhyuk knew from the beginning. She was Choi's brother. He did realise it when he went out of the movie theater with Hana, but it came back to his mind quickly.

He saw Inbae taking her near the hospital several times.

The only thing he did not know was that Choi Suryon hated him so much.

"Just tell Inbae to give me a call."

When Suhyuk moved his step again, she abruptly took hold of him again, shouting "He'll be alright if you are removed!"

He took her wrist again. He fastened her to the wall with the other forearm and looked sharp at Choi's eyes.

"Do you know how dangerously you are acting towards me? Call Choi Inbae..."

Suhyuk could not talk any more.

Her pupils trembled a lot. Though she was looking at him, actually she was not.

‘Schizophrenia?’

If that's right, he could understand her behavior to some extent.

Schizophrenia causes hallucinations, delusions, and emotional insensitivity disorders.

"Die! Die! Please die!"

Tears dropped from Choi's eyes.

The voice coming out of her mouth was close to madness. Even tears.

"Choi Suryon, come to your senses!"

Suhyuk grabbed her chin and faced her straight in the face.

"Can you recognize who I am? How did you follow me? What's your name?"

She was just struggling as if she could not hear him.

Then he could notice it clearly. The golden ring within her black eyes.

"A Kayser-Flesischer ring... Wilson's disease?"

Suhyuk, who was controlling her with his strength, spoke again.

“How could a person who wants to be a doctor...”

With a sigh, he moved his hands.

"Just go to sleep for a moment."

Choi Suryon's closed eyes slowly opened.

It was a patient's room.

"Why am I here..."

She woke up from the bed. Then the tingling pain made her head turn.

She saw an IV needle injected into her arm, and Suhyuk drinking water at the side.

"How are you feeling?" Suhyuk approached her.

"I'm okay, but why am I here?"

"Did you keep hiding it or did you know about it?"

She made an expression as if she did not understand his question.

It seemed that she did not know that she had wielded the scalpel to him horribly.

"How long have you been without menstruation?"

At his question, she was stunned. How did he know that?

"If you've had anemia, you should have predicted it to some extent. Your organs are not normal right now."

Choi's disease was one caused by an abnormality in copper metabolism: Wilson's disease. Copper accumulates in the liver, brain, cornea, and red blood cells, causing mutations in the gene. If left untreated, it is a terrible disease that leads to death in any form such as from liver disease, or psychological suicide. It can not be completely cured by modern medicine. The patient should take care of his or her life by taking medication that can release copper from the body.

"What do you mean?"

To her question, Suhyuk murmured with a long sigh.

"What a silly girl."

How could she, who wanted to be a doctor, just ignore such symptoms?

Vomiting, hemolytic anemia, depression. Obviously she must have experienced it.

‘I wish I could have found out a little sooner...’

Then Choi Inbae came into the room.

His eyes looking at Choi Suryon were full of regrets.

“Suhyuk, can I talk to you for a moment?”

Suhyuk nodded at his words. So then they were out of the room.

Some time later, a middle-aged man came to her room, which remained alone with just her.

It was Choi Suryon’s father. She, who was lying in bed, slowly raised her upper body.

"Dad..."

"Just stay in bed."

He looked at his daughter quietly. What was he thinking? Amid the silence, she opened her mouth, "I'm sorry... You came here because of me, even though you were busy."

She had no expression on her face, but she was surprised in her heart.

Did he ever come to see her first?

“Suryon.”

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry."

Her eyes became wide.

‘What is he sorry for? Why do I get tears?’

She quickly wiped her flowing tears. She did not want to show him her ugliness like that.

Boohoo. But she could not stop her tears from coming. In the end, she burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, Dad. Boohoo."

She curled herself up, with her shoulders heaving.

The middle-aged man slowly hugged her.

"I'm sorry, I'm a stupid dad... I'm really sorry."

'My daughter's body was not all normal anymore now. Her body and mind. How hard and painful this poor wretch was... Why did I see this poor little girl only as a thorn in my eyes?'

Only now he could see his own flesh and blood in her properly.

'Do not forgive this stupid father. I'm sorry. My daughter ...'

Suhyuk, walking along with Choi Inbae, told the nurse in charge, "Choi is a patient with Wilson's disease. I think you need to administer penicillamine or trientine first."

It was a drug that could discharge copper accumulated in the organ with the urine. It is a disease very difficult to detect even with a test. So, he firmly defined it as 'Wilson's disease' just in case the nurse would not understand him.

"It has been a while since I saw you," said Choi Inbae, offering canned coffee to Suhyuk, who took it quietly.

The two looked up at the sky silently.

"You do not deserve having a sister."

Choi smiled bitterly at his words. It was true. It was really his big mistake that he did not detect her condition like that.

Choi Inbae, touching the canned coffee, opened his mouth, "Thank you."

He heard from the doctor that she would have had to receive a liver transplant if her condition had been detected a bit later.

"This is just the beginning, it takes several months to heal. It's not the end. It's a illness that she has to carry all her life."

A chronic disease that needs medication until death, and constant attention.

"Thank you then..." said Choi Inbae, touching his neck. It was the spot where Suhyuk opened his cricothyroid membrane for first aid treatment before.

"And now, you have saved me and my sister."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly, "You know I appreciate it, but as I just told you, this is just the beginning. You have to take care of her well, and she'll show symptoms of mental illness during treatment. So, don't take it as abnormal and deal with it well."

Suhyuk walked away with Choi Inbae left behind him, and he waved his hand.

Looking at his back, Choi Inbae muttered, "Thank you man. From the bottom of my heart."

Chapter 58

Suhyuk's mother put several 10,000 won notes in Suhyuk's hands.

"I don't need it as I stay only inside the hospital."

"You still keep it," she said, putting the money deep into his pocket.

"Do they serve meals? Can I prepare some food for you?"

"They serve good food at the hospital. And I don't have any space to keep food."

It was a very small lodging with bunk beds. The refrigerator was small as well.

"I'll come back when I have time."

"Yeah, yeah, slow down while taking shortcuts..."

With her son going out the porch, she looked at him admirably.

It was just like yesterday that he protested and complained like a teen, with his room locked from the inside, but now he became an adult man. And also one where his profession was that of a doctor. All the people around her envied her, saying she had such a great son. She just smiled before she knew it because she was so proud of her son.

"I'm leaving now. Do not come out."

"Call me when you have time."

With a soft smile, Suhyuk thought to himself, while leaving the house, 'Mom and dad, please wait a little bit. I'll soon let you live in luxury.'

His gait to the bus stop was light.

It's already been one week since he became an intern. He thought that he was going to be busy from the beginning but it was a

misjudgement of his. He was not assigned to training right away. Instead he was just told the upcoming curriculum. Seven days of adjusting time was given to him. He was only a little more busy than when he was a PK student. Even that was coming to an end as of today.

He had to visit each clinical department and spend time with his primary physician for intensive learning with no time to go to sleep. It was only natural, given that when they're short staffed, it was the interns who had to fill the vacuum. In the course of the training, all the miscellaneous things should be handled by the interns. They also had to examine and report on the condition of the patients to the primary doctor. When they get a call, they have to rush immediately, brushing their sleepy eyes, night or dawn. They had been prepared for this because they heard about this from their seniors and from the doctors.

If he could save a dying person, he would do anything.

Suhyuk, waiting for the bus, looked down at his own hands quietly.

Can I use these hands for the patient? As I'm only an intern, all I can do is just suturing or looking on, even with a sick patient before my eyes.'

He blew away such thoughts with a short breath.

Getting on board a bus, a medical law clause came to his mind. Article 5 clause 1, which goes like this: 'A lawful medical person is someone who has majored in medical science with a MS degree, passed the national medical exam and received the license from the Ministry of Health and Welfare'

Though he was an intern, he was certified to take care of the patient.

'If a person was dying in front of me... I don't have to hesitate or hide the medical knowledge I keep in my head, right?'

After coming into the hospital lodging, Suhyuk began to unload his baggage.

There was nothing particular about the packed stuff. It was all clothes.

At that moment, Kwon Jaeik, carrying a coke, came in.

"You just got here?"

He was supposed to share the lodging with him.

Kwon squatted on the bed and sighed, "I studied like hell to come to this point, but it's only the real beginning from now..."

"From now on, just think about saving a person's life..."

He shook his head at his words. Suhyuk seemed to think of the patient as his lover.

When they talked about routine topics, his eyes sparkled whenever there was any mention of a disease or a patient.

After drinking from the coke, he opened his mouth again, "Which department did you say you're starting with?"

"Pediatrics."

When they have done their training at each of the different department every month, they will have completed one year of internship. And after the exam at the end of the year, they can decide on their speciality.

Kwon looked at Suhyuk with an envious look.

"Oh, mine is the surgery department."

The surgery department was a physically challenging one compared to other departments, as such it was called as a place where you can find the '3Ds' - jobs that are dirty, dangerous or difficult.

In addition, it was an unpopular profession in which there were

not many majors, so they were short staffed a lot.

Tearing his hair out, Kwon rose from his seat saying, "Let's go."

Suhyuk looked at him with a puzzled look, "Where to?"

"Don't you know we interns were supposed to gather at the rooftops? From now on we're so busy we can't even see each other's faces. Oh, I wish tomorrow would not come..."

Tomorrow was a Monday, the start of a full-fledged internship.

Suhyuk stood from the seat, as if he were recalling what had slipped off his mind.

"Let's go."

Sky Park located at the rooftop of Daehan Hospital.

There were lots of patients and guardians there even at dusk. Among them were seen the interns wearing white gowns, who talked with a mixed feeling of expectation and anxiousness.

"I hear that the internal medicine physician is horrible. I'm afraid my life is as good as over."

"I am with a surgeon."

Suhyuk smiled a little at them. All of the PK trainees became interns like him, except only one did not.

Choi Suryon, suffering from a mental illness accompanied with Wilson's disease, did not.. It was hard for her to be a doctor with that condition. How was she doing? Maybe she would be doing well.

"Cheers for our future!"

At his friends' spirited voice, Suhyuk raised his soft drink.

The night that was not so long passed and the morning was breaking bright.

Kwon frowned at the alarm sound.

“What time is it?”

Turning off the sound, Suhyuk said, wearing the gown, “It's six o'clock.”

Interns gathered together for breakfast, and headed for their assigned department, waving their hands just like separated families did, “Shall we go?”

Suhyuk got on the elevator. Getting off at the seventh floor, he crossed a bridge to move to another building.

“Hello? You’re Lee Suhyuk, right?”

A woman physician turning over a chart welcomed him.

Her face looked small enough to think her black rimmed glasses looked larger than normal.

She laughed with a tired face and stuck out her hand.

“Pleasure to meet you. I’m Oh Heejin.”

She had seen him on the TV news three times, but it was the first time she saw his face in person.

Holding her hands, Suhyuk said, “I am at your service!”

“Oh, it’s me who wants to say that. You can just do what I tell you, and do not make any mistakes. How about it? Easy, right?”

How many times had interns caused troubles by making mistakes... Her head was throbbing painfully when she thought about it.

“Yes.”

She made an unbelievable expression at his reply. New interns always replied like that. When they were tasked with work, however, they were doing the wrong thing or she had a call without fail from those guardians whose patients were treated by the interns.

"Today is the first day.. Ah, Nurse Kim!"

Oh Heejin called out the nurse who was passing by, and said, "Yes, doctor."

"This is a new intern. Please take him with you today."

"I'm fully tied up with schedules today."

The nurse made an expression about to cry.

"Well, let me excuse you then..." When she left, the nurse sighed briefly.

It was a very annoying thing to take him over on a busy day like this.

"Hello."

At Suhyuk's greeting she bowed her head slightly.

"I'm going to go to gather blood from a patient. Follow me, please."

The nurse turned back abruptly, and Suhyuk followed her.

They did not move far because the patient's room was nearby.

She approached a child. The five-year-old boy was in a good sleep.

The nurse asked for the consent of the guardian,

"Mother, I'll take some blood, now" the nurse said to the boy's mother.

"I think he is okay now. It seems his temperature went down more than yesterday."

"Sure. He'll be better soon."

When the nurse took the syringe, the boy, waking up, began to show tears, and the mother comforted him, saying, "Yohwan, it will be quick. It doesn't hurt at all. Right, Nurse?"

"Sure. Let me get it done quickly so you won't feel pain."

Even though she said so, she felt troubled at her heart.

Children's blood is quite hard to take, because their veins are so narrow and thin.

Besides, the kid before her eyes was plump and beefy.

The nurse tied his arm with a yellow rubber band.

Meanwhile Suhyuk was checking the name of the kid's disease.

“Meningitis.”

It was the disease that caused inflammation in the subarachnoid space.

Suhyuk looked at the kid sadly.

He just felt bitter at the thought that a long needle was put into the spine of that little kid.

The boy, with a crying voice, burst into cries after all at the nurse's needle.

“I put the needle in the wrong place. Don't move, Yohwan!”

His mom caught her child's moving arm.

And the nurse moved the needle one more time.

“Boohoo...” he cried.

Again she put in the needle beside the blood vessel.

"Hey, you're doing it correctly, right?"

At the guardian's question, the nurse was sweating.

“Sure. Wait a little. Let me bring a new syringe.”

So said the nurse, and she went out of the room.

It was an excuse. She was intent to bring the most experienced nurse, known for her skill in finding the blood vessels like a ghost.

Suhyuk walked to the crying child. His mom, narrowing his eyes, looked at him.

She already felt upset because the nurse left a couple of needle marks on her son's forearm.

"Are you a doctor?"

Suhyuk nodded. It was true because interns were as good as a doctor.

"Did you feel a lot of pain?"

The child nodded with tears dripping.

"Let me blow my breath on it. Let me see."

Suhyuk took his child's arm lightly, and touched the area where his blood vessel was located, and soon he said, "I will collect blood."

Surprisingly he located it by the touch.

"Please get it in just one go."

She sharply looked at him. She showed an expression as if she would not sit idle if he did not do it right this time.

Whether he heard her complaint or not, he held a syringe calmly.

When the boy burst into tears, his mother covered her eyes and soothed him.

Suhyuk stuck a needle into his arm. The blood that passed through the needle was being drawn into the syringe.

When the boy began to cry loudly, the needle was already out.

"It's here."

The nurse who had disappeared came back with a stout and heavy nurse.

Suhyuk said to them, "I am finished with the blood retrieval."

They saw the syringe filled with blood in his hand.

"Oh, that's good."

Responding blankly, the nurse thought it was just luck.

Even a nurse called a queen of blood vessels got into a sweat when she came to the pediatrics department. ‘Now, this intern who just got here did it? Maybe he did it by sheer luck.’

Thinking so, the nurse who entered another room sighed a silent long sigh.

A child more plump than Yohwan.

It was certain that her pride would be at risk if she put the needle in wrong this time.

She just felt bad about the scheduler who set up her schedule like this.

She stared at Suhyuk standing in the back.

"Do you want to try it by yourself? Experience is important."

Nodding his head, he took the syringe without hesitation.

"Hold on a second."

At the same time the blood work was done in an instant.

The nurse's face became blank. She made an unbelievable expression.

On that day, he just kept collecting blood all day long, and rumors began to circulate among the pediatric wards. He's an intern with a one-shot-one-kill.

And his name, all the nurses knew about it by late evening. Intern Lee Suhyuk. It was the starting point of the legend that shook Daehan Hospital.

Chapter 59

A week passed.

Suhyuk seemed to have collected blood like crazy.

Although he also did things like disinfection and simple tests sometimes, the main task assigned to him was blood collection.

‘It's the first time I have collected so much blood like this... And all that in just one week.’

“Intern, sir, can I ask you to collect blood from patient Lim Harin?”

Nurses began to ask him for a favor like that without any hesitation.

Suhyuk nodded his head gladly.

It was a basic examination practice to analyze the blood of a patient and at the same time, it was a very important job to do, because blood can reveal a clue to figuring out the identity of most diseases.

So, even if it's a simple technique, Suhyuk took blood with a good sense of duty.

Morning time passed and lunch time came.

Fortunately, he was done with his assigned quota of blood collection, so he moved to the elevator to go out.

At that moment, he heard a woman's voice.

"How come you disinfected it that stupid way? It's such an easy job. Didn't I tell you not to make a mistake?"

Suhyuk's head turned to the side at the sharp voice.

Resident Oh Heejin was frowning, looking at her intern peers.

She swept up her hair as if she could not calm down her anger.

Sizing up what they were talking about, the intern made the patient's wound open more while he was disinfecting it.

She then noticed Suhyuk.

"Have a good lunch."

And then she opened her mouth again, "Just be like him, no more or no less. Nurses call him 'One-shot, One-kill' Can't you solve it with only a couple of attempts?"

Suhyuk, who bowed his head to her, laughed bitterly and entered the elevator.

He could see the intern's face when the elevator door was closed. He felt sorry for him somehow.

Suhyuk came out and looked around.

"He said he would pass by not too late..."

Suhyuk called somewhere. <The customer does not answer the phone...> sounded out the recorded automatic message.

"Is he busy?"

When he was about to make another call, someone said, "Hey, Suhyuk".

He turned his head to the side at the familiar voice.

A man wearing a white suit and a black tie. A figure as handsome as a model, Dongsu.

"I was not late man. I went to the bathroom."

"What's wrong with your hand?"

He was wrapping a blood-stained bandage on his hand roughly. At his question, Dongsu opened his mouth with a peek at his hand, "I'm a bit hurt because that son of a bitch struggled like hell."

"Did you go to the the site where the detective caught the criminal?"

It was not once or twice when he questioned the appropriateness of Dongsu's profession.

The prosecutor Dongsu was following criminal suspects ahead of the detectives.

"If you are doing things like this, why did you become a prosecutor instead of a detective?"

Dongsu responded briefly, "Because the prosecutor has more to show off."

'How can it be the only reason...' Suhyuk just could not help but shake his head.

So they both had a light lunch at the restaurant near the hospital and headed for a coffee shop. He had about 30 minutes of free time as long as he did not get a call.

"So, can you manage your work well?"

Suhyuk nodded lightly at his question.

"Well, I know you can't live without a patient."

He was a guy who ran to a sick person, putting aside all his work.

"How about you?"

Donsu said, with a slight frown, "Oh boy. I now know how many crazy people there are in the world."

Yes, there were incidents that did not surface; they were crimes that people could not even imagine. Only coming in novels? Horrible contents such as seen in the movies? That was nothing.

At that moment, his cell phones rang, "Yes, this is prosecutor Kim Dongsu."

Suhyuk looked at Dongsu on the phone pleasantly.

He studied so much with his eyes becoming bloodshot just to achieve what he wanted at the end of the day.

He could imagine how much his mother liked it. He just felt

proud of him like as if he were his mother.

"How this son of a bitch can..." murmured Dongsu who hung up the phone.

"What is it?"

Dongu sighed long at his question.

"The suspect is his keeping his mouth shut, and using the right to remain silent."

"What's the type of crime he committed?"

"It's a murder case. This crazy asshole murdered his mom, dad, and sister and set fire to the house."

Suhyuk frowned, saying, "Does he not have a mental illness?"

Dongsu laughed, thinking to himself, "Hey, I know you're a doctor even if you don't say things like that. It's not a mental illness. That bastard is just an asshole."

"What is the motive for his crime?"

"I hear he had an adhesive in his mouth. Obviously he did it to get insurance money."

Dozens of crimes take place every day. Criminals who commit unbelievable crimes. Crimes overflowing everywhere. Despite such criminals, it was amazing to see the world going around without collapsing.

"I'll have to get going first."

Dongsu, rising from the seat, was in such an emotional mood as if he wanted to rush to the suspect to grab his neck immediately. His character clearly showed it. Suhyuk also rose from his seat and opened his mouth, "Did you see it on the news? Coercive investigation... Did you not see it on the news that a detective assaulted a suspect? I hope you do not come out on TV news like that."

Dongsu laughed slightly.

"Those assholes need some beating, and there are invisible methods to do so."

Suhyuk could not help but laugh dumbfoundedly. This was a guy who would not listen to him no matter what he said. Suhyuk and Dongsu parted in front of the coffee shop, promising to meet again next time.

Suhyuk, who entered the hospital lobby, was called.

It was the call of the doctor in charge, Oh Heejin.

He had to move quickly.

"Did you call?"

She, turning over the chart, nodded her head.

"You're going to the emergency room with me now? It's the first time you are visiting a pediatric emergency room?"

"As a PK student I went into the general emergency room. What about the other interns?"

The interns assigned to the pediatrics department were in total 4 persons including himself. Though he looked around everywhere, he could not find them, who usually looked crestfallen like fallen reeds.

"I gave them some break time because they looked tired."

Break time was in name only, because it was like stopping all their work. It was her way of giving a hard time to new interns. After two or three hours, though, they would show up again.

"It'll be a little noisy."

Fluttering her gown, she walked ahead.

The pediatric emergency room was completely different from the general emergency room.

It was noisy, to say the least.

Many children cried and threw a tantrum loudly enough to hit the eardrums of those present.

Nurses soothed those little patients, and the doctors were busy moving around here and there.

Oh Heejin approached a doctor examining the body of a child lying down. It was Park Jungnam in his third year of residency.

"Sir, I'm here to assist you."

She was called by Park to the emergency room.

When they were short staffed like this in the emergency room, those residents who had spare time came to their rescue. Or, more correctly speaking, they were forced to do so by their seniors' orders.

"Yes, thank you," Park said and gestured with one eye.

The child in her mom's arms kept coughing.

"The temperature is so high. It's not a simple cold."

She nodded and moved to the child.

"You must be a new intern, right?" Park caught Suhyuk's hand.

"Yes, I'm Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes, I heard you are the Prince of blood vessels. I need your helping hand as I'm busy."

Then he pointed to the child lying in bed. A girl who looked about six years old.

She was such a commendable girl that she suppressed her tears even when she came into the emergency room.

"I think she had a fracture in her arm and needs an X-ray. You know where the imaging room is, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Immediately report after taking it," Park said.

Park talked with a middle-aged man who was standing by nervously.

He was the child's father.

"I think I need to see an X-ray for an accurate diagnosis."

The middle-aged man asked anxiously, "It isn't serious, right?"

"Maybe the bones are broken," he said.

While the two talked, Suhyuk said, "You're brave, and you're not even crying."

Suhyuk, who carefully brought the child to a stretcher, moved the wheeled bed.

While moving to the imaging room, Suhyuk looked over at the child's body condition.

There were bruises on her arms and on her side.

Yet the child did not shed a tear. Tears were welled up just around her eyes.

"Hold on a little bit. How did you get hurt?"

"I fell."

"Where?"

At that moment, a voice suddenly popped up from the side.

"She fell from the stairs."

It was the child's father who followed with an anxious look.

At his words, Suhyuk breathed a short sigh.

A child's bones are weak, and easily broken even with a light impact.

"Will my daughter be okay?"

His voice showed his genuine concern and love for his daughter.

Suhyuk nodded his head as if to soothe him.

"She'll be okay."

Fortunately she got hurt only with fractures.

The situation would have been even worse if she had hurt her head.

"Protector, please wait a moment here."

Suhyuk went into the imaging room.

Was it because she was separated from her dad? Tears fell from her eyes.

"I will not give you a shot, I'll just take the X-ray. It does not hurt and it's quick."

The child nodded. On such occasions tears usually ran down.

Suhyuk stroked her head once. At that moment, he could notice something strange.

‘Do you have bruises on your ears?’

The child's face was fine. Then the skin inside her right ear was dark.

‘She doesn't seem to have it hurt today.’

The inside part of her ears was languid as if it were stuck with lots of earlobes.

The cells were dead. Of course, it will recover naturally over time.

Once he found that strange area, he felt like other parts of her body were not normal.

‘Did she say she fell from the stairs?’

He could not find any abrasions on her body common to such an accident.

Suhyuk quickly scanned her body here and there.

If she rolled down the stairs with both hands up, could she get these kind of bruises?

One tries to instinctively protect their brains and organs. When one falls, they stretch their arms without realising it, and when one falls from the stairs, they lift their arms to wrap their heads and chests.

And her right arm was likely fractured.

"You came here for an X-ray?"

The radiation engineer approached.

"Yes, her right arm."

Suhyuk smiled at the child.

"It doesn't hurt."

Suhyuk, watch the imaging briefly, went out of the room.

"Yejin's guardian."

Her father sat up at Suhyuk's voice.

"Does she need a surgery if she has fractures?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his uneasy voice.

"Yes, of course."

"How pitiful she is to have a surgery... It must hurt," he sighed a long sigh.

"Yeah, how much does surgery cost...?"

"Guardian."

He rubbed his face as if he were washing it, and lifted his head slowly.

He could see Suhyuk's eyes looking at him with a cool gaze.

Chapter 60

Her father stepped back with a flinch. For Suhyuk's piercing gaze was stinging like a sharp blade.

"Are you sure she fell from the stairs?"

He looked at Suhyuk as if he did not understand his question.

"Did you find any other parts injured...?"

Suhyuk's dry voice cut off his words.

"Does your child go to a school or kindergarten?"

At his question, he shook his head with a sigh that seemed to blame himself.

"No, she doesn't."

Suhyuk's lips were slightly twisted.

Her bruise. Even if her father did not tell him, any doctor could infer how she was hurt.

But nobody noticed it, which meant that doctors did not care about the patient.

At the guardian's description, the doctor moves like a machine and diagnoses and categorizes the patient. The resident who initially diagnosed the child or her father who was lying were the same in that they did not care enough.

"Yejin's fractures were not caused by falling from the stairs..."

Suhyuk quietly looked at the middle-aged man. His black pupil trembled a little.

"Fractures caused by violence."

There arose a capillary in the middle-aged man's eyes because Suhyuk grabbed his neck.

Suhyuk pushed him to the wall and spoke eerily, "Feel the same

thing!"

He was tripped by Suhyuk. Suhyuk put his foot on his wing bone (shoulder blade), with his body lying sprawled on the floor. He also grabbed one of his arms as if he were about to break it against a fixed chair.

"Your arm will now break, I'll show you an X-ray of it."

"Sir? Sir?!"

The child's father was looking at him strangely.

Suddenly he was breathing out roughly while leaning against the wall.

Suhyuk was calming his mind and breathing. He was plunging into an imagination like that before he knew it. He almost lost his mind. He shook his head to blow away the dizziness.

Suhyuk, who took his hand off the wall, looked at him straight.

"Is it you, who hit your daughter?"

He shook his head.

Suhyuk knitted his brows more and more.

The bleeding from the capillaries and veins around the site of the fracture told such a story.

A fracture caused by a blunt object. It was clear on the X-ray.

Checking it from various angles, it did not make sense that she fell down the stairs.

"I'll call the police."

Suhyuk pulled out his cell phone in his pocket.

At that moment, he heard a child's crying sound.

The child screamed in the imaging room.

Suhyuk hurriedly opened the door and went inside.

"What's the problem?"

The radiologist was holding the small child's body lying down as if he were calming down a man who had a seizure.

"This child is strange," said the radiologist.

Suhyuk quickly approached.

"Yejin, we just want to take an X-ray. We're not trying to hurt you."

"Let me go! Let me go! Dad! Dad!"

The child shouted as much as she could to get out of the radiologist's hands.

Suhyuk carefully took the child's swollen shoulders.

If a fracture occurred, the sharp bone could destroy the muscle or pop out.

Suhyuk constantly calmed the child and confirmed her condition.

'It's not like a seizure. Why is she doing this suddenly?'

The pupil of the child recognized things clearly.

Then, the child who rolled her feet lifted her head.

At the same time, she went to hit the back of her head on the floor.

However, Suhyuk was one step faster. He put his hand on the floor and picked up her falling head. Then the child repeated the action many times. Without Suhyuk's actions, her head would have been broken.

'Did she hurt herself?'

In his head, the name of a disease came to his mind.

'Impulse control disorder?'

It is a disease with a comprehensive symptom, which makes the patient repeat harmful actions to oneself or others.

"I'm going home! I'm going home!"

The child cried with a sore throat, and tearful eyes.

She also continued to shake her body. But two adults were holding on to it, and it was impossible for her to move.

"Yes, Yejin, I'm here. Dad is here."

Her father was beside her already.

"Dad!"

The tears on her face just stopped suddenly. Her father started hugging her gently.

"I think the child is scared, so please take a quick shot. Good daughter. It's only an X-ray."

She just nodded at his words.

She had an X-ray taken calmly as if nothing had happened. It was such a contrast to her behavior from just a moment ago. Of course, the pain she felt in her arm was reflected in her face. Suhyuk looked at the daughter and father alternately.

The father of the child who lied that she fell from the stairs, and the daughter constantly glancing at him as if he were fleeing somewhere.

If her father had been violent, one could never have found such a look in her eyes.

There was nothing like dread in her eyes looking at him.

And the act of her hitting her head on the floor. It was obviously self-injury.

When he saw her actions, he could think about her in other aspects.

A bruise in her ears, and the bruises where fractures are expected to have occurred. If she hit her arms on a desk or an object, it could easily happen, and no luck was required for it to happen.

Suhyuk opened his mouth to speak to the child's father while he watched Yejin, who had her X-ray taken gently.

"Yejin did not fall from the stairs. Why are you hiding it?"

Suhyuk's tone was full of confidence in his question.

Looking sadly at his daughter, he sighed deeply. Then he saw himself in the child's eyes and said with a small voice, "Because I wanted to curry favor with her."

Suhyuk made an expression as if he did not understand at all.

He continued, "It all began when our second baby was born. Because she complained she was sick on any day she could, we took her to the hospital many many times as if it were our house. On all such occasions, doctors said it was only her feigned sickness, and that there was nothing wrong with her body. Still she kept saying she was sick. I gave her a scolding with a warning that she shouldn't do it again..."

Recalling the past memories, he opened his mouth again, "After she got that scolding, she began to hurt her own body. In addition, she had a habit of beating her ears with her own palms, and doing that playfully."

When he noticed it, he did not take his eyes off her for a moment. However, the scratched and torn wounds were found here and there, and he had to take her to the hospital again.

And while he was consulting with the doctor, he carefully brought it up: she was hurting herself.

Was she ashamed of it? Or did she not want to appear weird to her other friends?

She was crying and screaming to the extent that doctors shook their heads.

Going beyond making trouble with her feigned sickness, she made a big fuss at the hospital.

It was natural that the hospital staff did not like her.

He learned later that Yejin was chosen as a person that needs a watchful eye, with her name put on the blacklist. The hospital did not accept his daughter anymore. It was a refusal to treat her feigned illness, and it was decided to not give medical treatment.

So when she got hurt or was sick, he had to take her to another hospital without mentioning anything about her self-injury.

If the child heard him saying it was a self-injury, she might cause a seizure and make a fuss.

Even her homeschooling was effective only for a brief moment. His daughter's rebellious behavior became more and more intense.

And today, while he did not pay attention momentarily, his daughter struck her arm down against the TV set. It was the most severe act of hers ever.

The doctor was suspicious of any possible fractures.

Hearing all his explanation, Suhyuk sighed shortly. Yejin was suppressing her tears before her father. Did she do that to get his praise? On the other hand, she was crying in the imaging room.

She was scared and surprised, because she was separated from her father, and the strange space could have fully stimulated the child's fear.

"She's got a fracture on the bone," the radiologist approached and said she was fortunate.

Yejin, who lied on a stretcher, told him with a white pale face.

"Dad, I did not cry."

"Yes, good daughter."

He stroked her head, lying on bed.

"Let's go," Suhyuk moved, pushing the child's bed.

A woman who was anxiously waiting outside came up hastily. She was Yejin's mother.

She wrapped her two-year-old baby in a baby blanket.

"Is she okay, sir?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Fortunately, she doesn't need surgery. She would be fine with just a cast."

Looking at the baby she was holding onto, the man said to his wife, "Is Kahyon okay?"

"Yes, he's just a little surprised."

He sighed relievedly at her words. Yejin, while holding her brother, dropped him on the floor. Then when her father approached her in a surprise, she was hitting her arm down on the TV.

So, they took their children to the hospital, but they were treated by different doctors.

Suhyuk looked at the baby in her arms quietly. He talked to the radiologist in the imaging room.

"Can I ask you to take care of Yejin?"

The radiologist nodded gladly.

And Suhyuk told her father, "Can I talk with you briefly?"

He nodded his head.

"First of all, I'm sorry I misunderstood you as an assaultant."

At Suhyuk's words, he smiled bitterly.

"It's okay, It can happen. I appreciate it. You don't look like other doctors. By the way, what do you want to say?"

"I saw those bruises on her body. It seems she had them because she pinched herself, right?"

He sighed and nodded. He also made an expression wondering how he could figure it out.

Suhyuk was able to firmly establish his thoughts at his reply.

"You can't correct her behavior just with discipline."

Suhyuk had pulled out one piece of the vast medical knowledge he kept stored in his head. Yejin's behavior was explained with this.

"It seems to be a munchausen syndrome."

"What is it?"

"It is a mental illness that causes a desire for the interest and compassion from others."

Her illness was not just one. Impulse control disorder seemed to have attacked her.

Even though one who has this disease knows their behavior is harmful to themselves and others, one does not stop committing such violence and self-harm. Besides, she also has munchausen syndrome.

It is a desire to receive the attention of others by using falsehood and self-harm.

His eyes became wider at Suhyuk's explanation.

He thought she might have a mental illness, but it was hard for him to admit it when he heard it from the doctor directly. She was an adorable child he did not beat with his hands even once.

"Are you sure? Are you really sure? Really? What is the cause?"

Amid his questions asked with an unbelievable expression, Suhyuk recalled the mother and the baby the mother held in her arms.

"I think it's because of her brother."

Chapter 61

"Because of her brother? What do you mean...?"

"It looks like Yejin is suffering from munchausen syndrome."

Her father felt as if his heart was sinking. He never heard of or saw such a illness.

How did she have such a mental illness...

Suhyuk opened his mouth again at the father who was making a confused expression, "You can think of it as sort of her overzealous behavior that caused Yejin to behave like that when her brother was born."

"Do you mean she was jealous of her brother?"

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

"As I told you, it is an illness that wants to bring out the interest and compassion of others. Think about why Yejin has continued to behave like that."

The father covered his face with both hands. He could see her face in the darkness, hidden within his palms.

He drank so much that he could not figure out whether the world was trembling or if he was shaking when he got back home. "Dad!" With bright smiles Yejin was opening her two arms to welcome him. He made a frown. It was almost 12 am.

Staggering into the porch, he looked around while squeezing at the last bits of strength left in the muscles in his legs.

"Honey, how come Yejin has not gone to sleep at this late hour?"
"Mom is sleeping with Kahyon."

He let out a sigh before he knew it.

"Go to sleep quickly."

He grabbed her hands to take her to her room.

He laid her on bed and stood up.

"I am not sleepy yet," said Yejin.

"Still, you have to sleep."

He felt so sluggish, and he felt his eyelids would close at once. He missed his bed so much. He was sick and tired of everything.

Did his daughter realize that he was working his fingers to the bone day and night to feed the family? She could not understand.

He turned off the light in her room and came out. She, who lay in bed in the dark room, was looking at him through the gap of the door.

That day he brought his unfinished work home. It was an important work for him to finish by dawn and report it to his boss early in the morning.

"Dad, is the computer interesting?"

"Dad is working, so go to Mom."

"Mom is feeding Kahyon now."

He felt some sort of annoyance coming over him.

"Then, go and watch TV. "

"What is this?"

She looked at the document folder with a curious look.

At that moment, the documents he had sorted out fluttered and shuffled because she touched them, which then scattered here and there.

His pent-up stress burst into the open at that moment.

"I told you go to your Mom!"

She was close to tears at his shouting.

"Hey, honey! Just take her away!"

“I told you Kahyon seems to have a fever!”

“Don’t you see I’m working now?”

Why did he not notice it back then?

Yejin clung to his arms and would not go away when he was so happy that Kahyon was born, and when he was soothing Kahyon crying and whining. Her silent shouting to him to look at her hair with a cute pin. Why did he not notice it then?

Even when he was back home very late after work, Yejin was always waiting for him.

It was only an excuse that he could not find any time to play because he was tired.

His wife paid all her attention to her brother, and he repeatedly lied down, heavily drunk, like a man who fell in a faint.

"Huuuuuhh..."

A sigh came out between his fingers covering his face.

He wished he had listened more carefully to her words and offered more praises to her...

He once again recalled her hugging him, returning home, appealing to him despite having bruises on her knees.

Though she must have felt sore on her knees, she was obviously laughing.

Wiping down his face, he said, "Can you treat her?"

That was his only concern.

Suhyuk smiled slightly.

"Munchausen syndrome is an illness that not only the doctor can treat," he said.

His eyes were getting bigger ... What was he talking about?

Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

"A parents' attention can make Yejin better."

When he realized the meaning of his words, Suhyuk said, "Still she needs medication. Her impulse control disorders came to her due to complicated reasons, so do not forget to tell the doctor exactly what her exact illness is. Don't forget that sometimes your family can become the better doctor."

Suhyuk walked back. Yejin's father looked at his back.

Suhyuk's words continued to ring in his head.

Tears were coming down his red eyes before he knew it.

He moved his feet. Now he was running.

'Yejin, I'm coming to you now.'

Suhyuk looked at him passing by quickly and smiled.

'That's it. Please go and fix her illness. "

Two weeks passed.

After she was discharged, Yejin came to Suhyuk with a half cast. Of course she was with her parents. Suhyuk bent his knees and faced her in the eyes.

"Does your arm hurt a lot?"

"It doesn't hurt now."

The girl holding her father's hand tightly shook her head from side to side.

Suhyuk smiled happily and stood up, and he told her parents, "To celebrate her discharge, just treat her to some delicious food."

Her dad nodded, and with all his sincerity, he said shortly, "Thank you."

The doctor before him looked different from other doctors. Yes,

he was definitely different.

Aside from pinpointing the exact cause of his daughter's disease, Suhyuk reminded him quickly about what he had usually forgotten.

"I just took family leave for my daughter."

Suhyuk smiled, saying, "Good job!"

Waving at them, Suhyuk walked back.

The interns walking about briskly were busy. Among them was Suhyuk.

As he had completed one month of pediatric internship, he was moving to another department.

One intern spoke heartily, "Finally we're freed from the witch!"

Resident Oh Heejin, a pediatrician who supervised them and supervised them some more.

She earned such a nickname because she gave them such a hard time and sometimes shouting at them.

Of course, Suhyuk was an exception.

She occasionally played a prank on him, calling him the 'Prince of blood collection.'

But there would be no such meeting again. It was because the pediatric department was not what he wanted to do later as a specialisation. This time he was supposed to go to the thoracic surgery department.

"Hello, sir!"

The interns greeted him with a loud voice.

Resident Lim Kyungsoo looked up at their faces and opened his

mouth.

"Okay, I'm Lim Kyungsoo. Let's do a good job for a month. Don't make any trouble, Okay?"

"Yeah!"

"As you are scheduled for making the rounds, the professor will be with you soon. Don't make any mistakes."

Lim, looking at the interns with a tired look, reviewed the patient's medical records and identified the patients the professors were supposed to check.

Originally, the schedule was canceled today, but suddenly he was rescheduled for the rounds, so he was hectically busy. Within a minute, Lim had a prepared chart on one side, and he moved ahead of the interns.

"You've arrived, sir."

At his words, Professor Han Myungjin of the thoracic surgery department nodded his head.

He had a slim figure with glasses, with a thin jawline.

"Are these the new interns?"

"Yes, sir."

Han Myungjin looked at the interns one by one.

At that moment, an intern came into his eyes, making them become wider. It was none other than Lee Suhyuk. He was very much surprised at Suhyuk. He was the very professor that said he located a patient's C line in the emergency situation.

"I wondered where you were gone to, but only now do I begin to see you."

"Hello, sir."

Lim Kyungsoo carefully asked the professor, "Do you know this intern?"

Of course, he knew him. The intern who came out on TV because he caught a suspect. And he was rumored to be a godly collector of blood from patients at the pediatric department. That's what the professor knew about him. He did not pretend to know him on purpose, even though the intern was only a trainee.

However, if he praises an intern, it could disturb discipline.

Han Myungjin, who fixed his eyes on Suhyuk, opened his mouth, "We boarded a helicopter together."

'And he was also a monster.'

Catching the central vein in the chest was a technique that only a surgeon with lots of experience could apply. The doctor had to pierce the needle without incision of the patient and reach the central vein precisely. It was also a dangerous procedure where one could touch the surrounding organs. Then, this PK student made it, and did that without any hesitation. He still could not believe it, but it actually happened.

As such, Suhyuk has appeared before him again as an intern.

"Let's go."

When the professor said shortly, Lim walked ahead, followed by the professor slowly. The nurse, the interns, and Suhyuk followed in a line.

Han, arriving at the clinic, showed a soft smile toward the patient.

"Do you feel anything uncomfortable?"

"I feel a little uncomfortable in my stomach. I'm otherwise okay."

A 21-year-old male. He was diagnosed with a duodenal ulcer and received intermittent treatment at another hospital. Suddenly though, he felt abdominal pain and visited Daehan hospital.

The professor, looking at the patient smiling, opened his mouth

again.

"You'll be okay in a little while, Mr Im."

"Yes, professor."

"Show me the patient's chart."

The professor, who it was handed over to, examined the abdominal CT of the patient.

"Where is Lee Suhyuk?"

At his voice, Suhyuk, who was mixed among the nurses and interns, came forward.

"Yes, professor."

He showed the chart to Suhyuk.

"Why did you give it to me..."

"What does this mean?"

At the professor's question, Suhyuk looked at the photographs.

So did the nurses and interns who were standing behind. They peeked at the chart on and off.

It was a CT photo. All that was visible was only a mostly black photograph, with the rest of it made up of grays and whites.

"Don't you know the answer?"

When the professor opened his mouth again, Suhyuk lifted his head, "I see multiple spots of free air, and a wall thickening of the duodenum. I think there is a liquid surrounding it."

Professor Han then asked the resident, "What did Mr Lim tell me about this CT scan?"

Lim, scratching his head, opened his mouth, "I said it was duodenal perforation."

The professor looked at Suhyuk this time, "Is this a duodenal perforation?"

Suhyuk hesitated for a moment and opened his mouth, "Peritonitis perforation."

With strange eyes, the professor asked the interns standing behind quietly, "Who do you think is right?"

When they were asked, they felt a cold sweat flowing along their spines.

They could not answer the professors' questions properly enough all this time.

However, there were two interns that answered in unison, "It seems to be a duodenal perforation."

Chapter 62

Those interns were just following the resident's opinions blindly.

The professor shook his head and laughed. And he came into the hallway to see the next patient. Han Myungjin quietly spoke to Lim Kyungsoo, who came close to him, "They are horrible interns you know. They just accept the resident's opinion like a law. Don't you think so?"

Lim bowed his head with a bitter expression. He knew the professor was scolding him quietly so that the nurses and interns in the back would not hear. Lim recalled Suhyuk, who was walking behind.

What he said was the right answer. He later found out that it was a perforative peritonitis rather than a duodenal perforation. He personally checked and inferred from the answer from a huge numbers of CTs circulating on the internet and studied them hard enough, even to the point of having nosebleeds, but he did not offer the right answer in actual practice.

Did Lee Suhyuk look into and study CTs alone? If that's the case, how hard did he study? Probably thousands more CTs than himself? He might have looked into it much more than that, otherwise it was impossible to understand his ability.

It took 30 minutes for them to make the rounds.

Suhyuk answered without any hesitation at the professor's questions.

On such occasions the fellow interns studied Lim's face.

For Suhyuk seemed to offer his opinion tactlessly. Lim Kyungsoo's face was getting harder and harder. After the rounds, the professor patted Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times.

And he, with a mysterious smile, turned around and walked away.

Suhyuk looked at his back quietly.

The professor's attitude toward patients was different from other professors'. It was seen when he got on the helicopter and even now.

Professor Han, who got on the elevator, was seen smiling between the closed doors.

So when the door was completely closed, Suhyuk recalled the image of him when he met Prof. Han for the first time: a real doctor.

During the next three days, the interns followed Lim Kyungsoo and experienced various things. They learned a lot about symptoms, diseases, disinfection, and treatment.

On such occasions, Lim would ask Suhyuk a question while examining the patient, "Why would I give the patient a herniotomy?"

"You would do it very rarely and only when you suspect the possibility of a hernia."

"What can you confirm by doing ultrasound?"

"If there is a lump."

Lim could not help but shake his head. For Suhyuk answered his patient's medical history without any hesitation.

"What about the gallbladder?"

"It's located at the bottom of rib nine. It can move with one's breathing."

"What about solitary? What about diabetic nephropathy?"

Lim named all the diseases his patients were suffering from.

'Please say you do not know at least one! You are an intern, not a resident!'

His dear wish like that did not come true, because Suhyuk did not hesitate to open his mouth for a second, and he had no more charts to show him. He showed all his patients to Suhyuk.

Late in the evening he released the interns.

"You guys did a good job today. Go home and relax."

Nobody believed his words because they had to wake up in the middle of sleep anytime when they had a call from him. Giving greetings to each other, they went back to their lodgings.

No, Suhyuk was an exception.

"Follow me," said Lim to Suhyuk.

Suhyuk followed Lim without any objection to the veranda at the end of the corridor.

Lim offered a canned coffee to Suhyuk.

"Thank you."

"What the hell kind of person are you?"

Suhyuk laughed bitterly, saying, "I'm just an intern, Lee Suhyuk."

'Yeah, you're an intern in name only.'

It seemed as if a senior resident was acting like an intern.

How much did he study before he could become an intern like that?

Of course, the situation would be different when it came to actual surgery or when he was in the operating room. But he was really great as far as his medical knowledge was concerned.

Lim, after taking a sip of coffee, said implicitly, "Did you study medicine by yourself since high school?"

Suhyuk was troubled for a while.

Have I ever studied? No. After the traffic accident, he lost all his memories. There was only one thing left. Medical science. Yes, medical science.

"I studied it from my middle school days."

That was right, because he opened his eyes at that time.

Lim would not have believed it even if he had mentioned 'I learned it in my dreams.'

Lim's eyes glared slightly.

'How can you study medical science from so early on? Is he a genius that comes into the world on occasion? A genius, who, without a calculator, answers a sum of astronomical figures. A genius who precisely plays the same tunes on the piano that he has heard only once.

It's possible he belonged to such a genius group.'

While he thought about such things, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Sorry."

"What?"

"In front of the professor..."

"Oh, you don't have to feel sorry. You just answered the professor's questions. My answer was wrong, and that's all. I'm not a timid guy, so never mind it!"

Lim laughed bitterly when he said that.

It was true that he felt offended at the time.

For the intern gave the right when he himself was wrong, and did that in front of the professor and the interns he should be teaching. Nonetheless, he blew away such a feeling.

He admitted that Suhyuk was better than him at deducing the disease of a patient by checking a CT or the patient's condition.

‘Did he not say that he studied medical science since middle school? How much did he look into CTs and studied diseases?’

Though his pride was hurt a bit, he had to admit it that Lee Suhyuk was better at deducing the disease.

Of course, he was much better than Suhyuk in other areas, such as when it came to the technique of touching the patient directly in surgery or the treatment in the operating room.

His thinking reaching that far, he smiled bitterly, because he was comparing himself to an intern with only two months of internship. Drinking up the coffee, he erased such thoughts.

"Don't be proud of your ability, and study hard to the end. I called you to say this."

It was a piece of advice with his sincerity.

Suhyuk heard so many times about those who, called a genius, set foot on the path of a medical doctor. But their pride ruined themselves and led to the patient's death sometimes. Rather than a piece of advice, it was a counsel for him. Did Suhyuk feel his sincerity?

Suhyuk bowed his head slightly and said, "Thank you."

"Go home and relax. I won't call you unless I have to. Are you off tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. See you the day after tomorrow!"

"Yes. Take care!"

Suhyuk went out into the corridor, while Lim looked up at the night sky.

The days passed by with him taking care of the patients every day, leaving him exhausted with tiredness.

How many times a day did he think about sleeping... Whenever

he had patients, he just took care of them mechanically. No more or no less.

In the middle of this, intern Lee Suhyuk made a small wave in his heart, which made him full of a desire to learn as an intern following the residents. It was close being a desire that he did not want to be left behind.

Returning to his lodging, Suhyuk smiled slightly.

He felt that he would get some scolding from Lim because he might have appeared conceited.

He felt all along from his days as a PK trainee that doctors were really authoritarian. But the thoracic surgery department doctors were different. The sincere advice of the resident, and professor Han Myungjin who cared about the patient like a family member.

Suhyuk once again made up his mind. He was going to be a doctor.

If he could save the patient and if such a life threatening situation happens, he would move without hesitation.

He did not need to hide his skills. A doctor is a person who saves lives. He had no intention at all of getting tangled in authoritarian strings.

And he had something to do. It was learning.

He had to expand his learning and insights to fix Hana's father's legs.

And another thing, namely doing it for his own dream.

On a Sunday morning, Suhyuk went out of the hospital. Getting on a bus, he got off at the market and walked down a familiar alley. Hana's Rice and Soup store. It was lunchtime, so there were many customers.

"How are you?"

Suhyuk went inside and greeted Hana, who was busy with waiting tables.

She stopped, looking at Suhyuk.

Knitting her brows, she opened her mouth, "Why did you come again like this?"

"Hey, are you not serving soju here?"

At the customer's shouting, she glanced at Suhyuk and headed to the refrigerator.

Suhyuk, who scratched his head slightly, turned to the kitchen.

"Hello."

Hana's father greeted him gladly.

"You just got here? Doctors are not busy on Sundays?"

"I'm off today," Suhyuk said, rolling his sleeves, and turned to the sink.

Hana's father did not stop him. Even if he did, he would do the opposite just like a tree frog.

Doing the dishes, he looked at his legs. He just felt his heart was aching as if a thorn had been put in it whenever he saw Hana's father walking with a limp.

"How are your legs?"

Hana's father, while putting rice in a pot, smiled like a good man.

"I feel just okay. And I don't feel uncomfortable when walking."

Suhyuk took a short sigh. No matter who saw him, he was lying when he said he did not feel uncomfortable walking with limp like that. 'Please wait a little longer.'

Suhyuk once again focused on doing the dishes.

It was almost 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he was done with waiting tables and doing the dishes being hectically busy.

The customers went out like a tide, and Suhyuk came out of the kitchen, wiping off his wet hands, and he approached Hana who was polishing the tables.

"Let me clean this table," said Suhyuk.

"No, I'll do it," she said, and turned to another table when he approached.

"Suhyuk, she seems to be mad because you don't come here often these days," said Hana's father.

At his voice coming out from the kitchen, she answered with a sharp voice, "Dad! When did I feel like that?"

"Oh boy, why are you screaming like that if you didn't feel that way. Suhyuk, you did not eat lunch, right? Hana, bring him some rice."

"I'll take it."

Suhyuk moved to the kitchen, but Hana moved faster.

"Would you just stay here instead of standing in the way?"

Suhyuk was forced to sit quietly at her sharp gaze.

Shortly after, rice and simple side dishes were placed before him.

"It's not free," she said, and went back into the kitchen.

When he was about to eat, he overheard the conversation between Hana and her father.

"Hana, did you see the meat I had cut here? I put aside some quality meat here."

"How would I know, daddy?"

At their conversation Suhyuk could not help but smile. For he found more meat than usual in his pot.

"Thanks for the food."

A spoon with plenty of meat and pork. Suhyuk opened his mouth

wide to eat it.

He made a pleasant smile. He felt it was more delicious this time as he had not had that rice soup in such a long time. While he was eating a late lunch, Hana came out of the kitchen, and she watched the TV channel indifferently and then glanced at him.

"Does it taste so delicious?"

Suhyuk, full of meat in his mouth, nodded his head, laughing instead of answering.

Turning her head to the TV, she said lightly, "You look like you are going around without eating. So, eat a lot."

At that moment, she heard the door opening gently.

With a slight smile, she said, "Come on in. How many are you?"

A man in neat suit came in through the door.

The man looked around, as if he thought to himself why there was a place like this.

Checking inside the store with a curious look, he smiled a bit.

"It's been a long time," said the man.

"Who are you?"

When her big eyes glanced at the man with wonder, Suhyuk recognized him immediately.

He did not feel good at all. Neither did the man who had also recognized Suhyuk.

Chapter 63

“Are you Kim Insoo by any chance?” asked Hana, in a bit of a surprised voice.

He nodded at Hana, “You remember me?”

“Sure, I do. We’re high school alumni.”

Actually his behavior as a person was registered more in her mind than of him as an alumnus.

Kim Insoo, in his capacity as a student, gave all kinds of expensive gifts to her, but his facial expression was so icy back then that she wondered if he really liked her.

Of course, she refused all his gifts.

Looking around, Kim looked at her again.

“Do you work at a place like this?”

She knitted her brows at his words.

“What’s wrong with this kind of place?”

She was an employee at a large company. She only helped his father on evenings during the week and weekends, but she did not feel it necessary to go to the trouble of explaining that to him.

At her curt reply, Kim smiled a gentle smile, one that she could never see during their school days.

“I was just curious. That’s all.”

Kim now directed his gaze at Suhyuk. The smile that he showed a while ago disappeared quickly. ‘Even then, you guys always stuck together like this.’

Looking at Suhyuk quietly, he opened his mouth, “It’s been a long time since we last met.”

“Yes, it's been a while. I heard you went abroad to study. You’ve since come back?” Suhyuk asked, wiping his lips slowly.

Kim nodded and then beckoned to him to sit down, saying, "Just enjoy the food that you're eating."

"Have you come here to eat lunch?" asked Hana, heading to the kitchen.

"Yes, I have come to eat," said Kim.

"Just wait here with Suhyuk," said Hana.

Kim, who slowly nodded his head, sat down opposite Suhyuk, saying, "You became a doctor?"

'How did he know? Maybe he heard it from Inbae or from the rumors going around. It does not matter, anyway.'

"I'm still an intern. How about you?"

At his question, Kim only stared at the rice with soup that Suhyuk was eating.

Then he opened his mouth, "Just... I've been lazing about idle like this."

Though he said he was idle, he had been getting training to become the successor to his father's business. Hana, who approached without them realising, put a pot of rice and soup before Kim.

"I think you came here on purpose, so have a lot," she said.

He, showing a slight smile, lifted the spoon and tasted a bit of the soup.

He frowned momentarily, but no one noticed it because it disappeared in an instant.

"Tastes good. Any alcohol?"

At his words, Hana frowned her pretty face, with her arms folded.

"You want alcohol at such a time during the day?"

Saying that, she brought out a bottle of soju.

Kim Insoo was looking at the bottle here and there briefly. Then he took the lid off and put it down in front of Suhyuk.

"Seeing as it's been a long time, let me fill your glass."

Suhyuk, who showed some sort of hesitation, held out his glass.

He thought it would be okay to have a few glasses of soju.

Kim, filling his glass, asked both of them, "Are you two dating?"

"Hey! What nonsense are you talking about?" screamed Hana, suddenly surprised.

Kim, with a gentle smile, looked at her while filling his glass, saying, "Really?"

Though he said that playfully, his eyes were still calm.

"We're not dating. Just friends," said Suhyuk, offering a glass to him.

Then a voice popped out from behind.

"From a friend to a lover. When a man and a woman meet, they change their relationship in one way or another."

It was Hana's father.

"Dad, don't speak such nonsense."

Coming out of the kitchen, Hana's father looked at Kim with a smile.

"Are you Hana's friend?"

Kim bowed his head slightly. That was the end of the greeting.

"Okay, okay. Just enjoy the food a lot."

He walked with a limp to the door to throw away the garbage.

"Dad, let me throw away the garbage."

"No, no, you just stay here and think about how to get married."

So, Suhyuk and Kim Insoo were left alone.

Kim, who slowly nodded his head in pensive mood, emptied his glass at once.

And then he, knitting his brows, looked at his glass.

“It tastes bitter.”

“One drinks alcohol because it tastes bitter,” said Suhyuk.

Likewise Suhyuk emptied his glass and refilled a glass for Kim.

"Are you having fun as a doctor?"

At his words, Suhyuk's face hardened a bit, "Saving people's lives is not for fun."

His expression soon turned into a smile in no time. Both their eyes met momentarily and strangely got entangled in the air.

The first reaction came from Kim, who said, "Strangely enough, I can't drink much today. I think I'll get intoxicated if I have any more."

Kim poured his remaining alcohol into the rice and soup pot and stood up.

At that moment, Hana and her father, who had gone out the door, came back in.

Hana, stared at him with a dubious look, asking, "Are you going already?"

"Suddenly something came up. How much?"

As soon as he took his hand to his suit pocket, she quickly opened her mouth, "Just go. I think you came here on purpose. Don't worry about the check."

"Okay, then. Thanks for the food. Let me stop by from time-to-time."

Kim bowed slightly to her father and looked at Suhyuk quietly.

"I'll see you again," and he muttered, 'For sure, we'll meet again.'

Kim Insoo left the store.

Suhyuk stared at the door where Kim disappeared from.

Whether in high school or now, there was something mysterious about him.

"What's going on? Kim didn't eat it at all?"

She, like Suhyuk, looked at the door where Kim disappeared from.

A dark night.

Suhyuk was crossing a pedestrian overpass.

Underneath it, leaving behind long tails of the lights, cars ran past in with a loud noise.

'Tomorrow's surgery observation session is in order.'

He heard it from resident Lim Kyungsoo that the professor was going to invite all interns assigned to the thoracic surgery department to it.

Maybe it's a light surgery, judging from the professor's mention of taking up the interns.

"Lee Suhyuk!"

When he turned back, Hana, who had been following him, stopped with a short breath.

"Why did you follow me?"

When Suhyuk approached her, she reached out her hand. She was holding the cellphone he left behind at the store.

"Are you going to annoy me like this?"

Suhyuk, with a sorry look, received the cellphone.

"I forgot about it... thank you."

She, knitting her brows, looked at him, saying, "You just say

‘Thank you’ with words only?”

Suhyuk checked the time. It was 9 pm.

The bus schedule showed the last bus going to the hospital was still available.

"How about getting coffee?"

At his asking, she shook her head, "I have to go back to the store to clean up."

Suhyuk nodded, waving his hand and turned back.

She looked at his turning back prudishly.

Sometimes she made a friendly face to him, and sometimes she made a brusque one like now.

"Hey!"

Her voice made him turn back again.

“Uh?"

"Let me take a walk for a while with you. You get the bus down from there. Let's go."

She started walking down the road ahead of him.

She seemed to be annoyed, but there was no way of him understanding it.

Suhyuk and Hana walked side by side on the stairs.

Suhyuk spoke first, "Do you like your job?"

“Which place? The Rice and Soup store? Or my company?"

"Yes, your company."

She swept her hair and shook her head, saying, "My popularity at the company never goes down."

Her reply was far from a lie. It was common for her boss to ask her out for morning coffee or for lunch. And then after work, her peers or supervisors at the company would follow her to the bus

stop asking for a drink or for dinner. Such a thing happened again now. She checked her cellphone messages and showed one to him. The message read like this: 'It's cold in the air tonight. I wonder if I'm drunk as I keep thinking about you. Cover up with a blanket so you won't catch a cold. See you tomorrow.'

"See?"

Checking the message, he felt as if he was getting goose bumps.

"If he had a drink, he should go to sleep. Why is he thinking of you?"

Suhyuk took her cellphone lightly and then touched the screen a few times, returning it to her. Her eyes grew wider slightly after she checked it.

'Kim Hana has a boyfriend already.' The message was about to be sent with after pressing the send button.

Hana felt her face blushing, "What do you mean by this?"

Suhyuk laughed and said, "You said they're annoying. So, you can just get a boyfriend."

"Where and how do I get a boyfriend when I don't have one?"

"I can be yours."

Her eyes looking at the stairs turned bigger. She felt her heart was throbbing as if it were about to pop out. Not to be caught, Hana took her hand to her left chest.

"If they harass you, just bring them to me. On such occasions, let me play the role of your boyfriend!"

At his words, she let out a little sigh. After all, what he meant by that was just playing a boyfriend role for her. 'What a stupid guy... How a silly man like him entered a prestigious university and how he could become a doctor...'

When they went down the stairs without saying anything, a cold voice came out of her mouth, "Let me take my leave first, Good

night."

Suhyuk made an awkward look at her walking back up the stairs, thinking to himself, 'Did I do something wrong?'

At that moment.

Thump!

Hana, walking up the stairs, and Suhyuk looking at her, turned their heads to the side quickly.

There was a blue light flickering on the crosswalk, and the bumpy wheel of a fallen bicycle was rolling loudly. There was a man in his early twenties who had been thrown out onto the crosswalk.

Suhyuk moved reflexively and approached him instantly.

"Are you okay? Can you hear me?"

At his asking, the man nodded his head and stood up.

At that moment, the driver who hit the bike owner ran towards him.

"Are you okay? Do you hear me?"

The staggering victim tried to lift up the bike, but collapsed on the ground weakly.

Suhyuk shouted at him, "How can you ride a bike when you're like that?"

The man waved the victim's shoulders gently, who collapsed as if he were wrapping the bike.

"Are you okay?"

He just groaned, but did not move at all.

"Call 119... No, we're going to take him to the hospital. Open the back door!"

It was faster to move directly to the hospital by car than to wait

for an ambulance.

The driver nodded absent-mindedly and opened the car door.

Suhyuk put his hand on the armpits of the victim and carefully pulled him.

The victim had a light scratch on his back and face, but he did not recover his consciousness.

He may have had his brain damaged or have abdominal bleeding. His condition was far from light.

“Let’s pull him together...”

The driver came to him and grabbed the victim’s two legs.

At that moment, Hana shouted, “Suhyuk!”

It was too late, though. He did not see a motorcycle dashing toward him like a bullet.

With the noisy sound of a loud klaxon horn from the motorcycle, he had his shoulders pushed hard to the side.

Chapter 64

Suhyuk's body was pushed back and turned abruptly.

When he was about to fall down, he could barely keep his balance with his one hand holding the victim's head.

Suhyuk scowled. Intense pain that started from his shoulder shriveled down his spine.

He moved his shoulders, and felt a stinging pain coming up to his brain, but he found his bones moving as they should. He also gave strength to his muscles. As expected, he found the muscles to be very sore. 'It's not too bad.'

The condition of his shoulders showed it was just a bruise.

Suhyuk's head turned to the side to the loud exhaust sound.

He looked at the man riding the bike wearing a helmet.

It seemed as if the rider was watching him from the distance, but then he soon disappeared.

Seeing the motorcycle disappearing, Suhyuk turned his head and opened his mouth, "I'm going to Daehan hospital."

The driver with his eyes wide nodded and moved the victim with Suhyuk.

When he was getting into the back seat of the car, Hana came to him quickly, asking, "Suhyuk, are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

"Are you really okay?"

At a loss of what to do, she looked at Suhyuk's arm here and there.

He lifted his wounded arm and gave strength to it.

"Yes, I'm really okay. Let me go now. I'm afraid your father is waiting for you. So go back quickly."

When Suhyuk closed the door, the driver quickly grabbed the steering wheel.

The car then drove quickly like an arrow. Kim Hana pulled the left behind bike to the sidewalk, and watched the disappearing car leaving a red light behind like a tail.

She was full of worries about him rather than the victim's safety.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk in the car checked the patient's condition.

"What's your name? Can you see me?"

There were short sighs flowing out of his mouth that scattered into the air.

The driver's eyes were reflected in the rear mirror.

"I'm sorry I fell asleep for a moment..."

His sharp eyes were reflected in the rearview mirror.

"You should not feel sorry to me. Please apologize to him when he wakes up."

Suhyuk went into the emergency room and laid the victim on an empty bed.

The nurse on call walked to Suhyuk with surprised eyes.

"Do you know the victim?"

She was the one he had known him since his PK days.

"No. I took him here right after he had a traffic accident in front of my eyes."

And then he was hectically busy taking care of the victim.

The patient monitor that checks blood pressure, pulse, body temperature, etc. was wrapped around the victim's body instantly.

While the machine was registering the patient's body condition, Suhyuk lifted his eyebrows, and he illuminated the patient's eyes

with the pen light.

There was a pupil with no visible movement, and no consciousness.

"Lee Suhyuk?"

Resident Oh Byungchul approached.

Was he off today because he was not wearing a gown?

Oh checked the patient's condition quickly and opened his mouth, "Do you know him?"

"No, he was caught in a traffic accident in front of my eyes..."

Suhyuk's eyes were becoming wider rapidly. The patient monitor was showing a danger signal...

The patient's blood pressure was dropping visibly while his pulse was soaring.

When Suhyuk was about to speak up, Oh said first, "Hey, please take a scan of him now!"

"Yes."

When the bed was moved by the nurse, Suhyuk searched the victim's clothes.

Fortunately, he could find his wallet and cellphone.

"Let me contact his guardian."

Oh nodded at his words. It did not matter who made the call as long as he could get consent for surgery from his guardian.

Suhyuk confirmed that the victim's mobile phone was working. Fortunately, he could easily find his parents' contact because it was unlocked.

There was a short beep on the phone, and out came a middle-aged woman's voice.

"Why don't you come back home quickly? Are you coming late

again?"

At her crispy voice he wore a bitter face.

"Hello, I'm calling you from Daehan hospital. Are you Park Janghu's mother."

"Well, I am. Why are you calling with my son's cell phone?"

"He was in a traffic accident and taken to the emergency room."

"What?" cried she with a surprised voice.

Suhyuk calmly continued, "I think Mr. Park needs emergency surgery, so you have to consent to the surgery."

"Yes, of course. Was he hurt a lot? Which hospital did you say?"

"It's Daehan hospital."

"Surgery or whatever treatment, please go ahead with it now! Please save my son's life! Boohoo!"

"Yes, our doctors will do their best. You can come here now. "

"Boohoo! Yeah, let me come to you right now!"

Suhyuk got the verbal consent and hung up the phone.

At that moment Oh came to him.

"Hey, how do you judge whether or not the patient needs surgery?"

A surgery decision was usually made only after the patient's condition was checked first, such as which area and how much he or she was hurt.

And there were non-surgical treatments in many cases.

At his scolding, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "He seemed to have abdominal hemorrhage."

His was a stubborn voice. There was no visible wound on his body, and his blood pressure and pulse went up and down. That indicated that the heart was trying to send blood to the whole body

briskly.

In other words, It was a sign that the blood was insufficient in the body.

He could figure out the blood levels without checking. Obviously the injured organs would be pouring blood inside the body.

“Hey, that’s your own belief. What if the patient’s guardian makes a fuss if you’re mistaken? Huh?” asked Oh.

Then the nurse rushed toward them hastily.

“I think he seems to be suffering from a spleen injury. I think he needs a surgery right now.”

Oh, blinking his eyes, looked at Suhyuk, and asked the nurse, “Really?”

“Yes, if you look here...”

The nurse went to a PC on one side. Then she showed the scans taken of the patient.

Oh, looking at the screen quietly, made an awkward laugh.

Momentarily he felt Suhyuk looked like a fortune teller.

Oh contacted the thoracic surgeon team quickly.

Then he turned around and said to Suhyuk, “How did you know?”

Oh then looked around himself because Suhyuk had disappeared somewhere. But he located him in his sight immediately.

He was standing next to a man wearing a grim face.

Suhyuk was staring at the driver.

“I’ll call the police now,” said Suhyuk.

The driver let out a big sigh, and said, “It happened because I dozed off... Huuhh...”

Despite his dismal voice, Suhyuk's eyes were icy because he could smell alcohol from his mouth.

When Suhyuk was about to call the police, the man told him as if he was begging, "Let me get an agreement from the guardian to settle this."

However, Suhyuk said with a decisive voice,

"There is a hospital protocol we have to follow, and I can't do anything about it."

At his cold voice, the man sat down on his chair helplessly as if he lost all his strength.

Suhyuk did not care about his feelings or reaction, and called the police.

Oh, who had been listening to the whole conversation between them, approached Suhyuk.

They moved a little distance away from the driver who caused the accident, and Oh opened his mouth, "Well done young man. Drunk drivers are potential murderers and need to be reported."

Saying so, Oh looked at Suhyuk with a bemused expression.

His coping with the patient was really quick. He treated patients swiftly like those with years of experience in the emergency room. Besides, he was called the 'Prince of Blood Collection' at the pediatrics department, and the 'CT Genius' at the surgery department. It meant that he was just that good at CT analysis.

Oh suddenly asked, "What was your nickname in high school?"

"I didn't have one."

At his response, Oh made a curious expression. Was there anyone without a nickname in school? It is a possibility.

Prince of Blood Collection? CT Genius? Oh laughed slightly.

'When you're later assigned to the Emergency Department, then

I'll give you a proper nickname.'

He patted Suhyuk on the shoulder several times.

"Keep an eye on that man so that he can't run away," Oh said, and then approached the surgery team who rushed into the emergency room and looked at them.

Suhyuk turned his head slightly and looked at them.

He could visualize the surgical scene in his head.

The ruptured part of the spleen is removed, and then the ends are sutured back together.

Though it was not a dangerous surgery, it was not an easy one either.

With a delicate caring touch, the hard time for both the doctor and the patient would soon pass.

When the staff of the surgical team disappeared, Suhyuk fixed his gaze on the driver again.

The man was making a blank look. It was no use for him to regret what he had done now. The accident already happened, and he would have to pay a reasonable price for it.

At that moment, Suhyuk felt a painful soreness in the shoulder. With the situation involving the accident finally being sorted out, he began to feel the pain that he had forgotten. Suhyuk took off his clothes. He could see that the skin turned pale.

He let out a sigh without realising it. He thought he would have to suffer through a hard time for a few days first before he would get better.

Suddenly, the man who struck him and then rode away came to his mind.

He could not identify his assailant's face because he was covered by a helmet.

He instantly figured out that there was no CCTV installed in that area.

He knew it because he used to walk on that road whenever he visited Hana's Rice & Soup store.

'Should I report it?'

His agony did not last long. He felt that he had to report it in order to remind the police of the hit-and-run driver in the past. Suhyuk waited for the police to arrive.

At that moment the emergency room door opened and there was a fuss.

"These sons of bitches! Get them all behind the bars!"

"We're almost here, so please, be patient a little more."

Several men poured in. They were helping up a man whose dress shirt inside the suit was stained with blood. At that moment, Suhyuk's pupil expanded suddenly.

Nothing came into his eyes as if everything was stopped or he was covered in darkness, except for one man coming into the emergency room, helped up by the men.

Doctors and nurses quickly approached them.

Suhyuk was frozen like a stone statue. A hollow voice came out of his mouth, "Dongsu..."

Then Suhyuk walked his way through past the nurse and the doctor to approach him.

He took his suit off with his hand and checked his side.

A man was blocking it with a towel, but it seemed inadequate.

Red blood continued to pour from it.

Suhyuk slowly lifted his head and looked up at Dongsu.

With a big frown, Dongsu made an artificial smile at him, and said, "Hey, man, it's Sunday, are you working without any rest?"

His pale face and lips were turning blue.

Without replying, Suhyuk asked the man blocking his side with a towel, "Who did this? How did he get hurt?"

"He was stabbed while he was attempting to catch a criminal."

Suhyuk turned his head quickly to Dongsu, saying, "You bastard! How many times did I tell you not to follow a criminal?!"

Suhyuk could not continue, because Dongsu shouted...

"Get that bastard!"

Chapter 65

Everyone turned their heads to the side at Dongsu's shouting.

A man carried on to a stretcher was being handed over to the thoracic surgeons.

He was the man that Suhyuk took to the emergency room.

Some detectives quickly approached him.

They checked his unconscious face again and again.

Then they asked the doctor, "What kind of accident did he get into? What's his name?"

"Are you his guardian?"

"I'm a detective."

The doctor responded immediately to his words, "I hear his name is Park Janghu."

When the doctor looked at the nurse to confirm the name, she nodded as if he was correct.

The detective looked at Park, who was lying on the stretcher, with a suspicious look.

He did not have the characteristics of a suspect who committed a chain of crimes, because they do not usually carry anything that would reveal their identity. But here he was, a suspect who had raped 17 women in just two months. It was very difficult to collect information about him previously, because he committed his crimes very deliberately and secretively. Only his nickname was known, because he did not commit such a crime in just one place, but moved around here and there to attack each victim. However, it was exactly a week ago; an image of a man looking like the real suspect was captured on CCTV in front of a convenience store. Though it was vague and blurry, his face was very similar to a composite drawn by a witness.

The very man captured in the CCTV, suspected of committing the awful crimes, was lying in front of them right now, and on top of that, his identity fully revealed.

Such a deliberate in action and circumspect guy was there lying before them.

They felt that all the efforts to catch him previously seemed in vain.

The detective staring at the suspect lying down looked up at Dongsu and said, "This guy seems to be the running fugitive we had been chasing."

Dongsu laughed, twisting his lips.

"Did he get into an accident? Keep an eye on him until he wakes up, Detective Kang!"

At that moment Dongsu's eyelids wriggled because he began to feel the pain that he had forgotten for that moment.

"Lie down."

Suhyuk forced him to lie down and cut off the blood-stained dress shirt with scissors to confirm his wounds. He could not figure how and where he was hurt because blood was gushing up and out from the wounds.

"Hey, am I going to die like this?" said Dongsu with a bitter laugh.

He felt the pain was less than before, but now instead found his head became dizzy, which bothered him even more.

"Don't say anything," said Suhyuk.

Suhyuk covered his wounds with a layer of gauzes.

Then Oh Byungchul approached, saying, "Move back, Suhyuk."

"Yes, go and have a glass of water. Why are you sweating so much?" said Dongsu.

There came out a sigh from Suhyuk's mouth.

‘Who is worrying about whom now...’

While Oh was opening the gauzes covering the wounds, Suhyuk said, "I think you should start with first giving some blood transfusions."

Saying so, he was looking at Dongsu's face.

Dongsu laughed carelessly. In his mind, Suhyuk's eyes seemed to be saying something like this: ‘Do not worry! I'll save your life.’

Dongsu said to Oh, "Doctor, I want to have a blood transfusion first. I feel pretty dizzy right now, perhaps because the amount of blood I have is insufficient."

Ignoring his words slightly, Oh asked, "How did you get hurt?"

The detectives who were watching him nervously said, "He was stabbed by a knife. By the way, don't you think he needs an immediate surgery?"

"Will you be responsible if our prosecutor dies? Just do something instead of looking on!"

At their pressing, Oh was full of a glow. Those around him were all the more stressed by the fact that they were detectives. It was like the scary feeling an innocent man feels when seeing a passing police car.

Oh could not see the wound clearly, and he felt as if his head was all screwed up, not knowing what he had to do first, examining the patient or contact the surgery team. And there were the detectives standing before him. Resident Oh often found himself so embarrassed like this even though he was so well accustomed to the emergency department.

On such occasions, he used to ask for help. Namely, contacting the chief resident.

"Now, let me contact another doctor."

"Another doctor? Are you not a doctor? He's been stabbed by a knife! He needs a surgery right now!"

Did he hear them? Oh pulled out his cell phone to contact the chief.

At that moment a resident surgeon came up to them. He was called for by Suhyuk.

The more time was delayed, the more complications would occur.

Though it was not a serious situation, the patient was his friend above all else.

"I heard that he was stabbed, so let me take care of him."

Oh nodded his head and then he looked at Suhyuk.

"He's my friend. I am sorry to have contacted the surgical team by myself. If something happens, I'll take full responsibility for it."

Saying so, Suhyuk pushed the bed, disappearing gradually.

Oh looked at the back of Suhyuk disappearing for a moment. A prosecutor friend...

Though he felt upset about him who acted without his permission, he thought it was a plausible outcome. Did he not say he was his friend?

The prosecutor was smiling at Lee Suhyuk even while he was bleeding.

Somehow he felt that Suhyuk had only good people around him.

"Sir, the patient's blood pressure is dropping!"

At the nurse's urgent voice Oh moved quickly.

While he was being taken to the operating room, Dongsu blinked his eyes.

He felt that the injured area did not seem to hurt anymore. Dongsu, who was staring at the fluorescent lights passing quickly above him, said to Suhyuk moving with him on the side, "I'm afraid I might die before getting married."

"Don't speak of such nonsense! You will survive by any means possible."

"Okay, let me check your capabilities as a doctor."

Suhyuk could see his slightly trembling fingers. He was clearly feeling nervous, even though his expression and tone were portrayed calmly.

Smiling with some effort, Suhyuk said to Dongsu, "You heard of my skills, right? Super great skills. So just take a nap and wake up once it's all over."

Dongsu nodded his head slowly, and then he arrived at the door to the surgery room.

Having gone through, the door slowly closed, and the detectives who looked at him go in blankly, soon spoke to each other, "He'll be okay, right?"

"I just don't understand why he showed up at the crime scene in the first place."

"But the guy who just followed him is our prosecutor's friend, right?"

"Yeah, right! It looks like the guy who grabbed the criminal was the one we saw before on the TV!"

Now the detectives could understand why he insisted on going to Daehan hospital.

He went to the hospital because he wanted to see his friend that he usually boasted of.

The surgery team was formed in an instant. And Dongsu went

through all kinds of examinations needed for the surgery. Fortunately, his organs were fine, but the wounded areas stabbed by the knife were very messy and disordered. In addition, his blood pressure was continuously falling.

When Dongsu was led by the nurses and headed straight to the operating room, Suhyuk moved along with them at the same time.

At that time, a resident's voice stopped his footsteps, "It's very rare for an intern to participate in an emergency surgery. Did the professor give you any instructions?"

"Instructions?"

At his asking, the surgery team around him, disinfecting their bodies from their palms to their forearms, shook their heads. They usually saw him while they were coming and going at the hospital, and he was rumored to be a talented intern. After they were done with the disinfecting, they asked him if the professor instructed him, "He's my friend. I would appreciate it if you could allow me to attend."

At his words, they frowned instantly, "Did you get permission from the professor?"

"No."

"Get out!"

It was a decisive exit order.

Suhyuk's face hardened instantly.

He really wanted to stay by his side, but the resident and nurses' eyes were so stingy.

Well, he knew that even a family member was never allowed into the operating room, much less the patient's friend.

"Then, I expect you would take good care of my friend."

Suhyuk gave them hearty greetings. They did not care about it though, and disappeared into the surgery room.

At the moment when the automatic door opened, a professor entered and looked at Suhyuk blankly. He was none other than Prof. Han Myungjin of the thoracic surgery department.

"It's been a while, but what are you doing here?"

Suhyuk bowed his head slightly, saying, "My friend came here as an emergency patient, so I came here and I'm sorry for being a bother."

The professor, nodding, passed by him and cleaned his hands thoroughly.

Suhyuk then said when he was going into the surgery room, "I hope he's in good hands!"

"Hey, your friend was hurt. Are you going away? I did not see as such a mean guy."

At his words, his eyes grew bigger, and he said quickly, "I would appreciate it if you could allow me to attend."

Prof. Han, wearing a surgical gown, opened his mouth, "What are you doing? Get ready quickly!"

"Thank you, sir."

Suhyuk went into the operating room.

The nurse, the cardiopulmonary resuscitator, and the residents checking the equipments at their respective locations suddenly frowned at him.

"I told you to get out!" shouted a resident approaching Suhyuk with glaring eyes.

Professor Han Myungjin, passing by him, said briefly, "I called for him."

"Oh, yes..."

Nobody raised any further objections. Rather, they looked at Prof. Han with respectful eyes.

If anyone was injured, he did not mind riding an ambulance or helicopter no matter where he was just to get to the patient. Even more surprising was his clinical record. One time he spent 31 hours treating a patient in the operating room, and did that continuously without rest. It was natural for such a person to be respected by other doctors. As everyone was preparing for the surgery, Suhyuk approached Dongsu.

"Wake me up if I oversleep," said Dongsu with a slight smile.

Though it was a playful joke, Suhyuk was able to notice his hidden meaning at once.

That meant he wanted to open his eyes immediately after the surgery.

Suhyuk showed the same smile as always to him.

"It'll be over soon. So, just take a short nap and don't worry about it."

"I'm starting the anesthesia."

At the anesthesiologist's words, Dongsu looked at the light pouring from above.

The light was too bright.

'What is mom doing now? Will she make kimchi today for work? Damn kimchi. I just keep telling her to buy it like other people.'

"Huuuuuhh..."

A white breath filled the mask covering his mouth and then disappeared.

"I feel sleepy," Dongsu went to sleep with such murmuring.

Professor Han Myungjin, who confirmed that he was completely asleep, opened his mouth, "We have a patient with a stab wound. Let me start the operation. It looks like there wasn't any damage to the organs when I look at the image shots. However, as there might be some subtle bleeding, we still have to look into that."

The assistants nodded.

They recalled what Prof. Han kept telling habitually.

The machine does not lie, but you never believe it until you open the belly and check it with your own eyes. Only a surgeon who completed a countless number of surgeries could say that.

"Bobby (electric knife)."

When the professor reached out his hand, the assistant next to him gave it to him.

He frowned, moving with the bobby.

The wound surfaces were quite messy.

After stabbing him, the attacker twisted the knife.

With the smell of burning flesh, Dongsu's flank was opened.

Organs that were stained with blood were not visible enough to examine.

"Irrigation, please. Wash the organs quickly."

At his instruction, the assistants poured the saline solution into his belly.

On such occasions, they used the suction to drain the saline mixed with blood.

At that moment Han Myungjin's voice made Suhyuk turn his head.

"Mr. Lee Suhyuk!"

Chapter 66

"I can not see the blood vessels over there. Can you hold the tools for me?"

At Prof. Han's instruction, the residents' eyes became wider.

The professor obviously wanted to give him the role of an assistant when he was already allowed into the operation room.

Prof. Han spoke to the resident on the opposite side to him at this time, "Your eyes are bloodshot, so I guess you didn't sleep at all yesterday."

The resident opened his mouth awkwardly, "As I was on call, I had to see patients until this morning."

"I feel good seeing you working hard, but I think I need a break."

The professor pointed to the opened belly with his eyes.

"I can not see anything clearly."

Like Prof. Han said, the resident did not read his instructing gaze correctly.

He was just poking at the wrong organ.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll try to do better."

"No, if you are tired, that can happen."

At his genuine remarks, the resident stepped back, reproaching himself.

Han opened his mouth again.

"Give Lee Suhyuk what you are holding."

"Okay, sir."

The resident, gazing at him with an unbelievable look, handed an iron tool to him, and he signaled with eyes that he should not make a mistake.

On the other hand, Han recalled the day when Suhyuk located the patient's C line.

His prompt response was still vivid in his mind.

'As he was such a smart student in his PK days, how much progress has he made since then... His securing a clear view for me must be a simple job for him.'

Some sort of expectancy was reflected in Han's eyes.

Suhyuk, who received the tool from the resident, replaced his position.

Han opened his mouth, "Pull it a little to the left."

Suhyuk pulled Dongsu's slightly opened belly without any hesitation.

At the same time, he frowned because of the pain in the shoulder caused by the motorcycle.

It was painful enough to make his arm tremble.

However, he endured it by biting his teeth. Rather, he gave more strength to the shoulder to stop his arm from trembling.

"I'll wake you up soon, Dongsu."

"Now that organ over there."

Even before Han spoke, Suhyuk had already moved his hands quickly.

He checked the surrounding areas near the stabbed wounds thoroughly. Besides, as if to catch anything that he could not see before, he broadened the view of the organs so that Prof. Han and the residents could see it clearly.

Han smiled dumbfoundedly at him. It looked like Suhyuk had done surgery several times before, though it was impossible. He fully satisfied his expectations, just as he had previously thought.

At that moment, a resident, standing beside the professor,

opened his mouth, "What are you doing here? Why aren't you following Prof. Han's instructions properly? Are you out of your mind?"

Han looked at him gently and said, "What's wrong? Mr. Lee is doing great. Just keep focusing on what you're doing."

At his words, everybody became dumb as an oyster.

Though they knew the professor as someone considered to be generous to his juniors, they did not expect that he would be just as much generous to an intern like that. They were also surprised at him in their heart.

For Suhyuk was looking into all the blood vessels and organs that they expected were bleeding. When Suhyuk let out a light breath, Han opened his mouth, "Fortunately, the inside is clean."

He did not see any bleeding or injuries on the organs.

"Keep giving a blood transfusion. What about the blood pressure and pulse?"

The nurse looking into the patient monitoring device said, "BP 120/90 and pulse 80."

Han turned his head and peered at Dongsu's face.

"As you're young, you are different. You're a young friend too," said Han.

Actually, Han's words could not explain if it would be a successful surgery.

Given that it's not an easy surgery, usually the blood pressure drops and the pulse becomes faster, and there could even be brain oxygen saturation. In addition, the patient before his eye was bleeding. Nonetheless, the patient monitor all showed that he was normal.

Prof. Han could not help but laugh, and so did Suhyuk wearing a little smile.

Obviously, he came to the emergency room as if he would collapse at once, but the typically strong Dongsu was once again displayed even in the surgery room.

There were no damaged organs and there was nothing to worry about.

Now only the suture remained. It would be a perfect task without leaving any inflammation later.

"Can you do the suture?" Han asked Suhyuk.

Suhyuk shook his head, "I do not think I can do it."

The professor made a surprised expression at his reply.

He located a patient's C line without hesitation and examined organs with his sophisticated technique. How could he not suture then?

When Han was thinking about it, Suhyuk paid attention to his painful shoulders.

Every time he gave strength, his arms jerked. He endured it against his will.

He felt he could do the suture, but not smoothly.

Of course, he really wanted to do the suture for Dongsu by himself, but he could not.

It was a wise decision to leave it to another resident.

Nodding at Suhyuk, Prof. Han asked the residents to do the finishing touches with suturing.

Soon the surgery simply ended without any difficulty or complications.

Dongsu, who was lying in bed in the recovery room, slightly opened his closed eyelids. Then, soon his eyes opened smoothly. At that moment, the nurse who was checking his condition said,

“You’re awake. Can you see me? What’s your name?”

Slowly moving his pupils, he said, “Ooops... It hurts.”

At his words, the nurse flinched a bit, rather surprised.

She was worried about his possible showing signs of delirium.

That symptom came to those patients who had emergency surgeries, which caused them to act recklessly and not to recognize their acquaintances.

On such occasions the patients go as far as beating doctors and nurses.

The nurse murmured at Dongsu with a wry face.

“Looks like you have signs of delirium...”

“No, he’s been like that for a very long time,” said Suhyuk, who was standing behind her, and approached him.

“How do you feel?”

Touching his sutured belly, Dongsu made a funny face. It looked like he was both smiling and frowning his face. Maybe it was a mix of the pain he felt from the belly and his smiling face at his waking up.

“I feel thrilled and good about it.”

Suhyuk laughed awkwardly. He might be the only patient in the whole of Korea who said something like that as soon as he woke up from anesthesia.

“By the way, what happened to Park Janghu? Did he wake up from his unconsciousness?”

“Don’t you think you have to swear at the guy who stabbed you first before worrying about such a thing?”

“Well, it’s my iron rule to catch a suspect before my eyes.”

“That’s a detective’s job. You’re a prosecutor.”

The two looked at each other quietly. In the meantime, the nurse checked Dongsu's condition leisurely. All the measurements were okay.

"You have to stay in bed at the hospital for a week," said Suhyuk.

Looking up at the ceiling, Dongsu replied, "If my mom finds out about this, I'll get a big scolding. Can I be discharged earlier?"

"Don't even dream about it."

One week passed quickly. Dongsu was transferred to a room reserved for a single patient, and while he was there, the detectives stopped by the room as if they were reporting to work there.

That was the same for Suhyuk. After he'd finished for the day, he went to see Dongsu unless he had other calls.

Late in the night today, he went to see him.

When Suhyuk went into the room, Dongsu, sitting on the bed, welcomed him, shuffling his feet.

"You came very early today. You are far from busy, right?"

With a silly smile, he said, "How do you feel now?"

"As you can see, I'm perfectly fine. As you know, I'm strong and robust, right?"

At that moment Dongsu's head turned to the entrance of the room.

"Oh, you've just arrived sister?"

Suhyuk turned back.

"Hey, my cute brothers!"

It was reporter Han Jihye.

She was all smiles on her face.

Maybe it was because she had not met them in such a long time?

Suhyuk spoke to her first, “Hey”, and then looked at Dongsu.

There was something that he instinctively recalled. The guy he took to the emergency room from before, he heard from Dongsu that the guy was a serial rapist. It then made sense why she came here to meet him.

Obviously Dongsu must have contacted her.

“Lee Suhyuk, you haven’t contacted me for so long. Are you saying you’re too busy as a doctor?”

At her curt words, Suhyuk opened his mouth awkwardly, “I was hectically busy.”

She nodded her head as if she understood him. A doctor’s job is really busy and time consuming.

She met Dongsu occasionally, because as her profession was that of a reporter, she maintained contact with him from time to time. However, it’s been a long time since she met Suhyuk.

“You look more handsome than before.”

She felt she could smell something masculine from him because she finally met him after such a long time.

“Do you have a girlfriend? If not, can I introduce one to you?”

“Well, I don’t want to get one right now.”

Having said that, a young lady came to his mind. Around this time she was helping her father, with her sleeves rolled up.

“Sister, please introduce one to me. Please!”

Rising from the seat, Dongsu smiled at her, receiving a fruit gift box.

Han looked at both of them with a dubious look.

Fine professions and handsome faces.

Why aren’t the girls thinking about snatching these fine men?

“Please, please!” demanded Dongsu.

She smiled at him, and said, “Okay! You said you want a sexy woman, right? Let me introduce one to you sooner or later.”

And then she asked Suhyuk this time, “What kind of girl do you want?”

“Well...”

When he slurred, she looked at him strongly, saying, “Yeah, just say it. Don’t feel any burden from answering.”

She was full of enthusiasm as if she were ready to bring a Miss Korea lady to him.

“Please don’t reveal my name in your report,” said Suhyuk.

It was really burdensome for him to be put into the spotlight by the media, which he felt every time it happened.

At his words, Han opened her eyes wider.

“Suhyuk, it’s a misunderstanding. Last time when you caught the criminal, I didn’t put your name in my report.”

That was true. She did not reveal his name anywhere in her report. Netizens on the internet found out it was him though. They reported his name.

The name of Lee Suhyuk is heavy, but at the same time it’s light, so it just flies with the wind to the point of his identity getting revealed to the people easily.

Was Suhyuk even aware of this?

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at Han, who was wearing a bright smile.

“Please report as if it were not about me.”

Han said with a promise, “Sure, if you want it that way. I won’t reveal even the surname ‘Lee’ in the report.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, thinking that was enough.

However, there was no way of knowing the results. In other words, the possibility was there that one day his name would find its way into the media with a big news headline again.

At that moment everybody turned their heads to the entrance of the room.

There was a gentleman dressed casually in training pants. He was Kim Hyunwoo.

“Are you okay?”

Dongsu smiled awkwardly, saying, “Why did you come here when you’re so busy? I was thinking of see you sooner or later, and I’d like to see your mother again too.”

Suhyuk greeted him too, asking, “How are you, sir?”

Kim smiled gently, responding, “I feel good seeing both of you like this together. Come on in guys!”

At his words, several men came into the room at once.

They looked for a proper place to put down large flowers and a humidifier.

With wider eyes, Dongsu said, “I’ve already got them all here in the room...”

Kim, looking around the room, said, “Don’t you think that brand new stuff are better?”

He then grinned wickedly, which was a pleasant smile that made others follow suit.

So, the three of them met once again after such a long time and they merrily chatted away with lots of laughs.

Chapter 67

Suhyuk was moving one of his shoulders in a circular motion. He had the shoulder struck by a motorcycle. He did not feel pain there anymore and the bruising in his biceps was going down, and new cells were replacing the damaged ones. His bones were not injured, and he did not need any treatment because it was just a bruise. Over time his body will heal itself anyway, he thought.

It was now lunch time, and Suhyuk went to see Dongsu. He was packing his stuff to leaving having finished with the discharge procedure. Noticing Suhyuk, he grinned.

“Thanks to you, I’ve caught one criminal,” he said.

He was talking about the guy who committed serial rape.

Suhyuk could not help but smile. He just took the guy to the emergency room because he was involved in a traffic accident without knowing who he was. Then he turned out to in fact be a criminal on the loose.

Sitting on the bed, Suhyuk said with a worried voice, “What about the guy who stabbed you? Was he caught?”

Dongsu kitted his brows, saying, “He was last seen in Yongsan, but escaped nimbly like a mouse.”

“How bold he is... How can he stab a prosecutor?”

“Well, thugs these days don’t fear anybody. They just wield their tools at anyone.”

At his words Suhyuk shook his head. He told him several times to understand what his profession was, and make a distinction between a detective and a prosecutor. He would not listen.

While packing his stuff, Dongsu squatted on the bed, saying, “You said you have something to say.”

“I was involved in a hit-and-run.”

Dongsu looked at him here and there at his words.

“Hit-and-run? Where? How come you are okay then?”

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk told him about the traffic accident involving the serial rapist.

While listening to him quietly, Dongsu had a dubious expression on his face, and said, “It happened near Hana’s Rice & Soup store...”

“Yes, and she was hit by a motorcycle at the same place before.”

“The suspect wearing a helmet?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The two were silent for a moment. While they were thinking, Dongsu spoke first “Just trust in me.”

Suhyuk spoke to him while rising from the seat, “Sorry to bother you. I should have taken this to the police directly.”

Dongsu grinned, saying, “No, you don’t have to say sorry. It’s my duty to get rid of the evil people like this.”

After tapping him on the shoulder several times, Dongsu headed for the entrance of the room. When Suhyuk was about to escort him out, Dongsu turned back and said, “Don’t bother to escort me. Thanks for waking me up.”

“I didn’t do anything. I just watched on the side.”

Dongsu shook his head as if that was not true.

He remembered Suhyuk approaching him who was lying in bed nervously. When he saw Suhyuk’s eyes, he felt comfortable. He relaxed him, with silent words: ‘Just trust me.’

With anesthesia, he could go to sleep comfortably, and when he woke up, he could see him as expected.

“I’m leaving now.”

Detectives approached Dongsu who waved his hands without

turning back, and soon they disappeared into the elevator.

He still had more or less 20 minutes of lunch time left.

Suhyuk went up to the Sky Park on the rooftop of the hospital.

He had only one reason for doing that. He wanted to see the faces of his intern friends who gathered there during their break time. Sitting on the benches, they were letting out a big sigh.

Suhyuk approached them with a smile. They waved their hands at him.

“Hey, is this the Prince of Blood Collection and the CT Genius?”

With an awkward smile, he sat on the bench.

“Are you guys doing alright?”

The faces of his friends who welcomed him with bright smiles turned grim.

“Don’t ask that. I got given a scolding from the professor because I checked the patient’s vital signs incorrectly. It’s only a minute difference. I was ordered to be on call day and night.”

Splitting his hair, the intern assigned to the internal medicine department said, “I should have memorized all types of medicine until in the morning because I mentioned a possible surgery instead of medication.”

“How about you, Suhyuk?”

At a woman intern’s asking, he just made a gentle smile, saying, “Just so-so.”

It’s already been two months since they started the internship period.

So far they have had no major incidents, but it could happen anytime.

An incident was supposed to happen due to misjudgment. It’s

already too late when they find out it's misjudgement. That was not an exception, even to Suhyuk.

Suhyuk made a resolve once again not to lower his guard.

At that moment an intern rose from the bench, saying, "I have to go. If I'm late, I may have to stay up through the night."

Other interns began to stand up one by one, and so did Suhyuk to wrap up his assignment.

"Did you have a delicious lunch?" asked resident Im Gyongsu, turning over the chart.

Other interns assigned to the surgery department were busy with other stuff.

Only Suhyuk was left alone as he had already completed his assignment.

"I hear the professor allowed you into the operation room."

"Yes, looks like he allowed me in because my friend was getting surgery."

"I hear you also had a chance to use some surgery equipments, and secured the view for operation."

When he nodded his head, Im shook his head slightly.

He thought Suhyuk was only good at analyzing CT, but was stunned when he heard from residents who went into the operation room with him what he had done. He secured the operation view for the professor perfectly! It was really unbelievable, but everybody in the room said the same thing. Did he learn it from books too? Even though he learned it from books and videos, actual clinical practice was different from that.

Im could not help but think he was a born genius.

"Follow me!" said Im, and turned around with his white gown fluttering away.

He continued talking while walking, “Didn’t you do disinfection and simple sutures a lot?”

“Yes,” said Suhyuk shortly.

“We’re going to do abdominal puncture and drainage now. Though you don’t have anything to do there right now, you will have to do it many, many times when you’re assigned to the surgery department. Got it?”

When Suhyuk nodded his head, he went into the adjacent patient’s room.

Two nurses were preparing things for abdominal puncture while checking the ultrasound device.

Looking at Suhyuk, one of the nurses made a shy dimple on her face, which was invisible to him.

Approaching the patient, Im smiled and said, “It stings a bit when you get given anesthesia.”

It was a man in his late 30s. He grinned and nodded.

Before applying the abdominal puncture, Im checked his belly with the ultrasound device. He was checking the exact location because other organs might be touched during the operation if not careful.

Looking at the image on the ultrasound device quietly, he began to disinfect the man’s belly, and then he marked X on the area 5 cm below the navel with a permanent marker. That was the location where he would inject the needle. He put a sterilized sheet with a hole on the patient’s belly, and made sure the X mark was visible through the open hole.

“You will now be given anesthesia.”

Suhyuk was watching Im’s procedures quietly.

Suhyuk nodded at the process of anesthetizing the fascia in order, subcutaneously, perpendicularly to the abdominal wall. It

was a neat procedure.

However, it looked like the patient did not feel the same way.

His face was frowned at the sting of the needle.

Im also added enough anesthetic to the peritoneum for the last time. It was an injection for drainage, so he applied anesthesia well into the peritoneum. He waited until the patient's belly was fully under the anaesthetic. Soon he began to move. He placed the needle for drainage right in the place marked X. Though it looked like he simply injected the needle, he did it without touching the muscle rectus. If the needle is pierced through it, there could be bleeding as a result of damaged arteries and veins, but Im avoided it exactly.

The patient frowned his face when he felt a needle was pierced into his belly, but soon went back to normal. The anesthesia worked well, as planned.

“It's important to pay attention, starting from here.”

Suhyuk nodded at his words.

If the needle inside the belly touches other organs, it will cause an instant perforation. Accordingly it required a high degree of concentration and delicate technique.

Finally Im's needle was placed into the patient's abdominal cavity.

At that moment Suhyuk's voice came into his ears.

“Sir!”

Frowning his face, Im looked at him with curious eyes.

He was holding his wrist.

He opened his mouth calmly, “I think you have placed the needle too deep.”

Im knitted his brows suddenly, and murmured to him, reading

the patient's countenance, "What are you doing before the patient? Just let go of my wrist!"

Despite his icy words, Suhyuk would not move. He did not release his wrist at all.

"If you place it any deeper, it could cause a perforation."

Suhyuk had no intention to release him it at all. It seemed that the needle, when placed a little deeper, could cause a perforation in the organs. Then the patient would need additional treatment.

If the complications became serious, he might need emergency surgery for peritonitis.

He could not let the patient go through that.

"What the hell, you bastard!"

Im, with a blush, looked at the nurse.

"Put the ultrasound mouse on the belly."

He wanted to show Suhyuk clearly where the needle was placed, so he could let go of his wrist.

A little later Im just blinked his eyes after confirming it through the ultrasound monitor, and was frozen in place, just like a stone statue.

To their surprise, the needle was stopped right before the intestine. It was dangerously close to it, so that even a little trembling of the hand could cause perforation.

Suhyuk's hand holding Im's wrist was lifted up a bit, so the needle became distanced from it.

When Im looked at him, Suhyuk had already let go of his arm.

After that, the two did not talk to each other at all. Suhyuk just looked on while Im was doing the procedure, and Im just focused on his work calmly.

To their embarrassment, everybody was silent until they were

done with the drainage and cleaned up.

Finishing the procedure, Im smiled to the patient, saying, “The surgery was done well. Thanks for your patience.”

“Thanks so much for your hard work!”

Im exchanged a few more words with the patient, and went out of the surgery room.

So did Suhyuk, and followed him.

While walking down the hall, Im did not say anything. The suddenly he opened his mouth, “Can you just keep it to yourself?”

Suhyuk made a curious expression, as if he did not understand what he was talking about.

“I mean what happened a moment ago.”

Suhyuk said gently, “Did anything happen a moment ago?”

Im grinned at his remarks suggesting he did not know anything about it.

“Let’s have a drink together someday.”

Im walked ahead of him even before he replied.

“Hi... sir.”

Suhyuk turned back his head at the sudden voice coming from behind him.

Chapter 68

She was a pretty nurse with a small dimple on her face.

“Did you call me?”

She nodded at his question. She was shy enough not to meet her eyes with his.

The nurse, looking at his tiptoes, barely opened her mouth, “Well...”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Here you are!”

She suddenly held out both her hands. A folded piece of paper was in her hands.

Suhyuk received it with a dubious look.

“What is this?”

He could not continue asking though, because the nurse was disappearing from him as if she were fleeing.

When she was completely out of sight, he opened it.

It read like this: ‘Hello, Mr Lee Suhyuk. I’ve been watching you since the days you’ve been a PK trainee. Only now can I pluck up my courage and appear before you. May I have coffee or dine with you when you’re available? If you don’t mind, please call me on 010-4827...’

Reading the note, he laughed with a puzzled look.

Is this a sort of a love letter that he heard about people receiving before?

The nurse, who escaped from him, was letting out a short breath, leaning against the wall. Her heart thudding against her chest never stopped. She tried to calm down, caressing her hot face with

her hands, but could not calm down at all.

“I wonder if I did that uselessly...”

“No, you did it well!” popped out a voice from the side. It was a fellow nurse two years older than her.

“What should I do sister? I’m afraid he won’t give me a call...”

At her crestfallen voice, she told her not to worry, saying, “In my opinion, he’s going to call you for sure, 100%. You’re pretty, so be confident. You deserve it! You declined when others doctors confessed to you? Then, why? Are you so nervous because you’re the one who confessed first?”

“Yes.”

She nodded weakly. Han Binna. She has been watching Suhyuk since he was a PK student.

It was more correct to say he naturally came to be favored in her eyes.

When she first saw him, she thought that he talked much less than other PK students. She just thought that was all there was to him, but at some point she came to see him often, even though he was a PK student going around the wards for clinical practice.

Was it because she became conscious of him at some point? Was it because he was handsome? No, it seemed that’s not the case.

Is there any particular reason why someone likes another?

Passing by him, she came to notice him, and at some point he was deeply ingrained into her heart. That’s it. To add a little more, he was less talkative than others, and made an occasional smile. His smiles that he gave patients were so warm.

She’s kept a sort of one-side love for him in her heart for the past one year.

“The way I see it, he will contact you today.”

At her fellow nurse's words, she really wished he would do so.

A woman in her early fifties.

Suhyuk was disinfecting her sutured belly. As she had surgery only just two days ago, she might develop complications and inflammation, so she needed constant care.

“Oh, I feel so good.”

At her reaction, Suhyuk grinned a bit.

“Do you feel uncomfortable in any area?”

“No, I like your disinfecting work. When other doctors do it, I feel so much stinging.”

Im, standing in the distance, could not help but smile bitterly, because the doctor she was referring to was he.

After he was done with the disinfection, Suhyuk was cleaning up.

Shaking his head, he said, “He's an alien.”

Whatever assignment he's tasked with, he was doing it with great effort, and completing task to the end. There was nothing he could not do. So Im decided to stop fixating on him, thinking like this: ‘he must be a genius or an alien.’

When he felt that way, he felt much more relaxed.

He felt it was only natural that he was more than a match for him.

“I'm done!” said Suhyuk.

He approached Im.

“Good job man.”

His calm face indicated that he did what he was supposed to do.

Im was not surprised about it at all anymore.

“Let's go.”

Following him quietly, Suhyuk asked him, “What kind of patient is it this time?”

“Just go back and take a break at your lodging.”

Suhyuk made a dubious expression. It was 5pm.

Usually it was the rule for the interns to go around the hospital until 9pm.

He recalled the woman resident of the pediatrician department, called a Witch by the interns.

When interns are doing something wrong, or make mistakes, she did not give them any assignments and let them take a long break. Was the resident walking weakly with shoulders drooping the same sort of person from the same class?

Until now he felt that he did not make any mistakes in the surgery department, but he wanted to ask anyway, “Sir, did I make any mistakes?”

Im grinned wickedly.

“Yes,” he said, murmuring to himself, ‘You’re doing what I’m supposed to do myself.’

But he did not speak what he had in mind.

Im turned around and folded his arms, asking, “How many patients did you complete the rounds for?”

“Thirteen patients.”

“Yes, I’m in charge of 13 patients. How about their condition?”

“They’re all good.”

“Now, what should you do?”

Suhyuk was speechless. Interns are supposed to learn and carry out duties under the supervision of the primary physician. Then, Suhyuk made the rounds with all the patients and offered appropriate treatment already. In other words, his job was done.

Contrary to his thinking like that, there were an indefinite number of things interns were supposed to take care of. For example, checking patients' conditions from time to time and reporting or waiting indefinitely at the ICU while watching the patient monitor. In addition, they had to carry out other chores.

However, Im did not give them such instructions out of consideration for Suhyuk.

He carried out any instructions without any problem. He did not make any mistakes or cause any difficult troubles. And today Suhyuk prevented him from making a possible perforation in the patient's intestine.

"I won't call you unless I have to, so go and take a sound break."

Saying so, he turned back. Then he raised one of his fingers and said, "Didn't I tell you already? Reserve your weekend for me. Let me treat you to a drink."

A pleasant smile was on Suhyuk's face.

"Yes, sir."

When he arrived at his lodging, he lay on the bed. When did he ever lie on the bed at this hour?

It's been really a long time. He even felt it's something unexpected.

What were his fellow interns doing now?

Were they doing well or were they getting a scolding? Most likely it was the latter.

When he recalled each one's face, he smiled. When they tried hard and made a lot of efforts in their studies, they would certainly be reliable doctors later on.

He turned around on the bed. Then he heard a rustle of paper getting folded in the middle of his pocket. "Oh, that's right..."

Rising from the bed, he unfolded the letter from the nurse.

She said she liked him for one year. Such a long time.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone. He anyhow felt thankful for her as she cared about him like that. He wrote down a text message and sent it to her cell phone.

When he was about to lie on the bed again, his phone rang.

“Thanks so much for your message. I thought you wouldn’t send one. Thanks. When can you take time out? I’d like to treat you to a meal or coffee.”

Suhyuk did not agonize about it that long. He was done early for the day, and the resident told him to take a break.

“Shall I see you at the bus stop in front of the hospital at 7pm?”

“Yes, I’ll see you then.”

Confirming the message, Suhyuk checked the time. 6pm sharp.

He had enough time. He closed eyes while lying in bed. When he opened his eyes, 30 minutes already passed.

Casually dressed, he moved right away. The hospital lobby was crowded with people when it was already evening time.

“Sir!”

Suhyuk heard a voice coming quietly from the side. It was Han Binna.

With a blush on her face, she bowed her head.

“Hello.”

As if she met him for the first time today, she said hello to him.

Suhyuk also bowed his head.

“Hello, where shall we go?”

At his asking, she felt as if her hairs were becoming white.

She was trying to calm down her pounding heart at the thought of she meeting him exclusively.

She tried to remember some delicious restaurants that she knew of, and fortunately she could think of one.

“Have you eaten yet?”

With a slight smile, he shook his head.

“That’s good then... Do you like spaghetti?”

“I like any food. Let’s go.”

When he moved first, she came close to him cautiously. No, she walked a bit away from him.

She felt as if she was going to have a heart attack if she got any closer to him.

Going out of the hospital, they got on a bus. They were heading for a famous pasta restaurant in Sinchon.

Even though it was the closing hour of the day for the bus service, there were not many people on the bus so as it to be crowded.

Yet, there was only one seat vacant.

Suhyuk yielded the seat to her.

“Please have a seat.”

Staggering at the trembling of the bus, she waved her hand, saying, “I’m fine. Please have a seat.”

Smiling quietly, he gestured with his eyes to her, pointing to the seat.

She then sat on it helplessly, and looked outside.

She had to say whatever she wanted to, but she could not because her thoughts were all mixed up. She tightened her grip on her hands on the bag. It was clear that she was nervous. He could feel it.

“By the way, may I have your name?”

At his soft voice, she answered, “My name is Han Binna.”

“It’s a beautiful name.”

“Thanks.”

“Do you work in the surgery department?”

“Yes!”

People on the bus began to pay their attention to them slowly, because she came up with an answer clearly like a robot whenever he asked her a question.

Her appearance like that made the hearts of other young guys on the bus pound.

For not only did she have a cute dimple but also her face was pretty.

“We have to get off here.”

She pushed the bell and stood up. Guided by her, he walked to the pasta restaurant.

“Do you know about it, sir?”

“What is it?”

Suhyuk looked at her. At that moment she, who was glancing at him, turned her head instantly. She felt it keenly today that it was so difficult for her to meet her eyes with someone else’s.

“You’re so famous among the nurses.”

“Am I?”

“Yes.”

He asked with a puzzled look.

“Why?”

“You’re so good at collecting blood and analyzing CT. Rumor has it that you’re already like a resident. And they say you are so handsome...”

He smiled bitterly. It was neither good nor bad for him. But he was only a novice.

Then, his eyes became wide. The woman walking toward him was familiar to him.

Thinking about it, he grinned before he knew it. She looked like Hana.

‘Did she finish work at this time?’ Yes, it was likely that.

“We are here, sir.”

At her voice, Suhyuk turned his head to the side.

It was a wooden restaurant specializing in spaghetti, emitting a warm atmosphere.

A glimpse of the restaurant was seen inside the window.

Very crowded. ‘She said she liked spaghetti.’

Suhyuk, who thought of one woman in his mind, followed Han.

“Hey!”

He turned back at the sharp voice, and murmured to himself, “Well, speak of the devil...”

Chapter 69

Hana was walking with men in suits. They looked like her colleagues at the company she worked for.

She came up to Suhyuk and spoke,

“Looks like you finished up work early today.”

Saying so, she looked at Binna.

“Hello!”

Binna bowed her head. So did Hana.

“Hello, who is she...?” Hana asked him.

He agonized for a moment as to what to say, but it was only for a very brief moment.

He opened his mouth instantly, “She is my colleague at the hospital.”

“Ah...”

She was really beautiful in Hana’s eyes. In particular, her dimples looked so cute even to the eyes of a woman like her. And her small face too.

“Hello, I’m Suhyuk’s friend. My name is Kim Hana.”

“My name is Han Binna.”

At that moment her colleagues called her from the back.

“Ms. Hana, our section chief is waiting. Come back quickly.”

“I’m coming now.”

Replying like that, she alternately looked at Suhyuk and Han.

Hana made a smile at them. Though they could not recognize that her smile was tinged with a hint of something like loneliness.

“I have a dinner meeting with my colleagues. So, have a good time!”

Suhyuk looked at her quietly.

“Your friend is really beautiful.”

He nodded his head slowly at Binna’s words.

“Actually she has good characteristics, and she is kind-hearted.”

While looking at her disappearing among the restaurant guests, Suhyuk turned around instantly.

“Let’s go in.”

The two went into the pasta restaurant. A lady was looking at them from the distance.

She was none other than Hana.

“Ms. Hana, what are you doing? Come join us quickly!”

“Yes!”

Suhyuk and Binna moved, guided by the waitress at the restaurant.

Fortunately there was one table left, so they sat there.

“What kind of spaghetti do you like?”

Suhyuk looked at the menu at the sound of her voice.

Well, he has never had spaghetti before even up to now.

So many kinds of similar spaghetti, and the price was so expensive.

That was understandable. Binna could only stop by this place a few times per month.

The prices were so expensive, but the food was so delicious.

That’s why she took him there. As it was the first time she met him, she wanted to treat him to delicious food.

Blinking her eyes, she was either looking at the menu, or stealing a glance at Suhyuk gently.

Even after reading the menu for some time, he seemed not to have picked any food.

“Bongole pasta is well known at this place.”

Suhyuk, while staring at the menu, raised his head and said, “Let me have it, then.”

Nodding her head, she made a little smile. A bright smile befitting her name Binna.

They soon ordered from the menu, and Suhyuk looked around. Young men and women having delicious food while gazing at each other. To him, he felt envious when he found them laughing at each other with a lovely look, but that kind of sentiment was felt only very brief.

He had so much work to do in the future. After his internship, he was to start residency, which he currently felt was something like a distant future. Of course, it was not something he could not accomplish if he walked step by step toward his goal. Yeah, for the sake of his dream.

He wanted to be the best doctor more than anything else.

“Your bongole is ready.”

The waitress put down a dish of Bongole, before he realised, with steam rolling up from it.

“Enjoy the food!”

Mixed with plump clams and scattered parsley, it was a really appetizing pasta.

Binna, like the waitress, said, “Please enjoy it!”

“You too, Ms. Binna.”

The two started eating. As if she were making a careful gesture of eating, she put in her mouth a few strands of pasta cautiously. Suhyuk was different. The pasta was gone with a few strokes of his fork. An expensive price for a small amount of pasta.

Though it was delicious enough, he felt it was not his kind of food.

‘Is it because my taste is so cheap?’

A pot of hangover rice and soup came to his mind, plus soju to drink.

His thinking reaching at that point, Suhyuk suddenly felt he made a mistake.

Binna on the opposite side did not yet finish even half her pasta.

He ate it so fast. He needed to moderate his eating pace, but did not.

With an embarrassed look, he said, “I ate rather fast, didn’t I?”

Binna shook her head hard, and showed a bright smile.

“I’m so glad that you liked it. Actually I was a bit worried...”

She dropped her head, while looking at him.

Though she met his eyes only briefly, she had a blush on her face.

“Shall we stand up?”

“You didn’t have it all yet. So, please go ahead and enjoy it slowly. I ate too fast...”

With a surprised look, she waved her hands.

“I had a lot for lunch, so my stomach is full even now. I think I can stop here!”

Suhyuk smiled slightly.

“Shall we get up then?”

“Yes!”

Rising from the table abruptly, she grabbed the check. Then, Suhyuk held out his hand, and said, “The check is on me this time. Looks like you didn’t eat it much because of me.”

She shook her head from side to side.

“No, no. I ate my fill, and it’s me who offered to eat first.”

Going to the counter, she paid for it immediately.

They went out of the pasta house.

At the door Suhyuk said, “Are you going home?”

As a nurse she did not need to stay at the lodging.

“Yes.”

Then she explained about the direction of her house. She did not know why she was talking about it.

“Your direction is in the opposite of mine. Are you coming to work tomorrow?” asked Suhyuk with a sorry expression.

She nodded her small face, and he smiled at her.

“Before it gets darker, please go home. I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

Binna smiled, bending her waist, and said, “Thanks for your concern. You too, take care then. See you tomorrow.”

Suhyuk bent his head quietly and said goodbye, and then he moved to get on the bus.

Binna was quietly looking at him disappearing into the crowds.

How could they part like this after eating...

She murmured to herself, looking at him barely seen in the distance, “I know a cart bar on the street that serves terrific side dishes. Shall we go there?”

‘Why didn’t I say that to him?’

She hit her head with her own hands. ‘Stupid! Stupid!’

At that moment a man approached her, saying, “Well.. you’re my ideal type. Can you give me your contact number...?”

“Sorry, I have a lover...”

She left the scene right away.

At the pasta restaurant where Suhyuk and Binna left behind, two women were entering inside. They were Hana and her company friend.

“You had meat already, and then want pasta too?”

“Yes, I hear it tastes so delicious here!”

Inside the restaurant she looked inside closely.

At that moment a waitress came up and asked, “Welcome. How many are you?”

“Sorry, let me come next time,” said Hana.

Hana left the place right away. Her friend looked at her with a suspicious look.

“I thought you said you want pasta?”

Hana showed a sorry expression.

“Instead of pasta, shall we have another drink?”

A sigh came out her mouth, which nobody could understand.

Oh Byungchul was grinning at Suhyuk in the hallway, and then looked at the other two interns.

“Glad to meet you. Some of you know me, some are seeing me for the first time. I’ll spend the next one month with you. My name is Oh Byungchul. Right now the chief is busy, so let me introduce him later. Welcome to the Emergency Medical Department!”

To the interns, his voice sounded like that of the angel of the death.

In some way, life at the emergency medical department was much harder than at the surgery department.

It was because they had to take care of those taken into the

emergency room for all 24 hours of the day, and thus they had no sufficient time to themselves compared to any other department.

Looking at the interns with a calm expression, Oh smiled a bit.

He thought that though they looked calm on the surface, they were screaming in their hearts.

Except for only one person. Lee Suhyuk. He got two nicknames from the surgery department. CT genius and Alien.

Shaking his head a bit, Oh opened his mouth again.

“You just do what you’re instructed to do. Personal opinion or questions are allowed only when you’re free, okay?”

“Yes, sir!”

With such a vigorous reply, they went into the emergency room along with Oh.

And there they could not help but stand blankly.

A patient was swearing, complaining about abdominal pain, and there was a man bleeding profusely from his leg bones laid bare.

They felt dizzy and at a loss of what to do.

During their internship at other departments all they did was to follow the resident, and they did not get any big scolding if they did an errand well. But they really could not figure out what to do here.

“Doctor, it looks like this patient needs to have a CT as soon as possible!”

At the nurse’s voice Oh looked at the interns in the back.

“You know where the shooting room is, right?”

“Yes!”

One intern, understanding Oh’s words, went to the patient quickly.

Oh called a nurse passing by.

“Ms Lee, here is an intern newly assigned to our department. Please give him some work to do.”

Oh smiled slightly, but the nurse hardened her face a bit.

She was already very busy, and even worse, she now had to take care of an intern.

“Did you ever disinfecting before?”

“Yes.”

The nurse and intern disappeared, and now only Suhyuk was left alone.

Oh, touching his chin, looked at him and said, “You...”

“Sir!”

At the nurse’s voice, Oh turned back his head.

The nurse among the ambulance crew was laying a patient on the bed.

Oh approached them quickly. It was a woman patient in her late 40s.

Though she had no external injury, she was making a big frown.

“Where do you feel pain?”

“I feel so painful as if my belly is splitting. Ooops, my belly!”

Oh raised her upper clothes and put the stethoscope on her.

“It seems like the main artery.”

Oh looked at Suhyuk as if he was asking what he is talking about.

Suhyuk pointed to the patient’s belly.

The spot right above the navel was pounding a bit as if it were hung with a heart.

Only with a careful examination could he notice it, and it lasted

very briefly.

The pulse of the belly that bulged like a convex lens grew bigger.

It showed that the main artery swelled up as much as it could.

Oh called somewhere quickly. It was the emergency artery surgery team.

The patient was handed over to the team.

Oh said to Suhyuk, “Don’t go away from me.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, and that was the beginning of his internship.

“I suspect that the patient had pulmonary embolism. So oxygen should be given first of all.”

“The patient is breathing well. What are you talking about?”

“The veins need to be expanded without causing hypoxia.”

Suhyuk moved continuously. Carrying a patient to the shooting room directly, and handing over an emergency patient to another department team with the name of the patient’s disease. He alone was carrying out the work of two persons without any problem.

He was doing the same thing at the same moment.

Checking the ultrasound of an emergency patient, he approached Oh, saying, “I noticed about 1.5 cm of heterogeneous mixed echoclesion. Looks like it was a gallstone. I think you can check it with a laparoscopic rather than doing laparotomy.”

Oh just nodded his head blankly.

“Yeah, just as you did before, just hand the patient to the surgery team.”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk was turning back.

Looking at him, Oh murmured before he knew it,
“What kind of star has he come from?”

Chapter 70

Oh Byungchul kept shaking his head, glancing at Suhyuk.

He carried out all the work he was instructed to do. Nothing he could not accomplish.

Oh felt all the more need to test him.

There were not many patients, and he had some free time.

At that moment, a patient with a wry face was taken to the emergency room.

Oh signalled his eyes to Suhyuk, "Can you take care of him?"

Suhyuk's eyes became wide. No resident has ever let him take care of a patient before.

That was only natural because he was an intern.

It was like giving up a patient to let an intern treat him or her.

Suhyuk understood that he would normally not be asked to do such a thing, but the opportunity now came along to him.

He has been waiting for that kind of instruction all this time.

"Thank you."

With a short answer he approached the patient sitting on the bed.

Oh shook his head once more at his attitude.

'Thank you? Isn't it normal for an intern to get so nervous or tremble just like an intern?'

Besides, his eyes seemed to twinkle.

Oh followed him because he wanted to prevent him from making any trouble in advance.

A man with a wry face. He looked like a man in his early 20s.

Anybody looking at his behavior could figure out immediately

that he had pain in his hand.

For he was supporting his right hand with his left one as if it were a splint.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Did your hand get hurt?”

He nodded his head.

“How did it get hurt?”

“When I fell, I supported myself on the ground with my left hand. I wonder if the bone was fractured.”

“Let me briefly take a look.”

Suhyuk held his hand cautiously. No signs of swelling.

“Were you okay in the past?”

“Yes, I think it hurts because I fell down.”

Suhyuk nodded. He had no symptoms of edema.

This time he examined the figure of his hand. Given that there was no distortion, did he have a fracture?

“Can you move your fingers?”

His trembling fingers moved.

“Just turn your wrist.”

The patient’s wrist turned with effort. Given his grim face, it seemed he barely managed to turn it.

“Good job.”

Saying so, Suhyuk pressed on the back of his hand with his thumb gently. When he pressed on one area, a painful moaning came out from the patient’s mouth.

It was the area of anatomical snuffbox, a triangle-shaped concave seen when one raises his thumb with the palm open.

The name of a disease came to his mind. ‘Scaphoid fracture.’

Where there is a scaphoid fracture, one feels a pressure and ache on their anatomical snuffbox, an area that connects the carpal bones. Whenever one uses their wrist, the scaphoid supports it. Because it is used constantly, it receives a lot of stimulation. Fractures can be common when one falls with one's hand supporting one's weight or when one's wrist is broken. Suhyuk opened his mouth, looking at Oh.

“Looks like it is scaphoid fracture.”

A dubious expression was formed on Oh's face. How can he determine it's a bone fracture just by pressing the patient's one finger?

“Are you sure?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“I guess so.”

“Take an X-ray shot.”

At his instruction, Suhyuk took the patient to the shooting room, and then he came back to the emergency room and showed Oh a shot uploaded on PC.

Oh closely looked at the shot. He could not figure out anything though.

At that moment Suhyuk pointed to one area with his finger.

“Here...”

Oh opened his mouth immediately.

“You're right...”

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

He could understand easily what Oh could not figure out.

A scaphoid fracture is so small that even an X-ray can not catch it.

Ironically, an intern was generous enough to understand the

sorry circumstances of a resident.

Of course, Oh could not know it even in his dreams.

Suhyuk spoke to him still fixing his gaze on the PC.

“Fortunately, he had no displaced fat pad. As his fracture is not severe, we can fix it with a plaster.”

If one is seriously injured, it is difficult to recover from that injury, and if the blood circulation is not good in the scaphoid fracture, it can lead to the bone disintegrate. Accordingly, one diagnosed with a scaphoid fracture needs to go to the hospital quickly.

“How did you see it?”

At Oh’s asking, he pointed to the X-ray shot.

“Don’t you notice it here?”

Oh shook his head, and murmured to himself,

“Maybe you’re right...”

Then he was speechless.

Two weeks were passing since Suhyuk had been assigned to the emergency medical department. He was hectically busy during that time, and sleeping only three to four hours a day, he stayed there. He deserved it because it was his actual clinical practice. Oh stood by him faithfully, though. Though he trusted him, Oh was a bit worried. That’s understandable because the label ‘intern’ accompanied Suhyuk. However skillful he was, a human being was supposed to make a mistake.

Suhyuk actively roamed around the hospital like a fish in water. As time went on, he looked like a superman. It was because of his way of speaking to and because of his glaring eyes at the patients, above all.

Three to four hours of sleep per day might have made him pooped out, but once he saw patients, he received the patients warmly as if they were his family.

However, when he spoke to himself, he could not be icier. He was like that from the beginning.

His attitude is still the same, and especially so when compared with his attitude towards patients.

1am. Bending his knees, he was matching his eyesight with that of a 9-year-old boy's.

Such an attitude showed how kind he was to patients.

“Do you still feel hurt?”

The boy, with watery tears in his eyes, nodded.

“You said the name of the dog that bit your fingers was Poppi?”

“Yes, sir.”

“If she bites you again next time, bring her here. Let me punish her, so she can never do it again.”

Suhyuk stroked his hair several times, and talked to his parents next to him, “As you said she is a pet and she has been vaccinated, I didn't give him a preventive shot against rabies. I'm afraid though that he will lose a fingernail. You don't have to bring him here anymore because you can do disinfection easily at home.”

When his parents nodded, Suhyuk waved his hands at the boy.

And then Suhyuk said, with a scary expression, “Don't get hurt and come back here. Okay?”

As if he understood his remarks, the boy grabbed his mother's hand quickly.

Watching them, Oh just shook his head because he looked like the boy's real older brother.

Did he tell the boy not to come to the hospital? A doctor would

tell him to disinfect even a little wound and come back again to the hospital, because it would lead to monetary gains for the hospital. Can he say the same thing when he opens his own clinic later? Maybe not.

Suhyuk waved his hands at them leaving the hospital.

Then Oh came close to him.

“Let me tell you again, man. You should not overwork yourself. You’re clearly doing this because you love it.”

Other interns are so anxious to take a break, but he would come out even if he was not asked to do so.

“I’m alright,” said Suhyuk.

“You don’t look alright to me.”

Actually his eyes looked drowsy, as if he would fall asleep instantly when he closed his eyes.

Like he said, Suhyuk was so tired. He felt his mind would clear if he could sleep for just one hour. But he could not. What if a new patient comes in during his sleep? He could not sleep, otherwise he would not be able to treat the patient.

“Hey, Oh Byungchul.”

At someone’s sharp voice Oh turned his head to the side, and Suhyuk too.

He was the chief of the emergency medical department.

Approaching Oh, he made a frown, and then he looked at Suhyuk standing a short distance away.

“Even though you’re so busy, how could you let the intern take care of the patients? Are you crazy?”

Actually the chief could not take care of the interns because he himself was busy. Then he heard a strange rumor yesterday. It came from the nurses: an intern was treating patients in the

emergency room. It turned out that the instruction was given by Oh, and the intern was Lee Suhyuk.

“In my eyes, he was so smart...”

At his words the chief's voice became even sharper.

“What? Are you going to take responsibility if he makes a smart mistake? Huh?”

“I'm sorry.”

At his screaming Oh could not raise his head.

“Hey, intern!”

Suhyuk approached at the calling.

“Yes, sir.”

The chief was staring at him sternly.

“An intern is only a trainee. An intern has a long, long way to go when it comes to learning. Then...”

“Who is raising their voice like this in the emergency room?”

They turned their heads. He was the professor at the emergency artery department. He was Prof. Kim Jinwook.

The chief bent his head and bowed. So did the other two.

“What happened?”

At Kim's asking, the chief looked at Suhyuk.

“I heard this intern consulted with patients and even treated them.”

Kim, looking at Suhyuk, nodded his head slowly.

“Consultation and treatment... So? Did he cause any medical accident?”

“I don't mean that, but an intern's untrained action might cause the patient...”

Kim asked Suhyuk, “What kind of patients did you...”

He scratched his head. He treated so many patients to the point that he could not remember well. He spoke about one that came to his mind first.

“A patient with pseudoaneurysm...”

“Ooops, it was you who sent the patient to our team? I’d forgotten completely, but now I begin to remember it. How did you find the cause of the disease? As the patient doesn’t feel pain usually, it’s hard to find its cause.”

“He was involved in a traffic accident. He had light bruises, but I had an X-ray taken of him, and found it out then.”

Kim nodded his head, “What a strange chance that patient met!”

An aneurysm was a very dangerous disease when the treatment timing was missed. Because the patient does not appeal of any pain, doctors often missed it. Since Suhyuk found it out, did he not turn a coincidence into a strange chance?

Suhyuk and Prof. Kim were on speaking terms already, so the chief could not cut in.

Kim’s glaring eyes were as if he were looking at gold bars.

Kim, while looking at Suhyuk with a laugh, said to the chief, “Mr. Lee. This man is quite capable. If someone can treat a patient, regardless of rank, is it only right to assign him to actual clinical practice?”

“Still, professor... what if something wrong happens to the patient...”

“Well, let me take responsibility for that. I’ve known Mr. Lee for very long. Right, Mr. Lee?”

Suhyuk nodded his head, while the chief and Oh opened their eyes wider.

When they were being surprised like that, the nurse watching the

patient's condition touched her cell phone, and thought to herself, "He told me to contact him when Prof. Kim approached Suhyuk." She sent the text message to him.

In no time at all did another professor arrive at the emergency room, fluttering his white gown.

He was none other than Prof. Lee Mansuk.

At his appearance, Kim smiled bitterly. How did he know to come here?

"I haven't seen you for a while in the emergency room," said Prof. Kim.

At his words, Prof. Lee made an expression as if he did not understand it all.

"Well, I've come in and out of this place often for a long time," said Prof Lee.

Prof. Lee then looked at Suhyuk and said, "You're having a hard time late in the night. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet, sir."

Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim replied at the same time, "Let's go."

Chapter 71

Sauces stimulating the appetite were sizzling away. The dish was bulgogi, barbequed beef.

Suhyuk sat before them. He was brought to this place from the emergency room by Prof. Kim and Prof. Lee.

Kim, filling Prof. Lee's glass with soju, spoke, "Strangely enough, you appear whenever I am meeting Suhyuk."

Prof. Lee made an expression as if he did not understand what he was saying.

"Well, it depends on your wording of the expression. Lee Suhyuk was just at the place where I went, and you were at the same place too."

The two men's eyes were strangely entangled in the air.

It looked like a spark would come out in the middle of them, but fortunately it did not.

"Please let me refill your glass," said Kim.

The two swallowed down their soju at once, and Kim spoke first, "These days, we have messy weather. It's warm sometimes and then cold. On such weather many patients with vascular diseases visit the hospital often, and at that, drunk. They need to drink moderately."

Prof. Lee's brows furrowed, but soon disappeared.

Vascular disease usually came to senior men. Clearly Kim was referring to him.

To him, Kim's remarks were taken as meaning that he should go back home quickly instead of doing harm to his health with drinking. Yes, Prof. Lee took it like that.

'After sending me home, you guys would have a great time.'

With a gentle smile, Prof. Lee filled the glass for Prof. Kim, saying, “Well, I increased the amount of exercise I do these days, so I feel so good about my health. Thanks to that, I can drink more than before.”

“Hahaha... That’s good. Actually I was thirsty for a drink. As I saw you for the first time in a long while, I think I’d like to drink with you until we get totally drunk.”

Prof. Lee looked at Kim with a suspicious look.

“By the way, is it okay for a professor of the emergency artery team to have a drink like this? As far as I know, you have to live at the hospital 24 hours of the day.”

“Oh, I’ve got two smart fellows, so I don’t worry. I can relax like this for one day, and that day is today.”

Prof. Lee nodded his head.

“Okay. It’s good for us to treat patients, but we’re all doing this for a living, aren’t we? Cheers!”

Prof. Lee offered the glass, and Prof. Kim clinked it with his right away. Did they not realise it?

Suhyuk was already asleep, leaning against the chair.

When the tension in the emergency room he felt was released, he fell into a sleep that he could not get enough of. It seemed like he slept for two hours when they were drinking. Rather he felt that he just blinked once during that time. In other words, he slept like a log.

After waking from sleep, Suhyuk could not help but sigh.

The two professors fell into a drunken sleep, with their heads down. Besides, each of their hands, with glasses put on the table, were frozen like a stone statue.

“Professor Kim!” Suhyuk shook his shoulder.

Though his body moved from side to side at his shaking, there

was no reaction from him.

It was the same for Prof. Lee. Sweeping up his hair, Suhyuk's head moved to one side.

As many as 10 empty bottles of soju were piled up on the table.

At that moment the bar owner, cleaning up the tables, spoke to Suhyuk gently, "Looks like they've had a lot to drink."

He felt like the owner wanted them to get out.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone to contact someone, because he could not carry them both on his own.

"Hi, is this the emergency artery team? Prof. Kim is very drunk at the moment..."

He also contacted the surgery department.

The next day Suhyuk was heading for the doctors-only restaurant with a light gait. After a sound sleep yesterday, he felt good. Walking in the lobby, he checked his cell phone.

<Did you eat yet?> It was a text message from Binna.

<I'm going to eat now>

<Oh, where are you now? If you don't mind, can you eat with me?> Suhyuk did not think over it long. Anyway he was supposed to eat alone, as the other interns were not done yet with their morning assignments.

Suhyuk waited for her on the bench, and at that, briefly.

With a short breath she came to him. She was holding something in her hand.

It was a lunch box with five colored layers of side dishes.

"Hi."

Bending her waist for greeting, she swept up her hair, showing a

cute dimple.

“Please have this.”

Binna presented the lunch box to him.

“Did you pack it yourself?”

“Yes... I was afraid you could not have lunch well as you’re assigned to the emergency medical team.”

Without meeting her eyes with his, Binna opened her mouth again, “Enjoy it.”

Then she turned back abruptly. When she was about to run away, Suhyuk grabbed her.

“Didn’t you say you want to share it with me?”

“Oh, you’re right...”

She slowly turned her body back to him, and he said with a gentle smile, “How about eating at the Sky Park?”

Folding her two hands, she nodded.

She just did not care as long as she was with him.

The Sky Park on the rooftop of Daehan Hospital was crowded with people as it happened to be lunch time. Though it was crowded, Suhyuk and Binna could find a spot they could sit down at for lunch. Oh, only one bench was left. Approaching the bench, Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression. Someone poured coffee there, leaving some sticky marks on it. Looking around, he could not find another bench. Suhyuk decidedly covered it with his white gown fluttering in the air, and sat on the bench.

“Have a seat.”

He had some spare gowns in his lodging anyway.

“Oh, thank you.”

With a blush on her face, she sat on it quietly. He was such a fantastic guy for anything.

Maybe she could not find such fine man on this earth, except for only the one man right before her eyes.

“It may not taste good, but...”

Saying so, Binna carefully opened the lunch box.

First came out fruits. Baby tomatoes and chopped banana, kiwi, melon. Besides, there was also bulgogi which he had missed out on at the restaurant yesterday evening with the two professors because he fell into sleep.

The soup she poured from a Thermos bottle was warm miso soy bean soup.

“Thanks for the lunch.”

At his words she also said, “Me too!”

Though she said so, she just pecked at it with chopsticks, even not knowing whether she was putting it in her mouth or nose, and she kept checking his expression.

She got up at 4am to pack the lunch box. She had never done something like this before. For one week she practiced packing the lunch box again and again.

“I wonder if you like it.”

While she was eating a bit, Suhyuk’s voice was heard in her ears, “You make really nice food.”

Binna’s eyes became wide a bit.

“Well, I did my best to make it...”

“It really tastes good.”

Her eyes, not yet meeting with his eyes, began to move cautiously.

“I’m relieved to hear that.”

Binna smiling at him. Suhyuk thought her dimple was really pretty.

2am. After a busy day at the emergency room, he was in pensive mood while going back to his lodging. It was because of what the chief said to him.

“Tomorrow the faculty has a conference, and they want you there. It’s at 9am, so don’t be late.”

He did not inform him about the reason. No, he said he did not know it either.

‘Why me?’

He could not find out why, however hard he thought it over.

‘Because I treated patients as an intern? That’s out of the question, because the professors didn’t need to be involved directly. They could tell their residents to stop me.’

When he thought that far, he blew away all the suspicions that came to his mind.

Anyway he would know the reason tomorrow.

Back at the lodging he covered the blankets for his fellow intern who was sleeping soundly.

Snoring from such a quiet guy who barely moved in bed suggested how hard his internship was.

Taking off his gown, he lay on the bed, and his eyes closed slowly.

At the next day break, wearing a gown, Suhyuk tidied up his attire.

He got on the elevator to head for the conference room. It was 8:50am.

He opened the locked door and went in.

Then all the professors’ heads turned to him at once.

Suhyuk greeted them calmly.

“Hello, sir. This is intern Lee Suhyuk.”

The faculty nodded slowly.

“Welcome!”

Prof. Lee Mansuk welcomed him with a satisfactory look. So did Prof. Kim.

“Have a seat here.”

Kim beckoned him to take a vacant seat beside him.

When he moved there, Prof. Lee looked at him nastily.

Suhyuk sat on the seat and looked around.

The conference room was big, but there were many vacant seats.

Including him, there were seven sitting in the room.

Those he knew were Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim, but Prof. Han was not seen.

Suhyuk asked Kim quietly, “Any reason why you called for me...”

Then a professor, wiping his glasses, said, “Looks like everybody is here. Mr Lee Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk, rising from the seat, replied, “Yes, sir”

The faculty fixed their gaze on him.

The professor wiping his glasses opened his mouth again.

“I saw a patient yesterday, and he had compartment syndrome. Do you know about it?”

Suhyuk was embarrassed at the abrupt question.

That professor looked at Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim as if he was asking what’s so special about Suhyuk.

Then Lee and Kim were looking at Suhyuk sharply like a laser, as if they were pressing him to answer quickly as he knew about it.

“Yeah, I thought as much.”

Then, the professor who threw the question rose from the seat to leave.

“As the tissue pressure inside the closed compartment surrounding the fascia increases, the capillary perfusion is reduced and the muscles and other soft tissues are necrotic.”

The professor, who rose from the seat, opened his eyes wider, but his surprise was gone instantly. He could learn a summary of a disease well if he studied it.

Sitting back on the seat gently, the professor opened his mouth again, “And...”

Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. He was thinking it over. He replied to his question about the disease. Then what did he want to add?

“Are you talking about compartment syndrome?”

“Yes.”

“How did he get hurt?”

“31-year-old patient. He had his legs laid under a marble while working. While he was hospitalized at another hospital waiting for treatment, he was handed over to us because he had acute edema and pain.”

At his explanation, Suhyuk visualized the patient’s condition at the time, and then said, “In my opinion, vital signs showed blood pressure was 112/73. The pulse would have risen, of course. Physical examination showed tenderness during passive exercise. The feeling in his feet was depressed. The measured compartment pressure was likely to be about 54mmHg.

Suhyuk’s explanation was over. When their eyes were becoming wider, Suhyuk continued to explain, “As for treatment, you may consider fasciotomy if the compartment pressure continues to rise

from 30 to 50.”

Suhyuk was looking around cautiously. The professors were looking at him quietly.

‘Do I have to add more?’

Actually there was nothing more he could add, because he narrated about the condition, his opinion and treatment methods. Oh, did he miss one thing?

“As for fasciotomy, I can take care of it.”

Chapter 72

Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim wore a satisfactory smile.

The conference was quiet, but Kim broke the silence first,

“This is an intern assigned to the emergency medical department. These days I hear that he’s treating patients directly. Even the resident in charge has shown surprise at his skills.”

At his praise, Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression.

At that moment another professor asked, “Did you ever volunteer yourself for medical activities?”

It was a totally unexpected question. The topic suddenly changed from disease to volunteer activities. Suhyuk suddenly recalled his volunteer activities involving deliveries of briquette.

The memories of his taking care of the old men and women’s wounds were so vivid to him as if he did it just yesterday. Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I did many other things, but not volunteer activities.”

Actually his briquette delivery was not volunteer activities. The faculty nodded their heads.

“Okay, go and do your work.”

At the professor’s words, Suhyuk was a bit embarrassed. They called for and questioned him, and now let him go. Well, there was nothing he could do to resist. He had to go as he was told to do so. Though he was curious about the reason they called for him, he bowed his head to say goodbye. Then Prof. Kim, smiling softly, said, “Can you wait a bit outside?”

So out Suhyuk went and the professors stayed in the room.

“I think I’ve met a smart boy for the first time in a long time. And he is bold enough. Did he say he can take care of fasciotomy? Hahaha...”

At his feigned laugh, Prof. Kim said calmly, “He really could do so. He’s a very capable guy.”

“As Prof. Kim said so about him, I think he could do it,” a professor said.

Though he answered like that, the professor did not believe it in his heart. How can an intern do the surgery? Even a resident would laugh it away. Nonetheless, he’s smart and he’s got good sense. He correctly understood compartment syndrome, and he could figure out the exact condition of the patient. That was a bit surprising. His surprise was only brief because he might have answered it correctly by sheer luck. How can any doctor infer vital signs from the history and symptom of the patient’s disease?

“I think Mr. Lee Suhyuk is the right candidate.”

Everybody nodded at Prof. Lee’s statement. It was proved from the situation a moment ago that Suhyuk was much better than other interns. Now they had only one thing to do.

Who among the professors would agree to participate?

“Let me go,” Kim said.

Then, Prof. Lee spoke too, “You are an emergency room guy. And busy too. Let me go.”

“As I told you yesterday, I have two smart fellows at the department.”

Then, the professor who threw the question to Suhyuk, added, “Let me go this time, because the hospital director said it directly to me...”

Momentarily Lee and Kim frowned their eyes, If that’s true, the reason why they called for Suhyuk to come here was just meaningless. They could not change the assigned professor just because they recommended Suhyuk as the right candidate.

“Alright,” said, Prof. Kim as he rose from the seat feebly. So did

Prof. Lee.

Going outside, the two professors could see Suhyuk sitting on the bench.

He cautiously asked them, “Why did you call for me?”

Frowning his face, Prof. Kim said, “After lunch today, you’re supposed to go for volunteer activities. The hospital director, professor and you, all three.”

Once a year the hospital director went out for volunteer activity, and it was the same with other hospitals. They met at the same place at the same time for the activities.

Hospital director, professor, intern and a nurse. Only these four went, because sending a lot of medical staff can be a burden to the hospital. And it was very unusual for several professors to gather like today and select an intern for the volunteer activity. The reason was simple.

One year ago the hospital director fell into disgrace because an intern who went out for the volunteer activity made a big trouble. So, they decided to take an intern with some more medical knowledge to the activity.

Even though they had such a trouble last year, a resident or more experienced medical staffer could not accompany the hospital director because other hospital directors would bring an intern to the activity. In other words, it was a matter of pride for them.

Prof. Lee, looking at Suhyuk quietly, soon opened his mouth, “The professor you’re going with is Prof. Lee Sukki. He is very wicked, and puts money before the patient. So let what he says goes in one ear and out the other.”

Who knows if he would decide to snatch away a golden boy like Suhyuk? So, Prof. Lee wanted him not to trust Prof. Lee Sukki. Prof. Kim agreed.

“Did you hear Prof. Lee? I don’t know him well, but I hear some

bad rumors about him.”

Suhyuk just nodded his head.

‘Even though he is weird, I would have no trouble if I just do what I’m asked to do.’

“Is there anything I need to prepare?”

At his asking, the two professors said at the same time, “Cellphone.”

Suhyuk went to see resident Oh Byungchul who was in charge of him, and told him about the volunteer activity. He patted him on the shoulder, wishing him well, and thought to himself, ‘I’m going to be busy today.’

That’s true. Suhyuk’s response to treating patients was speedy. Presenting his own opinion about emergency patients and handing them over to the relevant medical team was a very quick process for him, like a flash of lightning. And now, he would be going out for a volunteer activity all day long today.

Suhyuk had been doing his share until now, but he’s out for volunteering, which meant he might not be able to find time to sleep.

Unaware of Oh’s such concerns at all, Suhyuk went out of the back door of the emergency room. An ambulance was waiting, with its back door open wide. It was mobilized for the volunteer activity. Holding a first-aid box, Suhyuk moved to the back of the ambulance. At that moment his eyes met with a woman’s sitting inside the ambulance.

The surprised nurse opened her eyes wide. She was Han Binna.

The two said at the same time, pointing their fingers toward each other, “Volunteer activity?” asked she.

Suhyuk smiled slightly, saying, “Yes, I was in...”

Suddenly, she scooted over to him and sat quickly. Suhyuk got in and sat next to her.

Binna held the first-aid box tightly.

‘If I had known I would see him like this, I should have put some makeup on my face.’

She was hectically busy with taking care of her morning work, so she was all sweaty over her body.

She began to move to the side a bit. She wanted to sit a bit of a distance away from him for fear her body would smell of sweat.

“Are you uncomfortable?”

She shook her head at his asking.

“Oh, no.”

“Are you really okay? Your face is reddish, and looks like you have some temperature.”

“Ah, it looks like it’s too hot today.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. It’s fine weather today.

The ambulance left after about 10 minutes.

Come to think of it, he did not know the destination. All he heard was it would take him about one hour to get there. He wondered if his feelings now might be the same as if when being kidnapped comfortably.

“Do you happen to know the destination?”

“I only heard we’re going out for a volunteer activity... I’m sorry.”

‘What is she sorry about?’

“We’ll know when we get there. By the way, the lunch you made really tasted good. Really delicious. Next time let me treat you.”

Come to think of it, he was always treated to a meal by her, ranging from pasta to now a lunch box.

Now it's his turn to treat her back.

At his words, she waved her hands and said, "No... I just treated you because I wanted to."

He smiled at her appearance. She was the type of woman whose inner heart was revealed to the outside naturally, and he felt it was warm.

The ambulance kept driving and finally arrived at the destination.

When he opened the door, Prof. Lee was exchanging greetings with some people. They were all in white gowns, apparently from other hospitals. They were divided into three groups.

When Suhyuk and Binna approached, Prof. Lee turned his head and said, "You're here!"

That was it. He was busy again greeting other people.

Then a middle-aged man in a suit and gown approached him.

With a pot belly but generous impression, he was none other than the hospital director.

"Hello?"

When Suhyuk and Binna said hello, he nodded his head and said, "I heard about you on the TV several times."

He had seen on TV a few times that Suhyuk in his middle school days cut the cricothyroid membrane and found out the secret of a cadaver.

At his words, Suhyuk wore an awkward expression.

"I happened to be on news..."

The hospital director showed a good smile. When he watched the news at the time, his action seemed rather reckless on the one hand, and spectacular on the other.

He wished Suhyuk did not act recklessly today... Well, he could

order him not to examine patients or have him do on an errand.

Then Prof. Lee came to him, saying “We have reporters here, sir.”

Then he spoke to Suhyuk and Binna,

“Stand beside me, and what’s your name nurse?”

“I’m Han Binna, sir”

“Okay. You stand beside the director.”

The four stood around the director in a row. Suhyuk turned back.

It was a shantytown on the brink of collapse.

They wanted to take a picture with it as the background.

A reporter lifted a camera to take the picture, saying,

“You are really great, given that there are not many people who take time out for a volunteer activity like this. Now, let me take a picture of you.”

Click, click.

Those staff from different hospitals were scattered, and visited one house after another to examine the people. Holding a notebook, each reporter followed each team.

“This way, director!”

Prof. Lee, walking ahead, guided the director. He skillfully moved his body as if he had been there before. Soon they arrived at the red gate of a house, and Lee knocked on the door.

“Is anybody in?”

“Who is it?”

A middle-aged man in slippers opened the door. Confirming who they were from their white gowns, he said, “You doctors are here

for an examination!”

At his words, Lee said, “Can we come in?”

“Of course, please. It’s rather shabby though.
The Daehan Hospital team went into the house.

The room was small, so Suhyuk and Binna decided to wait outside. Ironically, the reporter was brought in by Prof. Lee. The director examined the man. He touched on the man’s body with a stethoscope, and checked his blood pressure with a blood pressure device. On such occasions camera flashes went off.

“Do you happen to have high blood pressure?”

At his asking, the man nodded.

“It’s fluctuating in temperature these days. So those with high blood pressure should take more caution on cold days like this. Also stay away from food that contains sodium and red meat...”

The director’s explanation was simple. As he has high blood pressure, he has to avoid certain food and take certain food. That’s it. And then he moved to another house.

It was the same this time. Prof. Lee used a stethoscope, checked the blood pressure and said almost the same thing as the director, and then left.

Looking at their activities like that, Suhyuk frowned his face. Why did they ask him to follow when they were doing a half-hearted job like that. Just holding their baggage? That seemed true.

“Let’s go.”

When the director and Prof. Lee went out, Suhyuk stepped aside and looked inside the room.

A grandfather with a bent back almost touching his navel. When he was trying to rise to see them off, Suhyuk said, “Don’t come out, sir.”

Suhyuk gently closed the door without hearing his reply.

Getting out the room, Suhyuk briefly saw them looking around leisurely.

Then he heard something, “Ooops...!”

A boy, who fell down, was stroking his knee with an expression as if about to cry.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

Going down on one knee, Suhyuk opened the first-aid box, and took out gauze and disinfection medicine.

“Who are you?”

Suhyuk smiled at the boy casting a watchful eye.

“I’m a doctor.”

The boy’s face hardened more at hearing the word ‘doctor’.

Rather he was more afraid of the disinfection medicine Suhyuk was holding.

When the boy raised his head, feeling a sting, Suhyuk was already done with disinfecting and put a bandage on it. He split the boy’s hair and said, “Next time hold your balance when you’re running around, okay?”

Then, Prof. Lee, walking ahead, called out to him, “What are you doing? Follow us quickly!”

After breathing out a sigh without realising, Suhyuk joined the team.

“When is the volunteer activity over, sir?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, Prof. Lee said, “It’ll be over pretty soon. So be patient even if it’s boring.”

“If we’re done, please let me go back home right away.”

Chapter 73

Prof. Lee Sukki frowned at Suhyuk's remarks.

He thought he did not know how to socialize with the people.

"We're going to have a dinner meeting after we're done today."

At Lee's remarks, the hospital director said to Suhyuk, "Do you have any other work today?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, I've got some important work to do. I'd appreciate it if you could excuse me."

The director nodded slowly, saying, "Okay, go ahead then."

"Thank you, sir."

With that they began examining the less fortunate people.

The director and the professor met them like before. Likewise Suhyuk was watching them, with the first-aid in hand. It was already 5pm.

They gathered again at the same place as before for a group picture before getting on the ambulance.

"You're really not coming with us?"

Prof. Lee asked Suhyuk from inside the ambulance.

"No, sir. It's really important. I'm sorry."

Nodding his head, Lee closed the door.

So, Suhyuk was left alone, looking at the ambulance disappearing slowly.

Soon he turned his gaze at the shantytown and smiled.

His eyes reflected a sleeping baby that was dry as a bone, a grandfather with a bent back, and a grandmother handing out soybean milk to him. Wearing smiles as warm as spring sunshine,

he moved.

It was past 10pm. The rusty iron door opened with a heavy noise.

“Is anybody in?”

At the woman’s voice, Suhyuk said to the grandfather he was seeing, “Let me go out.”

Coming out of the room, his eyes became wider.

The woman was holding a transparent plastic bag.

She was Binna who went out for the dinner meeting.

“Ms. Binna?”

At his words she avoided his eyes, turning her head to the side.

“I thought you would need this...”

The contents in the bag were clearly visible. All were medical supplies.

When the hospital director and the professor were examining them, she saw Suhyuk’s glaring eyes, and vaguely recalled his character when he said he would go back home at the shantytown.

His eyes looking at the patients were clearly different from others.

So, just in case, she came out before they began to have drinks, and arrived at the shantytown.

She searched for him for about 30 minutes busily, and finally could find him.

Looking at her quietly, Suhyuk grinned and took the plastic bag she had been holding.

“As a matter of fact, I needed some bandages. Please wait a little while,” said he.

Taking out the bandages, he went in. It did not take long.

“Please take care of your health, and visit the hospital when you

don't feel good.”

“Thanks, thanks.”

As soon as he heard the grandfather say that, he went out again.

“Looks like you spent a lot of money on this.”

When he gestured with his eyes toward the plastic bag, Binna quickly waved her hands.

“No! I've got lots of money!”

Saying so, she felt that she made a mistake.

Lots of money? It was not something she could say as she was suffering from a small salary.

Suhyuk grinned slightly.

“I'll pay you back later.”

She shook her head. On such occasions her long straight hair waved from side to side.

“I'm okay because I've got lots of money.”

‘Why does she keep saying something like that?’

“Let's move.”

Both went out of the grandfather's house.

Today of all days a mysterious bright moon illuminated them, and they walked in the moonlight.

“It's late. Please go home.”

At his words she opened her red and thin lips, “How about you, sir...”

“Well, I have some other people I have to see.”

“I just wonder why you're staying here alone for this...”

He just smiled at her remarks, and said, “Because I'm a doctor.”

Her heart beat strongly. ‘Yes, he is my type.’

“I’m a nurse... So let me assist you!”

“Time flies so fast, doesn’t it?”

At Oh’s remarks, all the interns showed bright expressions, but said regrettably, “Thanks for your teaching, sir. I’ll come back to see your face sooner or later.”

“I’m so sorry to leave you like this as soon as I have become attached to you.”

Hearing them, Oh nodded regrettably and said, “Then why don’t you take your speciality as emergency medical science?”

They were just speechless at Oh’s suggestion.

For it was a department they would never want to come back to. Let alone sleep, they did not even have proper meals during the one month of internship at the department.

As they were hesitant without answering, Oh just grinned, and looked at Suhyuk, saying, “Thanks for your hard work.”

“Well, I didn’t do anything worth mentioning,” replied Suhyuk.

Suhyuk really felt he did not do anything particular. He just received and examined patients, then transferred them to the proper medical teams based on his opinions. Of course he proceeded with simple first-aid by himself. He wished he had been allowed in the operation room.

On the contrary, Oh was shaking his head in his heart. Actually Suhyuk did all the work at the emergency room. What will make him stand out again at another medical department?

Thinking that, Oh turned back, fluttering his white gown.

“Nice! We’re done here at the emergency room.”

“How about a drink over some chicken?”

Suppressing their voices, they murmured quietly and went in the

opposite direction of the emergency room.

Turning his head, Oh looked at them going back. Actually he was watching Suhyuk carefully amongst them. In a short time, Daehan Hospital will be shaken up by him. At least Oh thought so.

“See you soon, Alien.”

With this, Suhyuk got three nicknames.

That sweet night passed by. There was no call, and nobody woke him up.

A new day broke.

“Good morning!”

At the interns’ loud morning greeting, a man wearing horn-rimmed glasses was picking his ears.

He was in his early or mid 30s, but had a small figure less than 160cm in height.

He was the resident who would be in charge of the new interns.

“I’m not deaf.”

“Sorry, sir.”

“You don’t have to feel sorry. I’m Shin Gichol. I’ll be spending one month with you.”

“I am at your service!”

Looking at them one by one, his gaze stopped on Suhyuk.

“You’re Suhyuk, right?”

“Yes, sir. I am at your service!”

“I hear rumors that you’re a great intern. I trust you can do well here.”

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly.

“This morning we’re supposed to make the rounds with the professor. Don’t make any mistakes...”

Shin’s eyes became wider while he was talking because the professor walked up close to him.

He came 30 minutes earlier.

“You arrived here already, sir.”

The interns bowed their heads all together. Shin was making an embarrassed expression because he did not yet prepare a medical chart for the rounds.

“I’ll prepare one for you shortly, sir.”

Prof. Lee Mansuk shook his head, saying,

“You can prepare it slowly. I badly need one intern who can help me handle something urgently.”

He looked at the interns one by one, and then stared at Suhyuk.

‘Hey, tell me you can help me.’

Regrettably, someone else volunteered for him.

“If you can tell me what it is, I think I could help you...” said Shin.

Lee shook his head abruptly, saying, “No, no. How can /i ask you for it seeing as you’re quite busy?”

He began to select the right one among the interns, and then his gaze stopped instantly.

“Can you help me?”

The intern reflected in his eyes was Lee Suhyuk.

“Yes, sir.”

Only then did Lee show a satisfactory expression. He said to Shin, “Let’s make the round in 30 minutes.”

“Let me prepare for it then.”

“Mr. Lee, follow me.”

After saying that, he turned back, and Suhyuk followed him.

The interns watching them from behind let out a sigh of relief, because it would have been terrible if any of them had been selected instead of Suhyuk. How can they assist Prof. Lee when they did not know anything?

Prof. Lee's office.

Brewing coffee by himself, Prof. Lee put it down before Suhyuk.

“Try it. I hear it's direct import coffee, and its fragrance is just wonderful.”

“Thanks.”

Suhyuk took a sip of coffee and opened his mouth, “What kind of assignment do you want to give me, sir?”

“Hey, just take it easy, man. Oops, I completely forgot about it! Let me go out to make the rounds. So please wait here a bit.”

Lee went out of the office abruptly, and Suhyuk was just scratching his chin.

It took more than the allotted time that Prof. Lee made for the rounds. He did not come back even after 30 minutes passed. Rising from the seat, Suhyuk approached the bookshelf in the office.

Medical literature and papers. He pulled out one and turned over the pages.

There was nothing interesting there. He knew the contents already.

It was the same when he checked two or three of the medical books.

Then the door opened and in came Prof. Lee.

“Did you wait for long?”

“Not really, sir.”

With a gentle laugh, Lee gestured with his eyes towards the book he was holding.

“Have you been studying it? If you like it, you can borrow it.”

“Sorry, I took it without your permission...”

“Don’t say that. Hey, we are not strangers, right? I’ve known you since you were a PK student. So if you need it, you can borrow papers and books.”

“Don’t mention it, sir.”

Suhyuk sat back on the sofa, and likewise Lee sat on the sofa, facing him.

“So, how do you feel about coming to the neurosurgery department?”

Suhyuk made a slight laugh. No particular feeling, but he said, “I’ve got expectations, sir.”

It was true that he had some expectations. What kind of knowledge he could get from here...

Suhyuk, while smiling brightly, checked his cellphone all of a sudden.

It was a call from Prof. Kim Jinwook.

As soon as Suhyuk confirmed who it was, he swiftly switched it to silence mode.

“Do you happen to carry a cellphone?”

“Yes, but it stays turned off because it has no battery. I recharge it when it’s needed.”

“No, no. A machine needs to rest like a human being. Just keep it turned off today.”

“What do you mean...”

At Suhyuk’s questioning, he slurred and looked at the wall clock.

“Oh, it’s already lunch time. Let’s go and eat...”

“What about the urgent thing you mentioned?”

“Well, we’re all doing this for a living. So, let’s eat first.”

So, the two went out of the office.

They did not go to the hospital food court. Instead, he got into Lee’s car and they drove to a Korean food restaurant. When they came back to the hospital, it was 1pm sharp.

Suhyuk, coming back with Lee, said, “Which urgent work do I need to do?”

“It’s not that urgent.”

Drinking a sip of coffee, he said with a different tone, “You had a hard time going around the hospital wards to check patients, right?”

Yes, definitely he did. When he was an intern, he also had such a terrible internship.

“It was okay to me.”

Lee nodded his head slowly.

That was the type of an intern he had been expecting. His calm statement and expression that the internship was not that hard. Lee had no choice but to covet him.

Then Lee’s cellphone rang. “Yes, this is Prof. Lee.”

Nodding his head, he talked with the caller about something, and he looked at Suhyuk after he hung up the phone. Did Suhyuk overhear it? His eyes were shining, and his face looked like revitalized.

“A patient with peripheral occlusive vascular disease. He is getting surgery. Do you want to go with me?”

Suhyuk replied, as if he should,

“Thank you, sir”

He did not hesitate at all, because an opportunity came along.

Chapter 74

Prof. Lee, coming out of the hallway with Suhyuk, opened his mouth, “Do you know what peripheral occlusive vascular disease is?”

Suhyuk answered simply, “It’s a disorder of the blood supply.”

Prof. Lee smiled pleasantly. If he had asked other interns, they would have paraded boring medical terms one by one... But Suhyuk was different. His answer was short, concise and to the point.

“Why does it happen?”

“It’s caused mainly because of atherosclerosis.”

Atherosclerosis is a vascular disease in which endothelial cells proliferate and cholesterol is deposited and atheroma is formed in the endocardium enclosing the blood vessels as if an old pipe has rusted and foreign matter gotten stuck in it. Accordingly, it is mainly senior people who are afflicted with this disease. Blood clots are formed and hemorrhage occurs in the atheroma, narrowing the diameter of the blood vessel and clogging it. This leads to peripheral obstacles.

“Does the patient need any amputation surgery?”

Prof. Lee, smiling at his remarks, showed a surprised look.

If one’s body does not show any disability, one can end treatment with medication. On the contrary, surgery is essential if serious conditions are unavoidable with just medication. Amputation is necessary to preserve the healthy part of the limb.

“You’re right. He needs to have his left leg amputated.

At his reply, Suhyuk made a regrettable expression.

What kind of a patient were they? In his 60s or 70s?

Why did he not do anything about his legs before getting to the

point where he needed such a surgery?

He must have come to the hospital when he could not bear his condition anymore, though he took it lightly and left it untreated. Also he wanted to save some money and did not want to make his children worry. Most senior patients came to the hospital that way. Suhyuk could learn this after he started his internship.

With a little sigh he got on the elevator. When the elevator stopped at the destination, Lee and Suhyuk came out. Then, Lee picked up the phone, saying, "I'm going to the surgery. Are you ready?"

Lee knitted his brows slightly.

"Prof. Lee has arrived?"

Actually the patient was not someone Lee Mansuk was in charge of. Another professor was supposed to perform the surgery, but some urgent business made Lee Mansuk take his place. Then, the professor in charge just arrived at the surgery room.

Looking at Suhyuk, Lee opened his mouth, "So? Prof. Lee said he would perform the surgery as planned?"

Suhyuk's expression was tinged with regret. Hearing the conversation, he could know the surgery cancellation by Prof. Lee was a done deal.

Prof. Lee Mansuk, who fixed his gaze on Suhyuk, turned around, saying, "No, no, let me do it this time."

A resident's tiny voice came from the cellphone.

"Oh, Lee went into the surgery room already..."

"...Okay, then."

The phone was hung up like that. Prof. Lee could not ask Lee to come out as he was in the surgery room... He turned his head to Suhyuk.

When he felt Suhyuk was certain to be disappointed, he could not

just let the surgery pass.

Then something came to his mind like a lightning bolt.

He said, with a grin, “Let me go into the surgery room a bit later.”

“Didn’t you say the operation would be performed by another doctor?”

He nodded his head.

“Well, things happened that way. But I have many patients for surgery. At 5pm, I have another patient due for surgery. You can come then.”

Hearing his explanation, Suhyuk’s hardened expression became a bit bright.

“What kind of a patient?”

“Disc problem in the neck.”

Suhyuk was sitting inside Prof. Lee’s office quietly. Asking him to take a break, Prof. Lee went out for some business, and then one hour passed. Suhyuk rose from the seat.

He used a computer and browsed some books. There was nothing he could do in the office.

Suddenly it came to his mind when he first saw Prof. Lee: ‘If you become my disciple, I’m going to guarantee your break time.’ Was this out of his concern for me from back then?

Suhyuk’s educated guess was exactly right. Prof. Lee wanted to get some break time for him.

Any medical staff knew how hard the internship was.

So, Prof. Lee gave him break time at his own discretion. When Suhyuk was down in body and mind, he wanted to show favor to him with comfort like this.

However, Prof. Lee's wishes like that were completely crashed.

Suhyuk, leafing through books, murmured, "I'd rather stay at the emergency room."

It was too boring. The reason he came to the hospital was to take care of patients.

Just idling away time, confined to the office like this was not in his element, and made him feel heavy. He looked down at the floor.

'How much are the patients suffering when I'm idling away here?'

It was just regrettable for him not to see the patients as much as he wanted.

He looked at one of his hands, and thought to himself: When an opportunity comes along, I won't hesitate. When I show to them what I can do, and get the real results, can it lead to some sort of change in the authoritarian system of the hospital? Change in a way that a capable doctor could see the patients as much as he or she wants?

While Suhyuk was thinking like that, the time was passing.

Finally it was the operation time Lee mentioned.

At that moment, Prof. Lee opened the office door and came in, saying, "Let's go."

Suhyuk's eyes were shining. They arrived at a patient's room.

They came to see the patient before surgery. A 41-year-old man.

The man had been afflicted with a disc problem in the neck for ten years.

Though he was treated with physical therapy and medication at other hospitals, his condition got so bad that he was hospitalized at Daehan Hospital.

He was suffering from severe trembling in his hands and some paralysis.

“Please take care of him well, doctor,” his wife earnestly requested to Prof. Lee.

“I’ve been in this speciality for several decades. Those patients I treated were discharged with smiles. Some of them were lawmakers. So don’t worry.”

After saying that, he slightly looked at Suhyuk, because his remarks were intended for him to hear them.

“Then, I’ll see you later.”

When Lee and Suhyuk went out, the medical staff were pushing the patient’s bed and followed them.

Both of them, standing side by side, were disinfecting their hands.

“The world has become so much better. Nowadays, disc patients can be treated with laparoscopy or laser surgery quickly. By the way, why does the current patient need to have this surgery?”

At Lee’s asking, Suhyuk answered shortly,

“Isn’t it because the disc has been fragmented, not prolapsed?”

Saying so, Suhyuk changed into surgery gowns as if it were natural to him.

Prof. Lee looked at him blankly. How did he know the answer?

He felt as if he were facing a fortune teller. And then he made a feigned smile.

‘That’s possible because he would be my disciple.’

The two went into the surgery room right away.

The medical staff looked at Suhyuk with a suspicious expression.

“He’s an intern who came here to observe the operation.”

At Lee's remarks they were back to their busy preparation for the surgery.

When anesthesia was done, the medical staff checked the patient's condition.

Blood pressure, pulse, breathing, and brain oxygen saturation, etc.

All indicated a normal condition, and soon the patient was in deep sleep.

The nurses brought a thin green cotton sheet to cover the patient from head to toe.

The sheet had a hole around the neck area only.

"Now we're starting anterior cervical discectomy fusion."

It was a surgery to remove the bursting disc after cutting 3-4 cm of the neck area.

"Scalpel!"

When Lee held out his hand, an assistant gave a scalpel to him.

During typical thoracic surgery, assistants gather around the patient to help the surgeon, but for a fine incision like this, only the surgeon is in charge. Assistants hand over surgery tools or check the condition of the patient through a medical device.

Prof. Lee looked at Suhyuk before incising the patient's neck and gestured with his eyes toward a monitor on the side. The view of Lee's microscope was openly projected on the monitor. Lee indicated to him that he should look at it. Soon Lee moved a scalpel with his eyes into the microscope. The skin was cracked and the scalpel reached the cervical spine at once. Because the incision was so microscopic, it was an operation that did not require blood transfusion. But as he had to touch the sensitive parts during surgery, there were many risk factors. The lesion should be removed in a way that the scalpel would not touch the nerve and

muscle attached to the target point.

Suhyuk was watching the monitor silently. Though it was regrettable that he could not participate in the surgery, it did not matter. It was way better for him to be in the surgery room than being confined in the office. Above all, Prof. Lee's way of using his fingers was excellent.

His nimble fingers slowly removed the disc protruding between the cervical vertebrae with a forceps. The technique was very smooth, and he smiled unwittingly. It resembled the face of the teacher who pleasantly watched a child who painted a picture.

He pulled the tissue out with his tongs and went further into the neck. Then a white film covering the central nervous system was revealed.

Suhyuk, watching the screen, looked at Lee.

Suddenly the nurse, coming to Lee, was wiping his sweat.

"Huh ..." Lee sighed deeply and took his eyes to the microscope again.

It was really important from now on.

As his hand was deep into it, the nerves became closer. It was possible that the nerves could be ruined with his mishandling. Suhyuk's sharp eyes were fixed on the screen.

It was not that short an amount of time.

Lee, removing all the lesions, said, "This is the cervical width of the patient with the disc."

The cervical vertebrae seemed to have a mouth full of liquid. The width was about 3mm.

"The width narrows if the nerves are pressed, and the body is obstructed."

Then he opened the cervical spine with his tongs.

The distance between the cervical vertebrae was widened to 6mm.

"Only when the patient keeps this condition, his nerves will be cured without being squeezed."

The medical staff stared at the screen, and were all ears not to miss even one word.

On the other hand, Suhyuk just nodded his head calmly.

Now all he had to do was to insert a cage that is as big as one's thumb nail.

"Cage."

The assistant handed over the cage filled with bone marrow.

And a ballpoint pen and a hammer.

Lee seemed to be moving as if he were knocking on a gong.

At first glance, it was as if he was sculpting a person.

He was nailing down a cage.

Then, Suhyuk's eyes frowned.

"Professor."

Chapter 75

Lee stopped knocking the cage at Suhyuk's voice.

Taking off his eyes from the microscope, he turned his head to Suhyuk.

And his eyes were asking him, 'What is the matter?'

Suhyuk, staring at the monitor, said, "The cage seems to have been nailed astray."

At his words, the medical staff looked at him sharply.

How dare an intern disagree with Prof. Lee Mansuk, the top surgeon in the country?

On the other hand, Lee stared at the microscope.

'Where does he say it's been rammed astray?'

In his eyes, it was being nailed properly.

"Mr. Lee Suhyuk."

He approached Lee.

"I think it's okay. The monitor screen and the microscope may look a little different from seeing it with your own eyes. Do you want to take a look?"

The medical staff opened their eyes at Lee's voice at his suggestion to Suhyuk like that.

It was not something Lee would say to an intern.

In the surgery room, the professor was usually quiet.

Only the sound of surgical tools moving was heard.

Unlike his typical style, though, Prof. Lee yielded the monitor chair to him.

Suhyuk took his eyes at the fixed microscope.

"About 1mm seems to have stuck out."

Looking at the monitor, Lee tilted his head. However hard he checked it, he could not see it.

Did he underestimate Suhyuk who would be his disciple?

Then Suhyuk moved his hand.

“Hey, what the hell are you doing?”

Ignoring the resident’s shouting, he took his hand to the patient’s head covered with a sheet.

“Looks like his head seems to have been twisted a bit.”

Then he twisted it a bit to the right.

“Are you crazy?” said a resident and then walked up to Suhyuk.

“Stop it.”

Then Prof. Lee looked at the resident and the medical staff.

“Do I have to correct the patient’s surgery position? How long have I been here with you?”

The resident bowed his head a bit, saying, “One year, sir.”

Lee, frowning his face, looked at the medical staff one by one.

“Two years, sir.”

“Me too, sir.”

Shaking his head at their replies, Lee gestured with his eyes toward the monitor.

And then they could not help but be surprised.

The cervical vertebrae was back to being straight, and the cage, which was visibly embedded with the naked eye, protruded sideways. If it went a little further, it could easily have touched the nervous system. The patient was undergoing surgery with his neck twisted. It was a very fine twisting, but nobody caught it.

Lee was helpless in that situation, too.

He had to look at it, only 3-4mm, with a microscope.

It seemed like he would have sworn at them had he checked the X-ray of the patient after the surgery. It was a source of trouble that he relied on them too much.

“Don’t prepare the surgery next time without my permission.”

He was not in a position to blame others. Actually he was to blame most of all because he did not catch it. Still, he could not help but feel upset at the medical staff who were avoiding meeting his eyes.

On the other hand, he was smiling at Suhyuk. What a guy.

Approaching him, Lee asked,

“I have to pull it out, right?”

“No, sir.”

Everyone including Prof. Lee was stunned at Suhyuk’s action then.

He was sticking an iron rod into the patient’s open neck. Besides, he stroked it lightly with a hammer. It all lasted for a moment, so nobody stopped him.

With their eyes opened widely, the medical staff and Lee were just speechless, when Suhyuk said, “All done.”

Lee turned his head away from the monitor and took his eyes to the microscope fixed at his neck. The cage stuck out like a disc has been nailed down properly.

Looking into the microscope, Lee thought of Suhyuk standing behind him. He felt his heart pounding strongly. Did he have any propensity to act like a man? No, it wasn’t that kind of propensity.

His joy at seeing Suhyuk was like finding a real diamond in the rough.

“The patient monitor indicates normal.”

At the perfusionists’ words, Lee took his eyes off from the

microscope, and looked at Suhyuk.

“Do you know how to do stitching?”

“Yes, sir.”

Lee nodded his head, completely mesmerized by his charm.

“Okay, do it then.”

Lee was watching him stitching, with a satisfactory smile.

There was nothing that stood in his way.

On the other hand, the medical staff were looking at him with a dumbfounded look.

However, jealousy, envy, or anything like that, could not be found on their faces.

They just watched him blankly.

Suhyuk, who drew all their attention like that, was only thinking of the patient.

“The surgery’s well done. Now, go and watch movies and have delicious food with your wife. Enjoy your life like that.”

The patient, who opened his eyes in the recovery room, repeatedly clinched and opened his palm with a frown. Obviously he felt the pain after the neck surgery.

Soon he made a smile at Lee.

“I don’t feel pain or numbness on my hands.”

Lee said, smiling, “Mr. Lee Suhyuk standing here did the surgery very well.”

His pupil turned to the man standing beside Prof. Lee.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk said, “Shall we go out, sir?”

Suhyuk went out of the surgery room, pushing the stretcher where the patient lay.

The door opened, and his wife, pacing around the room, raced toward him.

“Are you okay, honey?”

Nodding at her from the stretcher, the patient held out his hands.

Cautiously holding his hands, she turned her head to Suhyuk.

“Did the surgery go well?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth calmly,

“Once he’s discharged, he might often sit on the sofa or lie on the bed, citing pain. That’s a lie, so ask him to make delicious food together.”

At his words, she smiled with relief, and her husband could not help but wear a strange smile due to the lingering pain from his neck.

After guiding the patient into the ward, he went out, with some instructions about some cautions and a supplemental follow-up treatment later.

“How do you feel about having directly participated in the surgery?”

Suhyuk nodded his head at Lee’s question, saying, “I felt great, sir. Thanks for your consideration.”

Rather than his having participated in the surgery, the fact that the patient opened eyes without any problem and that he could laugh together with his family made him feel good. He felt his empty heart filling up with something warm. Can other doctors feel this way? The type of a doctor he had in mind was like this.

“Oh, you were here,” said someone suddenly from his side.

It was Kim Jinwook’s voice.

While Suhyuk bowed his head for greeting, Lee came forward, covering him about half, saying, “Are you talking about me?”

Kim shook his head. “No, I’ve been looking for Suhyuk. I called

him several times, but found his phone turned off. I wonder if the battery is dead.”

Called him several times?

“Sorry, sir. I should have recharged the battery. I wonder if you have anything to say...”

At his asking, Kim nodded his head.

“Sure, I was going to ask you to join me for dinner.”

At that moment Prof Lee cut in, “Today Suhyuk participated in surgery for the first time. He must be very tired now, so I was going to let him take a long break at his lodging.”

Kim gently smiled, replying,

“I’m not asking him to have a workout with me. If he did surgery for the first time, he must have used up much of his physical energy. I think I have to chat with him over meat.”

“Don’t you know he’s assigned to the neurosurgery department? If someone has to treat him, it has to be me. Don’t you think so, Mr. Lee?”

Prof. Lee looked at Kim, asking Suhyuk like that.

Kim said with a smile,

“Well, I’d like to meet him not in a formal setting, but in an informal setting where he and I feel each other are like brothers. In other words, like a meeting between an elder brother and a younger one.”

At Kim’s mention of elder brother and younger brother, Lee’s eyebrows wiggled instantly.

“Well, I think I can join even such a meeting.”

Suhyuk was assigned to neurosurgery department, so he could not move anywhere without his permission. Then, Kim’s eyes twinkled. He looked at Suhyuk, nodding meekly as if he

understood Lee's remarks, and said, "You must have lots of hard times... Do you sleep at all? Can you eat on time? Prof. Lee. I hope he's in good hands. Please see to it that he has break time. Suhyuk, I think we have to eat meat next time."

Kim's remarks were intended for Suhyuk to listen to.

Prof. Lee frowned as if Kim got him first.

At that moment a guy, suddenly appearing before them, said, "Well I'm afraid I have to have meat with him today."

Suhyuk and the two professors turned their heads to the side.

A guy casually dressed in training pants. He was none other than Dongsu.

When the two professors cast a suspicious look at him, Suhyuk answered, "He's my friend, sir."

At his remarks, Dongsu shook his head and showed his ID to the two professors.

"I'm a prosecutor. I just joked about the meat."

Showing his ID to the professors, he said to Suhyuk, "You have to come to the court room right away."

Suhyuk's eyes opened wider. "What's the matter?"

Dongsu smiled gently, and said, "That hit-and-run motorcycle guy, I caught that son of a bitch."

Suhyuk and Dongsu went out of the hospital right away, and got in a taxi.

"How did you catch him?"

"Because I'm your brother."

Shaking his head, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "CCTV?"

"Yeah," Dongsu replied.

Dongsu combed through all the CCTVs at the place where

Suhyuk had an accident.

For three days and nights with bloodshot eyes. With all the time and effort he put in to that, he felt that he could catch the hit-and-run motorcycle suspect. This hit-and-run suspect that hit his friend.

Hell bent on catching the suspect by all means, Dongsu pushed his detectives hard and was able to catch him at the end of the day.

“I’m almost sure that bastard is the suspect. Around that time when you had an accident, there was only one motorcycle that passed by that area.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. So, the taxi drove on and on, and soon arrived at the police station.

When Dongsu went in, the detectives rose from their seats and bowed their heads.

Suhyuk smiled at that, and felt secure about him who acted like a good-for-nothing guy usually.

“Detective Oh, put that bastard into the interrogation room now.”

“Yes, sir.”

A detective opened an iron door and disappeared. Dongsu, guiding Suhyuk, walked through the hallway, and when they approached about halfway down the hallway, he pulled open one door.

“Come in. This is the first time you came into an interrogation room?”

When Suhyuk went in with a grin, he saw a big window. A guy with handcuffs came in.

“The suspect is that bastard.”

Suhyuk closely looked at the guy inside the window.

“Then, what’s wrong with face?”

One of his eyes were black and blue.

“Can you recognize him?” asked Dongsu.

“Didn’t I tell you the suspect was wearing a helmet?”

He nodded his head, understanding what he meant by that.

“Yeah, you said that. Do you want to know something funny then?”

Chapter 76

“What is it?”

“Look at him closely again.”

Suhyuk turned his head to the window again.

Did he just become an adult? He looked like he was in his early 20s. Looking around, he curled himself up very much.

“I don’t know who he is.”

Yeah, his face was new to Suhyuk. It’s only natural that his face had been covered by a helmet.

Dongsu tilted his head, asking, “Do you really not recognize him?”

“No, who is he?”

“Have you not seen the son of Daehan Hospital director, Jang Wonjin, before?”

Suhyuk shook his head. Actually there was no chance at all for him to see or meet him.

He was surprised, but did not feel strongly about it.

“Why did he do that?”

When Suhyuk asked, Dongsu fixed his gaze on the window.

“He said it was because he was at a loss of what to do after the accident. You must have heard about the so-called bike gang. They meet like a hobby club and enjoy their motorcycles. While he checked his cellphone for a moment, he said he hit you.”

Dongsu continued. He already investigated all the other motorcycle riders along with Jang.

Jang did not do it on purpose or with any intention. It was just an accidental hit-and-run.

At his explanation, Suhyuk nodded.

Jang, looking around in a frightened mood, seemed even pitiful to him. Maybe because his face looked so childlike.

“What happens to that guy from now on?”

Leaning against the wall, Dongsu replied, “Well, he will be brought to justice...”

Then there was a knocking on the door, and the door opened.

He was detective Lee, working with Dongsu. He gestured over to the window.

“Sir, his lawyer wants to see you.”

“I contacted his guardians at home, then his lawyer came over. What a rich family...”

Dongsu went out with Suhyuk with a light gait.

A man in his late 30s was sitting in the detective department quietly.

“Jang’s lawyer?”

At Dongsu’s voice, he rose from the seat.

“Hello, I’m Kim Jinho. Nice to meet you.”

As he showed his name card, Dongsu said, looking at it, “Prosecutor Kim Dongsu.”

“I came here because I heard Mr Jang Wonjin was detained here as a hit-and-run suspect.”

Dongsu nodded, saying, “You’re right.”

The lawyer threw a sharp question, “Is he the real suspect?” He looked as if he were lodging a protest if the reason for Jang’s detention was not clear enough.

Dongsu smiled leisurely.

“We’ve got CCTV and other evidence on hand. Do you have anything else to ask?”

“I’m requesting an interview with Jang.”

Dongsu grinned, adding, “You know you can’t interview him during interrogation, right? As he is a hit-and-run suspect, I’ll investigate him under arrest for fear of his possible escape.”

The lawyer’s brows trembled a bit.

“Let me wait then.”

“Detective Lee, please serve the lawyer a cup of coffee. I’m afraid he will have to sit through the night here.”

Dongsu approached Suhyuk, putting his hand on his shoulder, and said, “Let’s go out for dinner.”

So, they went out, and the lawyer looking at Dongsu cast his gaze on Suhyuk.

The restaurant they stopped by was a noodle soup house.

Taking out wet towels from the refrigerator, Dongsu washed his hands, saying, “The soup here really tastes good. Granny!”

At his shouting, a granny with gray hair well over 70 years old, approached and said, “Hey, don’t shout so loud boy! What an ear-deafening noise! You coming here everyday to have noodle soup? Just eat meat today. You have to eat meat if you want to be strong enough to catch criminals, right?”

Dongsu shook his head, and said, “I have to go back after eating quickly, so bring me noodle soup.”

“A pox on you! You have to wait until the noodles are ripe enough.”

Looking at her disappearing into the kitchen, Suhyuk asked him with a perplexed look, “Foul-mouthed granny?”

Nodding his head, Dongsu was just laughing.

Spicy and delicious noodle soup with clams. Suhyuk said, after emptying even the broth, “It is really delicious.”

“The meat tastes good too. Next time let’s have it. Please give me

the check!”

Rising from the seat, Dongsu presented his credit card.

“Give me cash. You only spent 5,000 won for it.”

Given the delicious taste and the big dish, the price was so cheap. It's only 2500 won per dish.

“I don't have cash today. So, please sleep on it today.”

When the granny was about to swear, Suhyuk offered her cash.

“Thanks for the food, granny.”

Looking at Suhyuk, she smiled and said, “Is this unprofessional prosecutor your friend?”

“Yes.”

“Don't hang around with him frequently. In my eyes, he is not a prosecutor. He's a thug, a thug.”

“Granny, if you keep saying things like that, I'll catch you on charges of contempt.”

“How can a vulgar guy threaten me like this? Even the angel of the death has not yet caught me. Do you think you can?”

Suhyuk pulled away Dongsu who kept poking fun at her, and went out the store.

Dongsu grinned gently, saying, “Goodbye now.”

When Dongsu was about to turn back, Suhyuk grabbed him, and said, “Will he be arrested?”

“A hit-and-run suspect is supposed to get a heavy punishment stipulated under the law on special crimes.”

Suhyuk grinned at his explanation.

“I'll contact you.”

Saying that, Dongsu moved to the police station.

Suhyuk moved to the bus stop and got on a bus that took him to Daehan Hospital.

He did not feel good even though the hit-and-run suspect was caught.

More so because the suspect was the son of the Daehan Hospital director.

What woke him up was not an alarm sound, but the ringing of his phone.

As soon as he picked up the phone, he heard a woman's voice.

"Is this intern Lee Suhyuk's cellphone?"

"Yes, who is it, please?"

It was 6am.

Though spring was around the corner, it was still quite dark outside.

"This is the secretary of director Jang Kitaek at the hospital. The director wants to see you in the morning. Are you available in the morning?"

Suhyuk, who was lying in bed, rose from the bed and sat.

'Available? If the director wants to see me, who can dare have me put to work?'

"Okay. What time do I need to see him?"

"You can come here by 8:30 in the morning."

"I'll see you then."

Hanging up the phone, Suhyuk lay back on the bed.

It was so obvious what kind of topic Jang was going to bring about.

Suhyuk closed his eyes again.

When he opened the door, a woman secretary in a black suit held up a keyphone.

"Sir, Mr. Lee Suhyuk is here."

Speaking to him briefly, she said, “You can go in now.”

Bowing to her a bit, he knocked on the door to go in.

A large window inside was showing a great landscape outside, and the space was twice as large as that of a professor’s office.

“I’m seeing you again. Come on in.”

The director gestured him to sit on the sofa.

“Wait there for a minute.”

“Thanks.”

Mr. Jang leafed through the paper files slowly, and turned his head to him, saying, “Coffee? Juice? Or any other soft drink you want?”

“I’d rather have water.”

Nodding his head, he conveyed the message to his secretary through the keyphone, and sat on the sofa.

“How was your volunteer activity?”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly in his heart. That’s what he wanted to ask the director about first.

He wanted to argue that it was not a volunteer activity but a photo event.

However, personally he was fully satisfied as he visited the homes of the less fortunate until early in the morning with Binna.

After all, Suhyuk said, “It was good.”

Actually he came back, pleased and satisfied.

“That’s good. Thanks to a talent like you, there was a big article about Daehan Hospital, along with the picture.”

Though the medical staff from other hospitals participated, only the picture of Daehan medical team was carried with the caption that the shantytown people were greatly satisfied.

Though he did not do anything in particular, it was clear that

what he had done was a good thing. After all, the director showed satisfaction with the outcome of the volunteer activity.

The secretary put down water and coffee before they knew it.

Suhyuk raised the cup of water slowly, and Mr. Jang Kitaek sipped his coffee.

“The reason I called you here is...”

When Jang slurred, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “For reasons regarding your son?”

He smiled bitterly, nodding his head.

“Let me tell you frankly. As the hospital director, no as a father, I want to ask a favor of you. Can you let him off this time?”

Suhyuk recalled his son that he had seen in the interrogation room.

Then he opened his mouth again.

“He just became an adult. Isn’t it too cruel to ruin his future?”

Suhyuk showed a contemptuous smile before he knew it.

Does it mean he was a cruel reporter?

Jang did not notice his twisted smile because he was thinking about something else.

None other than prosecutor Kim Dongsu, his friend.

It was no use enticing him in one way or another through a lawyer or his acquaintance.

He even declared a war against the lawyer.

The prosecutor was determined to put him in jail by all means, so even his acquaintances gave up their efforts.

He found out that the prosecutor was notorious as being a terribly obstinate person.

“Can you do anything about him? Let me give you full

compensation for your bodily or psychological damages. If you want, let me give you paid holidays. Please save my son this time.”

Looking at his cup of water quietly, Suhyuk did not say anything. That made Jang all the more anxious.

If he says he did not need such compensation, he went as far as to think of making some sort of threat against him in his capacity as the hospital director.

Jang opened his mouth again, thinking his stooping low like that would be his last move.

“Please, Mr. Lee Suhyuk.”

When he went out of the director’s office, Suhyuk called someone. It was Dongsu.

“Hey, you are not that busy now seeing as you give me a call like this.”

“Any update about the case?”

“Don’t worry about it. Just work hard and make lots of money.”

“Can the case be cancelled?”

“What the hell?”

“What I mean is can I cancel the report?”

“What nonsense! Why are you trying to do this? The suspect hit you and ran away...”

Dongsu kept silent for a moment. Then he said urgently, “Did the hospital director say something to you? Did he say if you did not cancel it, he would not make you a doctor? Or did he order you to get out of the hospital? What was it?”

Suhyuk grinned bitterly. He blew his top, raising his voice.

Dongsu continued to speak in an excited voice, adding “How could he make a threat like that? Can I look into that damn Daehan Hospital for any possible crimes? As for this case, it cannot be

cancelled simply because you cancel the report, because he has some other case pending...”

The more swearing Dongsu threw out, the more Suhyuk, now taking off the cell phone from his ear, grinned, because he could feel the warmth of his heart toward him. He recalled his conversation with the director.

‘Then I have got something to ask for you in return.’

‘What is it?’

‘Please allow me to see the patients.’

Chapter 77

Jang Kitaek was quietly looking at the sofa Suhyuk had been sitting on after he left, and then he let out a dumbfounded smile.

Asking to see the patients? It was just ridiculous, given that he's only an intern.

Still, there was no choice for him but to accept, because it involved the future of his son.

“Emergency room...”

After thinking about the right candidate to pass him onto, Jang contacted his secretary.

“Contact Prof. Kim Jinwook and tell him that I want to see him now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Prof. Kim was gentle to interns and residents usually, but resolute as far as teaching was concerned. It was not just a couple of times that he expelled residents from the surgery room. He felt that Prof. Kim was the right person to handle Suhyuk.

“Did you call for me, sir?” asked Prof. Kim.

Jang offered him a chair when he came in.

“Do you know intern Lee Suhyuk?”

Kim's eyes opened a bit wide. He was surprised that his name came out of the director's mouth.

“Yes, I know him.”

“Okay, he's going to be assigned to the emergency room as of today. He's going to see the patients. Can you pay attention to him? As he is an intern, I'm afraid he might cause troubles.”

Actually an intern could give the wrong prescription, and with further trouble, it could bring about medical law suit.

When Kim's eyes became wider, Jang let out a silent sigh, saying, "I know you're busy, but for this time only, let me ask of you a favor like this."

"Okay, sir."

Jang was surprised at Kim's short reply. He expected that Kim would rebuke him at his crazy suggestion that an intern would see the patients.

"Any thing else you want to say to me?" asked Kim.

Jang nodded his head, saying, "He won't be there for very long. So, I hope he is in good hands."

Jang thought that Suhyuk would be exhausted after a few days in the emergency room, even though he was full of enthusiasm to see the patients. So challenging and demanding a place was the emergency room.

"Okay, then..."

Kim's smile became more and more thick as he left the office.

Oh Byungchul was tilting his head sideways. By now this Alien intern who should have been busy with all kind of stuff at the Neurosurgery Department, Suhyuk, was standing before him.

"What brought you here again?"

Suhyuk smiled.

"I was reassigned to the emergency medical department."

"What are you talking about..."

Oh could not continue. Suhyuk was already seeing a patient with a wry frown, who was just taken into the emergency room. He looked like he was in his late 20s.

"In which area do you feel uncomfortable?" asked Suhyuk.

"I was stabbed."

Suhyuk lay the patient down slowly on a bed.

“Did you say you were stabbed? Speak again slowly.”

“I fell down in the construction site, and I was stabbed by an iron core embedded in the ground.”

“Let me check it.”

Suhyuk rolled up the man's upper clothes. The blood was sticky on the lower part of the right collarbone, making it difficult to visually confirm the wound. Suhyuk wiped off blood with a disinfected gauze right away.

“Uh.....”

Suhyuk opened his mouth at the patient's moaning.

“Please be patient a little more. It'll be done quickly.”

Soon he cleaned off the blood, and the wound was clearly visible to his eyes.

Every time he breathed, the chest wall went in and out repeatedly.

In order to prevent air from entering, he put a tape on the hole first, and he attached a cable to the body of the patient quickly. In so doing he looked at Oh standing in the back.

“Can I do the same as I did before?”

Suhyuk's eyes were shining. Oh nodded his head. As he had done it before, there was no reason he could not do it now. He could ask Suhyuk later why he came to the emergency medical department.

After checking the patient's vital signs, Suhyuk urgently pushed the stretcher carrying him and disappeared. Oh did not ask him why, because he would come back soon.

He was right.

Coming back to the emergency room, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Symptomatic thoracic swelling was seen. The auxiliary muscle

does not show the signs of use, nor does the jugular vein show signs of swelling. Avoiding bradykinesia, airway deviation, as well as decreasing right breath sounds.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, checking the patient's tomography.

“As you can see, skin defects and air pockets due to the stab wounds on the right chest wall were observed. Signs of pneumothorax.”

Oh nodded his head.

“Chest tube insertion should be performed.”

Oh just kept nodding, “Contact the surgery team.”

“Yes.”

Fluttering his white gown, he turned back. Looking at him, Oh murmured, “He’s started it again...”

Yes, just like before, but he could feel something was different about Suhyuk this time. His confidence?

Yes, that was it. That kind of attitude was confirmed in his moving around.

“It’s liver laceration. I think ERCP will be helpful.”

Watching him, with his feet frozen like a stone statue, Oh opened his mouth, “Uh... yes.”

He was just absent-minded.

As soon as a patient was taken into the emergency room, Suhyuk immediately began seeing him, rushed to the imaging room for a clear diagnostics and came back. Moving around more comprehensively than before, and identifying the name of the disease exactly without any error. He was just like a medical device.

When there were fewer patients, the nurses spoke to Suhyuk,

“Sir, take it easy.”

“Yes, please. You’ll be exhausted soon if you’re busy like this.”

It looked like he was running a marathon. He kept moving his body without any letup or rest.

“I’m okay.”

Suhyuk was wiping off the sweat running down his forehead...

Then he heard, “Mr. Lee Suhyuk.”

He turned his head at a man’s familiar voice calling his name. He was Prof. Kim Jinwook.

“I hear that you’ve been reassigned to the emergency room. Did you speak to the hospital director about it directly?”

When he nodded with a smile, Prof. Kim also smiled.

Prof. Kim was not curious about what kind of conversation went on between him and the director. He just thought that the director appreciated Suhyuk’s talent. He thought it was so. What’s important to him was that Suhyuk was now in his medical territory.

“Why did you say you wanted to come to the emergency medical department?”

Kim only wanted to know this reason.

“I like this place,” Suhyuk answered shortly.

This was the place where he could first see the patient whose life was at risk. With a swift response, he could save the patient’s life. This was the very place he wanted to be in.

Looking at him with a satisfactory expression, Kim opened his mouth, “How long did you say you wanted to work here?”

“For one month.”

If he had his way, he wanted to see the emergency patients, and even do the surgery directly when needed. But it was only his

wishful thinking, and all he had to do was to transfer the patient to the relevant medical team. They cast a suspicious eye on him, and there was no chance that they could let him do the surgery. That's because he told the director that he wanted to come to the emergency room. Such as it was, it was where he could first see the emergency patient whose life was in critical condition. He should normally have been a resident to do such things.

Then he heard another voice calling him.

“Mr. Lee Suhyuk!”

He was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

“I heard the news. Did you tell the hospital director to send you to the emergency room? Is it true?”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, “Yes, I wanted to see patients directly...”

“Hey, you can see the patients enough at the neurosurgeon department.”

That was true. But he shook his head in his heart.

Prof. Lee seemed to confine him to his own office often.

He appreciated Lee's intention, but at the same time felt it a burden and an oppression of his heart. He would rather see the patients during that time.

Did Prof. Kim notice Suhyuk's thinking like this?

Kim, talking over the phone on the sidelines, opened his mouth, “I just heard that a patient with aortic aneurysm was being taken to our hospital from another one. Do you remember observing the surgery from before? How about coming with me?”

Suhyuk nodded his head without any hesitation, “Thanks.”

Kim said to Lee, “As you see, I'm afraid we have to go to the surgery room soon. See you later.”

Suhyuk also bowed his head. So both of them passed by Lee.

Lee's eyes were looking at Suhyuk disappearing. He was casting a regrettable gaze at him, full of glaring eyes. He then thought very hard about what Suhyuk really wanted, and what he wanted to possess most at his age. After thinking about it quietly, he began to walk fast and caught up with Suhyuk. Passing by him, Lee asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, sir."

Nodding his head, Lee walked ahead of him.

Dressed in a surgery gown, Prof. Kim asked Suhyuk,

"Do you remember the aortic aneurysm surgery you have observed from before?"

He nodded his head. The number of his surgery observations was only a few. How can he not remember it?

"Do you mean the surgery that requires replacement by artificial blood vessel?"

Before he came into the surgery room, Suhyuk had already checked with Kim and the patient.

Kim nodded his head with a satisfactory expression.

"Right, it's a surgery that partially removes the swollen aorta and treats it with artificial blood vessels."

Though Kim said that casually, Suhyuk knew how dangerous such a surgery it was. For it was a surgery that required supplying blood constantly with the heart put to rest during the operation.

"Let's go."

They went into the surgery room. There Suhyuk found the most medical staff he has ever seen on standby. Aortic aneurysm surgery required many expert hands that could catch even a minimal

change in the patient's condition.

“Let me start the anesthesia.”

At the anesthesiologist's words, Suhyuk approached the patient. For he saw the patient's eyes overshadowed by fear and burden of surgery rather than his face frowned with pain.

“Don't worry. Just take a sound sleep and then wake up. It'll be over soon.”

Suhyuk smiled, and the patient's expression showed he was calm and relaxed.

Suhyuk's words were heard in his ears as if the surgery was nothing. Thanks to him, the patient could close his eyes comfortably.

Kim closely watched the medical staff's handling of work to monitor even the smallest mistake.

Fortunately, it did not happen. After confirming it, he talked to the resident next to him.

“Just for today, can you take a break as the assistant on the right?”

Then he looked at Suhyuk.

Chapter 78

At Kim's words, the resident turned his head to the side, and found a rookie intern looking around at the medical staff. Anyone interested in the news about the hospital at all could not have not known about his name, Lee Suhyuk. His nicknames were not just one or two.

“Okay, sir.”

The resident stepped back, nodding his head.

Prof. Kim would give interns direct teaching like that, and they could understand him without any difficulty. However, they had some misgivings about his intention sometimes.

Aortic aneurysm surgery was mostly an emergency surgery. Yet, how could Prof. Kim yield the role of an assistant on the right to an intern? It was the first time an intern was involved in emergency surgery.

When Suhyuk came up at Kim's calling, the resident stepped aside and looked at Suhyuk, and he thought like this: ‘When the patient's belly was opened, he would get a scolding from the professor in a minute.’ Convinced of that scenario, the resident was ready to be on hand as an assistant at the professor's calling at any given time.

Suhyuk, coming next to Kim, said, “Thanks.”

That reflected his genuine feelings. He expected to watch as an observer in the distance, but was instead given the role of an assistant.

With a smile, Kim asked, “You can do it well, right?”

Saying that, Kim recalled a past episode of Suhyuk participating in his surgery as an observer.

Prof. Kim was surprised several times when he heard Suhyuk's

murmuring in the back. Suhyuk had been mentioning the process to take well in advance about the process of the surgery he performed.

Today Prof. Kim wanted to find out the real value of his capability. At the same time, when he showed any small error, he was ready to replace him with the resident.

“I can do it well, sir.”

As soon as Suhyuk nodded his head, the surgery started.

“I’ll start surgery now. Scalpel!”

At Kim’s words, the nurse handed over a scalpel.

“Aortic aneurysm surgery should be done right from the start.”

Taking his hand to the target area, Kim moved the scalpel right away.

The skin was incised, and blood was coming out like drops of water.

“Bobby knife.”

The patient’s chest was opened, with the smell of burning flesh.

Right before their eyes, the red heart beating dangerously was visible clearly.

“Seems like the heart is beating slowly. Why is that?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk replied, “Because of a cardiac rest injection.”

At his reply, Kim showed a satisfactory look. With one just glance, Suhyuk could understand what he meant. He knew it when he first saw him, when he woke up from his coma condition.

At that time Kim was an intern. Waking up from a vegetative condition, he calmly came up with diagnostics of his own condition and listed all the strange medical terms. Kim recalled how he was sick and tired of him after talking with him several

times. Besides, Kim would flee from him who was troubling him with questions. He felt his face burning when he recalled such episodes.

Now he became an intern. He was so curious as to how far he had come in furthering his medical skill.

“It takes about 3 minutes for the heart to come to a stop.”

At the perfusionist’s words Kim nodded his head, saying, “You saw the image shot a moment ago. Can you locate the target?”

Suhyuk said shortly, “Yes.”

“Can you secure a view, so I can take a good look?”

At Kim’s asking, the medical staff were surprised. Did Kim really ask him to be his assistant? If that’s the case, it would carry too much risk. There might be delay in the operation time, and if he makes any mistake, that silly intern could damage the patient’s organs.

Completely unaware of such concerns by the medical staff, Suhyuk said, with shining eyes, “As soon as the heart stops, let me start right away, sir.”

“Good.”

Kim nodded his head, and Suhyuk pulled away the thin and transparent surgery gloves covering his hands. The heart stopped now, and the perfusionist opened his mouth, “I’ll keep his temperature at 27 degrees C.”

Kim opened his mouth, looking at Suhyuk,

“Show it to me.” Yeah, your capability.

Holding iron surgery equipments, Suhyuk put his hand into the patient’s chest.

When he pushed the organs beside the heart sideways a bit, he heard some sort of oozing sound there. Kim’s eyes shone sharply. He was ready to stop him at the slightest sign of a mistake.

However, it turned out to be groundless fears. The bloated aortic aneurysm was clearly visible to Kim's eyes. 'I knew it!'

"Is the heart circulatory system running?"

At Suhyuk's asking, Kim turned to the perfusionists, who then nodded their head.

"I'll start incision right now. Suction!"

The suction making a loud noise was put inside the chest.

"Okay, just hold it like that."

Kim moved the scissors to cut the blood vessels.

The blood compressed in the vessels surged, but did not splatter anywhere. Suhyuk was blocking it with his palm. Kim, shaking his head, smiled absurdly. He expected blood to splatter toward him, but Suhyuk moved one step faster.

"Nice, very nice!"

The assistant on the other side put the suction inside the chest and sucked all the stagnant blood. Dozens of surgery equipments were put in and outside of the patient's chest.

With a scary sound the bloated aortic aneurysm was shown outside. Suhyuk looked at Kim.

From now on, nimble handling was the most important. A heart circulatory system was running as a replacement of the heart. Though blood and oxygen were circulating the body artificially, it could not work as good as the mysterious heart of the human body. Quickly connecting the blood vessels and fixing the heart would prevent complications.

"Give me the artificial blood vessels."

At Kim's words, the assistant handed him a white artificial blood vessel. Thick as a thumb, it looked like a warped lake. When this was connected to the blood vessels, the surgery would be complete.

“Resident Oh, please secure a view for me.”

The resident on the opposite side nodded his head.

“And hold the blood vessels for me, Suhyuk.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do it,” said Suhyuk without any hesitation.

Because blood vessel anastomosis must be done in detail, it is like blindfolded eyes without the microscope-attached glasses. Even the assistant holding the vessels needed the glasses.

Suhyuk stepped back without any regret. It was only right for him to step back because his eyes were not a microscope. Any little mistake would lead to delay in operation time and an accident.

Kim smiled at his action. He wondered what kind of reaction he would show, but it was what he had expected. Rather than being greedy, he was doing his best for the patient. Other residents would not step back easily because of their greed, and actually there were so many such residents.

“Nurse Choi, there is a microscope glasses near the heart circulatory system. Can you pass it to me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wider. So did the other medical staff.

Was he ready to have the intern take care of the angiostomy too?

When everybody was thinking like that, Kim asked Suhyuk, “Can you do angiostomy?”

With the microscope glasses, Suhyuk nodded, saying, “Yes, I can, sir.”

Suhyuk looked down at the patient’s chest.

The main artery was seen among the heart, lung and stomach.

“If I make any mistakes, I’ll take full responsibility.”

Kim nodded his head slowly, and demonstrated first.

“Needle holder!”

When Kim reached out his hand, the assistant handed him a

needle holder.

Then he started the angiostomy.

“Take a good look.”

Kim began to connect the artificial blood vessel with the main artery. He did it very skillfully as if he had done it many times before, and at that with a very fine technique.

So he was done with one part of the angiostomy. Now what was left was the rear of it.

Kim asked him once again, “Can you really do it?”
Suhyuk nodded as before.

“Okay, go ahead with it then.”

Saying that, Kim said to the medical staff with glaring eyes, “I’ll take responsibility for what happens from now on.”

A resident, watching the situation with a suspicious eye, came to Kim, saying, “Sir, how can you let a mere intern take care of the angiostomy?”

“Let me take responsibility.”

Talking to him quietly, Kim looked at the other medical staff one by one and they shut their mouths. Then, Suhyuk’s hands began to move.

While everybody there was looking at Suhyuk anxiously, only Kim trusted him strongly.

He already surpassed him in terms of medical knowledge when he first saw him.

What kind of masterly level did he reach by now?

Of course, theory and practice are different. Still, Kim found himself trusting him more and more, and when he showed any sign of mistake, he could stop Suhyuk.

Standing back, Kim watched his work closely. So did the medical

staff.

They were so anxious about if he would make any mistake at all.

However, their anxiety was gradually turning into astonishment instead.

There was no error at all in his technique, as if it was measured by a ruler.

The intern's finesse in pulling the needle was sophisticated and neat.

Kim, standing with his arms folded back, smiled satisfactorily. His anxiety turned out to be a groundless worry. It was not important where he learnt all this. What was important was Lee Suhyuk was with him. Kim faced the medical staff's eyes one by one.

It was like him asking them about their opinion, as if he praised his own son.

Everybody shook their heads, because what was really unbelievable happened right before their eyes.

Some of them were murmuring before they knew it.

“Oh, that really makes me go crazy...”

“Does this make any sense?”

They could not believe he was an intern.

Under the white surgery lights, Suhyuk moved his hands quietly.

Nothing was heard except for the sound of the machine. The medical staff became frozen like a stone statue, and Suhyuk's voice was heard in no time, “I'm done.”

It was at this moment when the name of Lee Suhyuk was inscribed into the history of Daehan Hospital.

While Suhyuk was taking off his surgery gown, the nurse and

resident spoke some words to him respectively, “Nice job, sir!”

“Are you sure you’re just an intern?”

Some of them just shook their heads without saying anything.

Kim patted him on the shoulder.

“Good job!”

Suhyuk bowed his head and said, “Thank you.”

“Well, it’s me who has to thank you, as you relieved me of the work I was supposed to do.”

Now, his surprise was gone and instead he had a new curiosity about him.

Suhyuk did the angiostomy without any difficulty.

How high is his level of masterly techniques? And what kind of doctor would he be over time?

“Let’s go.”

At Suhyuk’s words, Kim grinned. What Suhyuk said was for them go to the recovery room of the patient. Patient, patient, patient. That was all that was on his mind all the time.

“Okay, let’s go.”

The patient woke up without any problem, and he was taken to the patient’s recovery room.

Kim had to calm down his guardians. As the dangerous surgery was finished earlier than expected, he could understand their concerns.

“Mr. Lee here did the angiostomy very well.”

“Thanks, sir. Thanks.”

“Will he be okay?”

At the guardian’s asking, Suhyuk smiled at the child holding his mother’s hands, “Yes, he’ll be alright. The surgery went very well, so don’t worry. He’ll soon get up.”

Suhyuk waved his hands to the child, and he left the place first at Kim's instruction that he go to the on-call office.

Then, he heard, "Mr. Lee Suhyuk!"

At the voice calling his name, he turned back his head.

It was Jang Kiwon, the son of the hospital director.

Chapter 79

When Suhyuk looked at him, Jang Kiwon, who showed some hesitation, approached him.

“Can I talk with you, sir?”

He had an innocent and childish face, which just took away his image of being a teenager.

“I don’t think there is anything we can talk about between us.”

“Only a short time will do. Please..”

Looking at him quietly, Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Okay, tell me then.”

“Well, this place is not good for me to talk, so shall we move to another place? I know that there is a quiet coffee spot in the back of the hospital.”

Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression. He just thought of passing by Jang, but his facial expression became very grave. ‘What does he want to tell me?’

Soon after,, Suhyuk went out of the hospital after telling Prof. Kim Jinwook about the reason.

As Jang said, the coffee shop was small and there were not many customers.

Suhyuk had a cup of water while Jang was looking at a coffee cup with its steam rolling up.

“So, what do you want to tell me?”

At his remarks Jang raised his head and said shortly, “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Sure,” said Suhyuk with a dry voice. He did not hate Jang that much, and his apology did not feel like it was a genuine one to him. He could not feel any sincerity.

When Jang kept silence, Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

“Is that all you wanted to say to me?”

“I’m sorry. I wanted to see you to say I’m sorry. Back then I was so absent-minded... I’m really sorry.”

“Okay. Be careful next time. Let me go then.”

When he was rising from the seat, his eyes became wide. For Jang knelt down.

Suhyuk looked at him without saying anything.

“I’m sorry. Really sorry.”

With his head down, and his two shoulders trembling, he began to sob.

“I’m sorry. Boohoo... It was not my intention to hit you and run... I’m so sorry.”

Suhyuk, while looking at his trembling shoulders, opened his mouth, “Did your father tell you to see and apologize to me?”

He shook his head from left to right. On such occasions drops of tears fell down.

“No, never.”

He was right. His father wanted to empower him usually because he knew his timid personality more than anybody else. So, his father kept telling him to never stay dispirited.

That was all he got from his father. However, he could not put up with it.

What happened was really accidental.

On his usual days he hardly went out of his house except for he went to school.

When he went out as an exception on this particular day, it was because he wanted to buy character figures, or something on sale as a limited edition. As he was treated as an outcast from his high

school days, there were few friends of his. Even those few he regarded as friends approached him only for money.

So, his only friends were his computer and some character figures.

On one very particular day, he was checking if there were any new character figures on sale, and he came to know a motorcycle hobby club by chance. Those riding motorcycles in black jackets, they looked so cool to him. How much freedom would they feel when they rode their motorcycles, crossing paths with the wind!

For the first time ever he plucked up the courage to do something. His father, who was curt to him usually, smiled when he was told that his son would go out for fun. His father's gestures and expression was vivid in his memory, which gave him a big encouragement. So he purchased a motorcycle, and went to see the hobby club members. They welcomed him with bright faces, and he could forget about everything when he was riding his motorcycle, with the cool wind blowing over his face.

The Jang Kiwon of the past, who he surfed the internet all day, and confined himself to his room, disappeared far away. So he happily spent one month riding around. Was he ever happier than this moment? He felt that there was no other time such like this.

Then right at that moment, the accident happened.

He was so scared at the time. How many times he thought about it, turning back to see the fallen victim. Because of that foolish misjudgement for a second, he was never able to a good night's rest since.

He was anxious about being caught at any given time, and the victim he hit and run came to his dreams everyday. He was just scared and distressed.

“Stand up, man”

At Suhyuk's words, Jang shook his head, still kneeling down.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry...”

After letting out a silent sigh, Suhyuk held his shoulders slowly.

Jang raising his head, with his face covered with tears. Suhyuk looked into his face for a while. A handsome face with double eyelids that reminded him of a meek puppy, and his eyes full of regrets.

Suhyuk smiled softly at him, and then patted him on the shoulder. Jang cast his eyes toward Suhyuk’s shoulder.

“I had this part of my shoulder hit by your motorcycle, but it’s okay and normal now.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Stand up.”

He shook his head when standing up.

Suhyuk, smiling at him, let out a sigh. He could feel Jang’s sincerity clearly enough.

“Looks like you were apologizing to me against your will...”

Though Suhyuk said that playfully, Jang did not take it like that. He shook his head, as if he were saying he had not offered his apologies against his will. The coffee shop employees and the customers all turned their eyes towards them.

Jang thought he made a mistake because his act might make Suhyuk appear as a bad man. Bolting from the seat, he shouted to them, “I’m behaving like this because I was in the wrong. So don’t misunderstand us.”

Suhyuk said, smiling bitterly, “Well, that seems to make me look worse.”

They went out of the coffee shop.

Jang bowed his head once again, saying, “Sorry, and thanks for forgiving me.”

Suyuk patted his shoulder lightly, saying, “Be careful next time. Ride a bicycle instead of a motorcycle.”

Turning around, Suhyuk waved his hands at Jang. Then Jang said something to his ears, “Can I call you Big brother when I see you next time?”

Suhyuk smiled gently, replying, “Just call me brother.”

Two weeks passed since Suhyuk stayed at the emergency medical department. During that time he was everywhere, constantly moving around with the patients, emerging from the imaging room and then going back to the emergency room at once.

In the meantime the name Lee Suhyuk gradually spread throughout Daehan Hospital, and those who spread that rumor were mostly the medical team of the emergency aortic aneurysm team.

Regardless of that rumor, Suhyuk moved around until late in the night.

Just coming back from the CT imaging room, Suhyuk approached Oh Byungchul.

“Sir, the patient seems to have deep neck infection.”

Oh asked calmly, “What about airway stenosis?”

“Drainage and antibiotics will do.”

“You’re going to transfer the patient, right?”

As Suhyuk nodded, Oh showed an OK gesture.

It looked as if they exchanged a conversation as if they were two senior residents, but Oh still did not feel it that way. Suhyuk’s error-free diagnostics and opinion made Oh’s feel blunt and less knowledgeable.

When Suhyuk was about to move, Prof. Kim approached him. It

was 9pm. Kim called for him like that at any time, whether early or late in the day. He wanted to make sure Suhyuk was safe from the other guy, who was none other than Lee Mansuk.

“Where are you going?”

Suhyuk replied at his asking, “I have a patient with a deep neck infection.”

Kim asked subtly, “What is the causative strain?”

“Streptococcus and oral anaerobic strains, sir.”

Kim smiled before he knew it. Whenever he asked Suhyuk, his immediate answer made him happy. Then it came to his mind: ‘What if Suhyuk asked him something, he can answer right?’

At that moment he recalled a certain memory of his: When Suhyuk, after waking up from the vegetative state, asked him, he just escaped as if he did not hear anything.

‘What is he thinking of?’

With a smile, Kim shook his head.

“What’s wrong?”

Suhyuk asked Kim in a pensive mood.

“No, nothing...”

When Kim was stammering, Oh came up to him and bowed his head.

“You’re doing well.”

“Don’t mention it, sir,” Oh scratched his head as if he felt embarrassed at his remarks.

“By the way, Mr. Oh?”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Don’t you think you’re giving Mr. Lee Suhyuk alone a hard time?”

Oh's eyes became wider at his asking. He had never done that before. Rather, the object of his shouting was the interns following the nurses around and not the resident's. But he had never spoken to Suhyuk in a loud voice.

Suhyuk was seeing the patients without any interference.

"It's not because I give him a hard time but because he seems to be greedy for work."

Hearing his explanation, Kim just nodded his head. That's possible.

"Mr.Oh!"

"Yes, sir."

"What time does Mr. Lee Suhyuk stay at the emergency room until as a rule?"

"Until 5am in the morning."

Kim gave a hollow smile at Oh. Then he was sleeping for only four hours on average...

"From now on, send him home when it's past 2am."

Though his enthusiasm was commendable, he might crack under the strain.

"Yes, sir."

It was 11pm.

A woman was getting out of a van. Wearing a black mask, she arrived at Daehan Hospital.

She waved her hands at the van, and said, "Go home now!"

The van left, and the woman, looking around slowly, then moved quickly.

She hurriedly arrived at the emergency room.

“Is this the right place?”

The automatic door opened, and she went in.

The emergency room was not busy, and there were not that many patients.

The woman with the mask was looking around cautiously, when a nurse asked, “What brought you here?”

“May I see Mr. Lee Suhyuk?”

The nurse looked for him inside the emergency room, but he was not seen.

“Looks like he’s seeing a patient. What’s the matter?”

Touching her forehead, the masked woman said, “I feel dizzy, and I have a small fever. I want a check-up.”

“Wait a minute. Let me call for another doctor.”

“I’d like to have a check-up done only by Mr. Lee.”

The nurse tilted her head. Why does she insist on Mr. Lee?

“Do you know him?”

She shook her head, “No, I just want to let him check my condition.”

“You might have to wait a long while. Can you still wait?”

At the nurse’s asking, she nodded her head.

“Okay, then. Please have a seat over there.”

And then the nurse called for Mr. Lee.

Five minutes soon passed, and Suhyuk came into the emergency room.

Then, she took off her mask.

Now the whole medical staff were surprised at her face, which was now unveiled fully.

Suhyuk was just as much surprised as them.

Chapter 80

She was in her early 20s. Taking off her mask, she grinned. She was such a beauty that she could be compared to an idol singer.

“Are you Dr. Lee Suhyuk?” she asked, thinking to herself, ‘Hmmmm.. I can’t believe he’s so handsome.’

At her asking, Suhyuk nodded his head slowly and opened his mouth, “Are you talent Lee Soyong by any chance?”

Though Suhyuk was not the type to watch TV, it was just impossible that he would not know of her.

She always appeared on the TV in the lobby or on the TV in the patient's room.

All of this showed how popular Lee Soyong was these days.

Suhyuk asked her quietly while the medical staff spoke in whispers, “Where do you feel hurt or sick?”

Putting her hand on her head, she said, “I feel like I have a fever, and I feel dizzy.”

“Have you ever felt like this before? What did you eat in the evening?”

“No, never. And I ate some chicken breast, banana, and yogurt for dinner.”

Suhyuk nodded his head and took the stethoscope from around his neck.

“Wait a minute...”

Then Oh Byungchul came over, asking “Where does she feel uncomfortable?”

“Well, I feel she needs to have a test taken, but in my opinion she has a little bit of anemia.”

“Really? Let me take care of her. Take a break.”

"Okay."

Suhyuk moved without any hesitation.

"Do you feel dizzy?" asked Oh.

At his asking, she nodded, staring at Suhyuk blankly, thinking 'What a man... Should he not ask me for my signature?'

Looking at Suhyuk's back, she turned to Oh Byungchul now and spoke, "Well... can I get an examination done from Mr. Lee Suhyuk?"

"Do you know him?" Oh Byungchul smiled and asked.

'How can she look for an intern when she has a specialist in front of her?' He had no choice but to feel bitter about it.

"I do not know him... But I want to be treated by a famous doctor at Daehan Hospital. And he has been on TV several times."

"He is an intern but ok, no problem."

Oh turned back and called for Suhyuk immediately, "Please take care of her."

Oh then tapped him on the shoulder and left while whispering to Suhyuk, "Get her signature for me."

Smiling a bit, Suhyuk turned to her and asked, "Did you say you have a fever?"

"I feel like I do."

"I'll be done checking in a moment."

Suhyuk put his hand into his gown pocket, and took out the Thermo Checker and took it to her forehead. As it is a non-contact type thermometer, it can confirm her temperature from only 2 or 3 centimeters away.

The machine sounded and the Thermo Checker measured her temperature as 36.7 degrees. It was about 0.2 degrees higher than the average body temperature, but could be said to be a normal

body temperature.

"I do not think you have any fever."

She whispered, sweeping up her long hair and muttered,

"Could it be due to my mood?"

"Did you say you also felt dizzy?"

Lee Soyon nodded.

Suhyuk then said, "There are many reasons for dizziness: overwork, stress, lack of sleep, as well as symptoms caused by problems with the ear. Why don't you try having a simple blood test done? For an accurate diagnosis, you had better also have an X-ray taken."

At Suhyuk's words, her eyes became wide.

'Do I really need to do such a test?'

"Then blood test only," she said.

Suhyuk brought a syringe right away.

"It will sting a bit."

When Suhyuk took the syringe to her arm, she closed her eyes and turned her head.

"It's done."

Lee Soyon blinked. No sooner had she felt it sting than it was done.

A kind voice came out from Suhyuk's mouth, "It will take some time to get the results of the blood test, and if you come tomorrow, you can receive it. If the dizziness does not go away, you might want to take another type of test."

Lee Soyon, who was staring at Suhyuk's face, nodded her head.

"Goodbye then."

Suhyuk turned back to head for the clinical pathology

department.

Then a nurse came to Lee Soyon.

"You are so beautiful, I am a fan! Please follow me this way."

Smiling at the nurse, she fixed her eyes on Suhyuk though.

Lee Soyon, coming out of the emergency room, recalled Suhyuk.

He was kind, but that was all.

His eyes looked at her without any emotion, and she was just a patient in front of him. No more or no less, and that offended her self-esteem a little.

'But he does look quite a but handsome.'

Suddenly, she recalled what her uncle told her, "Won't you meet a handsome and cool doctor?"

She refused it many times, but her uncle called her about this several times a day.

What kind of person is he?

Because of the uncle's repeated push, she came to accept his request like this, after all.

Lee Suhyuk was the doctor her uncle told her to go meet so many times. He was quite handsome, like a male actor that one could see only at a broadcasting station.

"How come he didn't ask for my signature?"

A bit upset, she went straight to the front door of Daehan Hospital to go home.

Then she sighed deeply. Except for her cellphone, her pockets were empty.

"How stupid I am! I left my wallet in the car."

Touching the dial pad of the cellphone to contact her manager, she then looked at the hospital building suddenly.

"I wonder if he is still there."

Actually she did not tell her uncle that she would come here. Having been recalling her uncle, she decided to call him.

"Uh, yeah. So, have you thought about the blind date?"

As soon as he said that right after he picked up the phone, she just laughed, embarrassed.

"I've already met him..."

"You saw him? What are you talking about?"

"I'm in front of Daehan Hospital right now."

Lee Soyon was sitting in a professor's office.

"So, what do you think about him? He looks much better than male actors just like I told you, right?"

At her uncle's words, she shook her head. However, what he said made sense to some degree.

He was a doctor with great looks.

She wanted to know a bit about his personality because he just regarded her, a TV talent, as a patient, No more or no less than that. Is it because he has many girlfriends?

Putting down a coffee cup, Lee laughed with a satisfactory smile, saying, "As time goes by, there will be no one in this country who doesn't know the name Dr. Lee Suhyuk."

Of course in this medical field, Lee was convinced that he would go that far.

‘Neurosurgeon Lee Mansuk's disciple Lee Suhyuk.’

That thought made him smile before he knew it.

"When are you available?"

"Why?" Soyon opened her eyes wide.

That image of hers was so beautiful he just kept smiling.

She was his niece, who lost her mom and dad in an accident. Since then, he has been taking care of her. Actually he did not do much for her. Pressed hard by the busy life of a doctor, he found himself staying at the hospital for far too many nights. Whatever help he offered her was just financial help. Still, she grew up so beautifully into the person she is now. Along the way, she did not make any trouble, for which he felt thankful.

"Let's have a meal together with Lee Suhyuk one of these days. He's a terrific guy, taking care of patients so well, with such a good heart."

At his words, she lifted the coffee cup, as if she was shy, and opened her mouth.

"I'm available next week. By the way, uncle, you should be responsible for any scandals involving me."

Showing off his white teeth, Lee nodded his head and said, "Do not worry about it, because I know a quiet Korean restaurant."

Of course, it would be much better if a scandal broke out involving her and Suhyuk.

"Let's go now."

"I'm surprised to know you're going home with me like this. Don't you have any patients to see today?"

"No. Actually I was just about to go home when you called. Shall I buy some of the spicy chicken feet that you like?"

"Yeah!"

So, the uncle and his niece left the faculty office.

Suhyuk was in the lobby. He was not alone, but with Binna who was on call for the day.

"Every time you treat me to food like this. I'll buy it next time by all means."

Binna, who handed over the lunch box to him, waved her hands and said, "No, sir. I just made another one when I was preparing for my lunch because I felt that you like sushi rolls, so I packed it together for your night snack."

Her face turned red. She saw his face many, many times, and still she found her face in a blush whenever she looked at his. She saw him in her dreams.

When her cheeks made dimples, Suhyuk pulled two cokes from the vending machine.

"Have not you eaten anything yet? Let's have it together. Shall we go to the Sky Park?"

There was no particular break time for the medical staff working through the night.

Whenever they could find time available, they had to take care of the meals for themselves.

Suhyuk moved toward the elevator with Binna nodding her head.

At that moment, Lee Mansuk's eyes, who came out into the lobby from the other elevator, became big, because Suhyuk, who was holding a lunch box, was standing side by side with a nurse.

The images of them talking to each other in a friendly manner seemed unusual to him.

"What's the matter with you, uncle?"

Soyon's gaze was directed to the front.

"It's nothing" Lee, who blocked her gaze, pressed on her, saying,

"Let's go quickly."

"What?"

Lee grabbed her shoulders lightly, and took her to the door as if he was dragging her.

"Ooops, you have to wear a mask Soyon. People in the street will recognize you otherwise and bother you."

Soon Lee and Soyon, who was wearing a mask, left the hospital.

Suhyuk looked back. Was he mistaken? That feeling as if someone was looking at him?

The elevator door was opened and the two moved inside.

At that moment, there was a ringing sound in his robe pocket.

"I think you should go..."

At Binna's words, Suhyuk smiled bitterly.

"I'll treat you to a meal next time."

So he moved with a running stride.

Left alone in the lobby, she murmured while looking at the lunchbox she was holding, "Doctor Lee, it's good to take care of patients, but you have to take care of yourself too. You must be hungry..."

The emergency room was noisy.

Those men in black suits and sportswear were foul-mouthed.

"He was hit by a golf club, please do something about him."

"Doctor! Don't you see my boss hurt like this? Come here quickly!"

The nurses flinched at their rough voices.

The doctors felt the same. Their facial expressions, tinged with tiredness, were replaced with some sort of tense look.

There were around 15 stout men.

The man with a pot belly, who was in the middle of the group, shouted out.

Oh Byungchul approached the man in bed. His white shirt was soaked with blood.

“How did you get hurt?” he asked.

“I was stabbed by a fish knife.”

Oh felt anxious as soon as the man said that. Then Suhyuk was coming into the emergency room. Looking around, he walked into the middle of the men to see the man in bed.

Then, a guy shouted to him, "Hey, doctor, come here. My boss's head is bleeding.

So, you have to treat him quickly. "

A small sigh came out of Suyuk's mouth.

Sweeping his hair. Suhyuk looked at each one of the hooligans that he could see.

"Please be quiet."

Chapter 81

Suhyuk's eyes looking at them were calm.

"Hey, you son of a bitch. How can I stay quiet when he was hurt terribly like this?!"

The man approached him and quickly grabbed Suhyuk's robe roughly.

"Just treat him quickly, okay?!"

The gown was pulled forward by the man. At that moment, Suhyuk looked at the man holding his gown quietly.

"You bastard..." said the the man whose face had a deep frown covering it.

"How dare you look me straight in the eye?"

There was more power in the hands of the man holding his robe as he continued squaring up on Suhyuk.

Suhyuk grabbed his wrist, saying, "Your pulse is beating fast. If you're excited like this, your heart will beat so that your heart can transmit blood to your body quickly and you can give a burst of power quickly and instantly."

When a person is excited or surprised, he or she breathes out reflexively. The heart stores its oxygen in the blood and supplies it to the body to improve its athletic ability.

The excited bodies senses become heightened sharply and they can react quickly to external stimuli.

The brain was no exception. A sudden increase in blood and oxygen supply makes brain activity faster.

Just like now.

"How can a kid like you glare at an adult?"

The man threw his fist at Suhyuk's face. At that moment,

Suhyuk wrapped his arm holding his robe with his gown and he kicked the ankle joints of that man. With Suhyuk's gown fluttering in the air, the man fell to the floor. He depressed the opponent's force and pushed it down, using the weak joints to break down the center of his weight.

"Oh you bastard..."

When the fallen man was about to stand up, Suhyuk stepped down on his back.

"Do not worry, it's only a light bruise, and if you like, I can give you some physical therapy later."

Then he approached the man who was lying in the bed. He was someone everyone who came into the emergency room called Brother.

When the guys in black were coming beside him, Suhyuk opened his mouth to him lying in the bed quietly, "You have a lot of blood coming from your head. If this continues, you may have trouble breathing, then go into shock, then fall into a coma."

Suhyuk stared at those approaching him as if they were trying to kill him, and then said, "I feel as if I'm going to fight better than you guys somehow, but I hope the patient can hold on until I beat you up and down the floor."

At Suhyuk's words, the guys stopped for a moment.

'It's alright to say our boss should quickly get treatment, but how dare you threaten us with talk of our boss?'

"Hey, baby. Just hold your teeth tight, or your teeth will be broken."

The guys came close up to Suhyuk's nose. The the guy who was in the bed then opened his mouth, "Stop it," and then he looked at Suhyuk, saying, "Doctor, I am busy, so please treat me quickly."

Suhyuk looked at them gathered around him. They were

threateningly glaring at him as if they were about to hit him, but that did not happen.

"Those who need treatment will get treated, and those who are healthy should stay quietly and not disturb others."

At his words, the men were dispersed, and the emergency room was as quiet as it used to be, except for some occasional swearing.

"Let me take a look."

Suhyuk scattered his hair to see the wound, and he smiled a bit. His head was just a little torn.

"I think you need a bit of stitching, but won't you have a test done just in case?"

The man shook his head, "No thanks. Just stitch it right now."

Suhyuk nodded and looked at the nurse. She immediately brought a set of stitches for the wound. Suhyuk's hands moved immediately.

"It will sting a bit."

The man in bed was knitting his brows. Obviously he was putting up with the pain.

The nurse assisting at the side of Suhyuk had an approving expression on, seeing him doing a good job.

At that moment, the man pulled his phone out of his pocket and opened his mouth, "Let me pick up the phone for a moment."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yeah, so, what happened?"

"Big trouble, boss! The police smelt a rat, and now they are heading for the hospital."

The eyes of the man talking over the phone became wide.

For the detectives were already storming into the emergency room.

One of them, who looked more like a gangster than an organized investigative team member, was approaching. The detective looking at Suhyuk smiled and asked, "Doctor, was he seriously injured?"

"No, he just needs some stitching. That's it."

The detective, with a satisfactory look on his face, shouted to his men, "Put those who didn't get hurt into the van, and the others will be transported after they're treated."

The detectives moved quickly. They quickly put those grumbling men under control, coming in and out of the emergency room repeatedly, and they put handcuffs on the man who was treated last.

Only after that did they leave the place, and the medical staff could recover their calmness.

And they set their eyes on only one man, who was Suhyuk cleaning up the room.

"Did you hear about it Ms. Heo?" The nurse who looked at Suhyuk gathered both hands in her chest and muttered, repeating what Suhyuk had said: "I think I will fight better than you guys for some reason, but I hope that the patient will hold on till I knock you all down. How wonderful he is!"

"Lee Suhyuk, I hear he had no lover?"

The unmarried nurses' hearts were burning with passion.

Sunday morning.

Suhyuk who woke up at the lodging put on a cardigan instead of a doctor's gown.

Getting out of the hospital, he got on the bus right away.

As it was Sunday morning, the inside of the bus was relaxed and

not crowded.

Suhyuk sat on the seat and looked at the hospital outside the window quietly.

As he usually worked only inside, he felt something refreshing when he looked at it from the outside for once.

He really met a lot of medical staff and patients at Daehan Hospital.

Once he became a resident, he could meet even more people. He looked forward to that day.

The bus made a loud “Oh my god. It’s my baby!” (kyaahh) noise and drove on the road.

The neighborhood was noisy. Old buildings were broken down by various heavy equipment vehicles, for which studios and villas were being built everywhere.

Sukhyuk, who slowly walked around the neighborhood arrived at an old villa soon.

Looking at the building, he smiled bitterly.

He felt guilty as he has not come to this place for a few months.

Suhyuk walked into the villa with a familiar gait. Ding dong!

"Who is it!"

At the voice of a middle-aged women, Suhyuk said, "It’s me, Suhyuk.”

The door opened wide, and a woman was smiling with a surprised look.

She was the mother of Suhyuk.

“Oh my god. It’s my baby!” (kyaahh)

"My child!" She touched his face for a moment, but not that long.

“Why didn’t you contact me when you were coming here? Just

come on in. Honey, Suhyuk is here!"

When he stepped into the porch, he could see his father. He stood up, holding the remote control as if he was watching TV.

"It's me, Suhyuk."

At Suhyuk's words, he slowly nodded his head.

"Why didn't you contact us first before you came here? Have you eaten?"

Suhyuk smiled at his blunt voice... "Not yet."

"Come on now. You should first eat before you move around. Honey, cook some food for him. No, let's go out to eat."

"Honey, you ate a little while ago, didn't you?"

"I think I didn't eat enough. I feel hungry again. I feel like having meat."

Suhyuk shook his head.

When he went into the living room, his mother nodded.

"Okay, let me cook rolled omelet for you just the way you like it. Just wait a bit while watching TV."

So, he sat side-by-side with his father, watching TV in the living room.

Changing the TV channels, his father asked, "How do you find your work?"

"Yes it's going well. I think it fits my aptitude."

With that answer, Suhyuk cast his eyes at his father's hand. Each knuckle of his fingers had a Band-aid put on.

"Were you hurt?"

"Well, you just get your knuckles to become like this with a lot of work."

His father kept switching the TV channels with the Band-aid

covered fingers.

Suhyuk let out a small sigh. When can he make money, move to a new house and make them live in luxury?

“Let me take a look Dad.”

“I’m fine.”

“No, let me check it a bit.”

Then, Suhyuk took off the Band-aid one by one from his father’s hands.

When he did so, his father knitted his brows, which made Suhyuk feel heart-broken.

“Please wait a little more.” ‘I’ll rake in the money as the best doctor.’

In no time, all the Band-aids were fallen from his fingers. His father was a manual laborer, hence the rough hands.

Suhyuk checked the wounds quietly. He could see cracks in the skin here and there.

He guessed that he had his fingers hurt while working without letup in his sweaty gloves.

Fortunately, there were no other wounds. Still, there were yellow calluses on his father’s palms, and on the wrinkled hands.

His heart just hurt when he thought how his father could allow his wounded hands go untreated like this for so long...

Then he turned his head and looked at the hair of his mom now cooking rolled omelet in the kitchen.

How come there were so many grey hairs now on her firm hair, let alone on his father’s short hair?

“Did you apply the Band-aids without using any ointment?”

“Do not worry about it. It’ll be okay soon. I hear doctors are doing a lot of work. Are you, too?”

Suhyuk turned his head and jumped out of his seat.

He felt like some hot tears were coming out of his eyes.

"Where is the first aid kit?"

"It's in your room. Why are you looking for it?"

At his mother's voice, Suhyuk rushed into his own room.

A white square box. It was on the bookshelf.

'Why was it here? No proper place to put it? No way..She put it there just in case I might get hurt.'

Suhyuk looked back and checked his room carefully.

It was clean without any dust.

"Huuuuuuh..."

He opened the first aid kit. There was nothing in there. Only expired ointment and a dirty bandage. A sigh again flowed from the mouth of Suhyuk.

He just felt his throat become sore and some also a pressure in his eyeballs.

"Lee Suhyuk, you are such a bad guy."

Calming down his beating heart, he came back into the living room.

"Well, let me just go out for something real quick."

When he went out to the porch, his mother spoke hurriedly, "Food is almost ready. Have some before you go out."

"I'll be right back."

Suhyuk, who went straight to the pharmacy, bought the necessary medicine and ointment. Then he bought many fresh fruits on his way back home.

When Suhyuk arrived at the door of the house, his cell phone rang when he tried to push the doorbell. It was Oh Byungchul.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you now? Didn't you bring the pager? You have a lot of patients in the emergency room. So, come back quickly."

He hung up the phone, after saying it.

Suhyuk looked at alternately at the iron door and the cell phone before his eyes.

"Patients..."

Suhyuk, who was locked in thought for a while, called Oh within a minute.

"I'll take a rest today."

Chapter 82

After dinner at home, Suhyuk was ready to return to the hospital.

Of course, there was nothing special about going back.

There was nothing really in particular for him to pack, and everything he needed was at the lodging already.

"Do not leave... Will you take a break during the next weekend?"

At his mother's asking, Suhyuk smiled bitterly. Of course his parents could not notice it.

"I do not know, I'll call you when I'm next off."

When Suhyuk went out, the couple followed after.

As soon as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, his mother said first, "The weather is so good that I want to take a walk with your dad."

At her words, Suhyuk was no longer able to discourage them. Their walking course was exactly up to the bus stop.

The bus arrived and Suhyuk got on, and as he was looking back at his mother and father he said, "I'll give you a call."

His mom, with an arm wrapped around her husband's, waved her hand.

"Suhyuk, I hope you get used to the knack of the trade when you work. When something happens, call me right away."

His father was only looking at him without saying anything.

"Bye for now!"

The bus that carried the Suhyuk left right away.

The bus was not crowded when he got on, but the more it went through the bus stops, the more people got on, and the more crowded it became. The previously empty seats were all occupied,

and it was further crowded with standing people.

When he looked out the window, people's voices flowed into his ears.

A man was bragging about his salary increase, and there were some talking about their recent dates.

Sometimes people were talking about how hurt they were after failed dates, sometimes they were talking about it with little bit of happiness in their voices.

At that moment, a woman frowned at a loud voice. It was because the elderly man behind Suhyuk blowing his nose.

"Grandpa, here you go."

Did he use up all the tissues? The woman who had frowned her face gave him a disposable tissue.

"Thanks, student."

Suhyuk's head swung back toward him.

A grandfather, head down, kept blowing his nose constantly.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Grandpa, it's not good to blow your nose so often."

When one blows his nose hard, the eustachian tube connecting the nose and the ears ceases to function, which could cause pain in the ear or ear canal. The mucous membrane can also weaken, which can lead to nosebleeds.

After blowing his nose, the old man lifted his head.

At the same time, Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger.

‘Epistaxis’

The reason why the girl gave him the tissue paper was because he was pouring with a nosebleed. When the grandfather slipped his head backward, Suhyuk opened his mouth to ask, "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay. It will go away."

"Grandpa, do not lean back. Just tilt your head forward."

If the head was tilted backward, blood could enter the respiratory tract and cause aspiration pneumonia. Fortunately, the grandfather followed Suhyuk's words well.

When he tilted his head forward, blood dropped from his nose.

Though he blocked it with toilet paper, the blood was still flowing over his hand.

"Grandfather, hold your nose with two fingers and push it hard."

"Then will the bleeding stop?"

While he was blocking his nose with a tissue, he followed his words.

Suhyuk looked at him quietly. About five minutes passed.

Suhyuk knitted his brows slightly.

Though he thought it was not a big deal, the bleeding did not stop.

The amount of blood coming out was quite significant.

Suhyuk, now stood up from his seat, and elbowed his way to the old man.

"Did you get hit somewhere or did something sudden happen?"

"No, suddenly it came out like this."

It was not easy to see this amount of bleeding without a facial impact.

"Do you usually get a bloody nose like this?"

The old man shook his head, saying, "I've had no problem like this for years. Perhaps because I worked all night?"

He was a plastering worker at construction sites.

"I think you should go to the hospital."

At his words, the old man shook his head.

"It will get better over time," he said.

"No, it won't get better," said Suhyuk.

At his words, the old man smiled bitterly because he did not feel it necessary to pay the enormous medical fee once he got treatment at the hospital.

As the old man did not reply, Suhyuk opened his mouth again, "Grandpa, do you not think that there's a lot of blood coming out? It could damage your body. Going into shock. Or worse. It could cause you an even greater medical cost."

Suhyuk continued to persuade him.

The blood did not stop and the amount of bleeding was too much.

And finally Suhyuk decided to frighten him.

"I know some who died because they shed too much blood from a nosebleed."

It was a lie. He had never seen it before for himself, but it was also a rare occurrence that did happen.

Loss of consciousness due to excessive bleeding, which caused the patient's death during transportation to hospital.

At his words, the grandfather's wrinkled eyes grew bigger.

There was a stir in his mind.

"Really?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, it's true. Get off with me at the next stop."

The hesitant old man nodded.

At that moment, there was a recorded announcement saying the next stop was the entrance to Daehan Hospital.

Suhyuk and the grandfather visited the emergency room.

“A patient with epistaxis.”

Oh Byungchul, who was looking at the patients' charts, shook his head dumbfoundedly.

Now Suhyuk even began to bring in a patient from outside, not content with taking care of most of the usual emergency patients.

Suhyuk put the grandfather right on bed.

"Were you a doctor?"

At his asking, Suhyuk laughed and nodded his head.

The expected problem was anterior bleeding. It was a frequent problem that occurred when the mucosa weakened to seniors, but it is a bit different this time. Even bleeding from the front often stops. He had not seen such excessive bleeding like this before. What caused it?

Stopping himself from thinking of questions like that, Suhyuk decided to stop the bleeding first.

“Grandpa, please wait a moment.”

Suhyuk moved to the emergency room.

“A patient with epistaxis?”

Oh Byungchul came to Suhyuk who was taking all the necessary stuff to deal with the bleeding.

"Yes, the bleeding will not stop. I think we should stopper the blood first."

After saying that, Suhyuk looked at Oh. He was asking for his consent.

"Can you even do nasal packing?"

Suhyuk nodded, and Oh shook his head. Is there any first aid this guy cannot do anyway?

"Yeah, go for it."

As soon as Oh said that, Suhyuk approached the old man. So did Oh, who was worried that he might make a mistake.

"Grandpa, I'm going to give you first aid, You may be a bit uncomfortable when I do the nasal packing."

Nasal packing is a technique that compresses bleeding sites by inserting gauze coated with Vaseline into the nostrils of the nose. However, it was the thin compression sponge that he brought in his hand. He used it instead of gauze. It was a compression sponge that inflated while sucking in water or blood, and was able to compress the bleeding site and the nasal cavity.

"Hold on a second."

The grandfather nodded, and Suhyuk's hands moved.

The compressed sponge caught in a thin tweezer went into his nostrils. His face was getting thicker and wrinkled due to the pain.

"Be patient a bit more. it'll be over soon."

As soon as he said that, the procedure was finished, and the blood running down from the nose stopped.

Oh Byungchul, who watched over him from behind, shook his head.

It seemed a completely natural procedure, as if Suhyuk had spent years packing the nostrils. 'Master of nose packing?'

When Oh thought about it, Suhyuk asked, "Do you feel the blood passing through your neck?"

If so, that meant that the packing was not fit properly.

That's occurs because the sponge did not properly compress the nasal passages, so bleeding is still left ongoing. Fortunately, the grandfather shook his head, "I do not think there is such a feeling."

Suhyuk smiled at that. Now the constant bleeding was cured and stopped.

Next, he had to find out why the excessive bleeding occurred in the first place.

"Why?"

He asked himself the question.

At the same time, the names of various diseases passed through his head.

At that moment Oh Byungchul opened his mouth,

"Maybe, isn't it something like thrombocytopenia?"

He could not understand why he asked about it, because he found that he himself was discussing the issue with an intern... He just could not help but doubt his capabilities that he had cultivated while working at the emergency room so long.

Suhyuk shook his head though. It is not that kind of disease is what he thought.

"If you take a test, the results will come out. So do the blood test first."

Instructing Suhyuk like that, Oh moved again to take care of a man walking in with a limp to the emergency room.

"Grandpa, I'll try some tests for you to see why there was so much bleeding."

He just opened his mouth, "Does that cost a lot of money?"

Suhyuk took a deep breath. Was this the reason why he hesitated to go to the hospital?

Suhyuk, wearing a blank expression a moment ago, made a smile now.

He decided to get some clues on the cause without having him go through the tests.

It would not be too late to do the test when my stupid head can hardly figure it out.

"Grandpa, do you have any such aspirin or warfarin?"

"Aspirin? And what the hell is warfarin?"

"Have you been to a hospital recently?"

"I went to the hospital last week."

Suhyuk's eyes shone.

"What did they say at the hospital?"

"Oh, I don't know..."

He shook his head after he had been thinking for a while.

"I know what the doctor told me... I got an injection and was given some medicine to take."

"What is the name of the hospital?"

"True Hospital."

Suhyuk smiled at that.

"What is your age and your name?"

"I'm 69 years old and I'm Lee Byungchul."

"Okay, stay here for a while."

Suhyuk moved while leaving the grandfather back in the emergency room.

Oh, who was seeing a bruised patient, said to Suhyuk, "Hey, where are you going instead of doing the test?"

"I'll come back after I make a call."

Oh knitted his brows. Making a phone call in the presence of a patient he has to take care of?

"Hey, you..."

"Ooops..." Oh's head rushed back to the moaning of the patient.

"Sorry."

After peering at Suhyuk once again, Oh started to see the patient

again.

"Please give me the number of True Hospital."

At Suhyuk's request, the 114 operator gave him the number.

Suhyuk dialed directly.

"Yes, this is True Hospital."

"Hello, this is the emergency medicine department of Daehan Hospital. Age 69, the patient's name is Lee Byungchul. He had a medical treatment prescription there a few days ago."

"If it's urgent..."

Suhyuk cut out the reply deliberately to get the information quickly.

"It's an emergency. I'm in a hurry."

"Just a moment."

It did not take a long time. Soon there came out a voice from the other end.

"He was diagnosed with angina pectoris."

"Of course he has received a prescription drug?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you."

Suhyuk, who hung up the phone, looked at the grandfather sitting down and laughed to himself.

He found out the reason why.

Chapter 83

Patients with angina are prescribed with medication to help facilitate a smooth blood supply and flow.

Patient Lee Byunchol was prescribed with one of those such medications.

Suhyuk approached the grandpa and became worried for a moment. How could he explain it to him so that he could understand?

"Grandpa, you do not feel as if there is blood passing through your neck anymore, right?"

"Well, I guess I don't feel the blood rushing out anymore."

At this, Suhyuk smiled a bit.

"You have been prescribed pills for angina at True Hospital, correct?"

"That's right, that's right."

"The prescribed pills for angina contain ingredients that dilute the blood. Do you know what aspirin is?"

He nodded as if he knew what it was.

"You mean those white pills, right?"

"Yes, well you know what they look like when sold as they are. Aspirin can cause the blood in your body to circulate more easily, but aspirin can also cause problems. If you get hurt, the blood won't stop flowing. That's why blood was coming out from your nose."

The grandpa's eyes grew bigger.

"So, I should not take the pills for angina anymore?"

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "For the time being you can take the medicine, as long as it doesn't contain aspirin."

He had to take only the medicine containing the anticoagulant until bleeding in the nose has completely stopped and the wound healed.

When the grandfather nodded, Suhyuk opened his mouth again, "As you shed too much blood, I think I need to get you a sap."

Even if he had the sap put in, it was necessary to watch his condition for several hours.

"If you get the sap, it will be very late in the night when treatment is finished. Therefore, will you call a guardian?"

The grandfather shook his head. His wife and children were at home. He did not want to make them worried.

"Can I make a quick call outside and then come back?"

As he was in the emergency room, they might notice him making a call and he might disturb the other people there.

Smiling, Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, go ahead sir!"

So the grandfather made a short phone call and soon came back.

Suhyuk immediately put a ringer needle in his arm and asked, "Grandpa, do you smoke?"

"It is my joy and relaxation."

"Smoking is not very good for people with angina pectoris, so I think it would be better if you quit, for the sake of your family."

The grandfather nodded his head.

"Do you usually exercise?"

"What I do at my workplace is exercise enough."

Actually he had to move around until he was finished working at his workplace.

"What do you do?"

“Plastering work.”

His job is to plaster cement finely on the wall, but such a job could never be called a form of exercise. This is because the amount of movement that is done is limited.

"It is good for people with angina pectoris to do whole body exercises. Can you do it for 30 minutes a day? And do not overeat. Please eat less. Mainly a vegetarian diet and avoid salty food."

The grandpa nodded his head and looked at him.

"By the way doctor, are you not busy?"

He has never talked with a doctor for such a long time like this before. All the way up to now, he had never talked to doctors for more than 10 minutes during the examination.

Before, even though he talked to the doctor, they said only words that he could not understand, and all they did was just make some injections and then give prescription drugs as a solution for his disease or illness. And if he could not get any better, the doctor recommended surgery. That was it.

But the doctor in front of him looked different compared to doctors such as those he had seen before. He felt as if he was meeting a close acquaintance.

While the grandpa was looking at Suhyuk, he kept talking, "The most important thing is not to be stressed because stress is the source of all illnesses."

He then responded to Suhyuk with a relaxed smile,

"I'm afraid I'm taking too much of your time."

"I'm actually off today."

"Thank you."

Suhyuk shook his head, "This is my job, sir. After you get the sap, and it is confirmed that you have stopped bleeding, then you are good to be discharged."

Then he heard Oh Byunchul's voice.

"Lee Suhyuk. If you want to work, get dressed in a doctor's gown and come back."

Monday morning.

Suhyuk and his roommate Kwon Jaeik went to the underground convenience store for a light breakfast. One banana milk and one triangular dried laver roll each. That was their breakfast.

Kwon Jaeik, still rubbing his half-closed eyes, swallowed down the milk and then he asked Suhyuk, "What time did you come in yesterday?"

When he entered the lodging around 1am, Kwon fell into deep sleep immediately.

It was already in the morning when Kwon opened his eyes, and he found the alien Suhyuk already dressed in a robe.

"I came back here after 2am."

"You came back an hour later than me."

Suhyuk nodded a little. He had no clue why, but everybody egged him on to leave before 2am. Especially, Oh Byungchul.

If Suhyuk told him that he wanted to do a little more work, Oh expelled him with a threatening tone. Suhyuk muttered to himself. "It is not easy to work."

Other interns were anxious to rest, even shunning work, but Suhyuk thought the complete opposite.

"Can you manage your work?"

At Suhyuk's question, Kwon lowered his face,

"I'm afraid I will die, and I just feel nervous and uneasy if I do not receive any abusive language even for a day. This is a disease, isn't it?"

Suhyuk, lightly tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Now your internship at the pediatric department is over, right"

"Yes, I will now be assigned to another department, and I am worried about it already."

Having said that, he looked at Suhyuk. The place where he once left from was the department of pediatrics, and there were still lots of praises of him going around.

"How are you so good at figuring out the patients' disease?" asked Kwon.

"Well, the patient tells you. Think about the hints they give off," said Suhyuk with a smile.

Kwon shook his head. One of Suhyuk's many nicknames, Alien... He could not figure out what he was talking about just as if he were an alien talking. 'Someday I could make a name for myself,' Kwon thought to himself.

After having milk and dried laver rolls, the two separated from each other in the lobby.

Suhyuk was heading to the emergency room when his phone rang.

It was Professor Lee Mansuk.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

"Are you available right now?"

He had still 30 minutes left until his shift.

"Yes, I am, sir."

"Great, then can you come to see me for a while?"

"Okay."

Suhyuk immediately went to his office.

As he opened the door, Prof Lee Mansuk rose from the seat to welcome him.

"Have you eaten breakfast? "

"Yes, why did you want to see me...?"

"Man, don't be impatient like that! Just sit down and have a cup of coffee first."

Suhyuk sat on the sofa and Lee put out a prepared coffee.

"Thank you."

Lee Mansuk looked at Suhyuk sipping the coffee quietly.

"Mr. Lee, do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, sir."

Then Lee Mansuk recalled a memory, while taking his cup of coffee to his mouth.

The image of Suhyuk standing side-by-side with a nurse on that particular day.

Apparently, both of them looked sweet like lovers.

'If she is not his girlfriend, are they getting into a lovers' relationship? If so, there is still a chance.'

"Let's have lunch today."

"Do you have anything to say?"

He nodded his head.

"I have a little bit of a long story to tell you, and now you have to go to work. So, I'll see you at lunch. Let me tell those at the emergency medical department about this."

"I will wait for you in front of the restaurant then."

Lee shook his head. "Wait for me outside the hospital, or wait in the lobby."

Suhyuk nodded and rose from his seat.

"Then I'll see you then."

"Okay. See you then."

Suhyuk went out the office, and Lee Mansuk enjoyed the aroma of coffee with a pleasant mind.

Suhyuk, heading to the emergency room, was walking in the hallway.

Then the nurses passing by him whispered to each other.

"I hear that intern doctor kicked out the gangsters?"

"Look at his face. He's such a hot guy!"

"I heard he's as good as a resident in terms of treating patients?"

The existence of Suhyuk continued to be felt throughout Daehan Hospital.

Of course, Suhyuk did not know about it at all. He was oblivious to all the rumours about himself.

When Suhyuk went into the emergency room, Oh Byungchul approached.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning. Don't stay working until after 2am today. Just go back to your lodging and take a rest."

Suhyuk made a bitter expression. What kind of workplace would stop those who want to work? This was that kind of place. He had no choice as it was an order from his supervisor.

"Yes, sir."

"And check if the equipment is OK."

At Oh's words, Suhyuk started to look at the medical devices attached to each bed.

The emergency room was not busy, and there were other medical staff already taking care of a few patients.

Suhyuk carefully checked the equipment. He could not take his work lightly as the equipment was designed to show the vitality pattern of patients.

Could it have been 20 minutes since he started checking? He checked all the devices, and fortunately, there were no problems. After he was done, he had nothing to do anymore.

Suhyuk went to Oh, and said, "All the equipment has been checked. They're all normal."

"Good."

Saying so, Oh fixed his gaze on the chart again. Then, Suhyuk's voice was heard from behind, "Is there anything else?"

At his asking, Oh scratched his head with a ballpoint pen.

Other interns, when given assignments, made a miserable scowl on their faces, but he was the opposite. There was nothing in particular for Suhyuk to do, and there were very few patients visiting the emergency room today.

Oh, who was thinking what to say for a moment, opened his mouth, "Wait for a patient to arrive then."

Suhyuk made a bitter smile, but suddenly opened his mouth as if something came to his mind, "The patient record, can I check it?"

"What do you want to do by checking it?"

"I was wondering how the patients were being treated."

Oh nodded his head.

It was a good attitude. If he checked the illnesses of the patients, as well as the medical records of treatment and prescription, he would certainly find it a very valuable experience later.

"Yeah, if you're not busy, you can go ahead and check."

"Yes, sir."

Suhyuk went to a PC installed on one side, and he moved the

mouse. Looking at the monitor, Suhyuk muttered, "There is an infection in the urinary tract, but the treatment was extracorporeal shock wave lithotripsy, and he must have felt pain..."

The term 'extracorporeal shock lithotripsy' refers to using bruising stones from the outside without the need for surgery.

Suhyuk saw the next patient's records.

"Tension pneumothorax."

It referred to a condition where the pressure in the thoracic cavity gradually disappeared when the lung tissue was damaged and the air entering the thoracic cavity could not escape. That made it possible for the heart to move out of place and become biased to one side. If so, the vena cava breaks and clogs the flow of blood back to the heart. It was an emergency situation that could endanger life with the patient going into shock.

As such, Suhyuk moved the mouse and scrolled through the patient files for a while.

"Hey, you can go out for your lunch break," said Oh who came up to him.

Suhyuk moved to the lobby at his words, and there he could meet Lee Mansuk as previously agreed.

Suhyuk opened his mouth when he saw him walking ahead.

"Where will we go to have lunch?"

"You'll see once we get there."

And so, Suhyuk went out of the hospital following Prof Lee Mansuk.

Chapter 84

A black car was driving on the road smoothly.

Suhyuk, sitting quietly in the passenger seat, opened his mouth, "Where are we heading for, sir?"

He was already sat in the car for about 20 minutes, and all the way up to now, Lee had not told him about the destination they were going to.

He just asked Suhyuk about his hospital life on and off whilst driving.

"You'll see once we get there."

Lee stroked the wheel with his fingers, smiling mysteriously.

The car drove a little longer and soon reached the entrance to a mountain road, and then they drove up to the middle point after a few more minutes.

At last, the engine was turned off and Suhyuk and Lee got out of the car.

Suhyuk looked around. In his surroundings there was a large antique house. At a glance, it made him think that it was an expensive traditional Korean restaurant.

"Food served at this korean house is absolutely delicious. Let's go in."

Suhyuk, who could not take in the whole view of the house in one glance, followed Lee into the restaurant. The inside was gorgeous. The scented lanterns were shaking quietly, and a calm chirping sound from the piano tickled his ears.

"How many customers, sir?"

A well-dressed employee in a white shirt with a black skirt approached.

"I made a reservation."

"What is your name?"

"Lee Mansuk."

"Yes, on the third floor, follow me this way."

Suhyuk looked around here and there, while he was walking through the hallway. The ceramics, paintings and wallcoverings that were displayed for ornamental purposes even seemed expensive.

The sight made Suhyuk think of his parents and what he wanted to achieve in the future.

"This way, sir."

The employee opened a large door which was decorated with a drawing of a large stork. At the same time, Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger.

A gorgeous folding screen filled one side of the wall, showing the panoramic view of the overlooking mountains. 'How much do they charge for a meal in this place?'

When Suhyuk thought about such things, Lee Mansuk opened his mouth, "Why don't you take a seat?"

Suhyuk sat down, and looked out at the scenic beauty outside the big window.

Was it because of the fine weather? The water running between the wooded trees could not be more fresher and cooler.

"Let's order a little later."

At Lee's words, Suhyuk looked at the time. He had less than 20 minutes of lunch time left.

Looking at Suhyuk, Lee made a leisurely laugh, saying, "I told them already about having lunch with me, so do not worry."

"What do you want to say to me..."

When Suhyuk slurred, Lee smiled pleasantly, saying, “Hey, don’t be impatient like that. We just got here. So let’s catch our breath first.”

Suhyuk nodded, and then the employee’s voice was heard.

“This is the place.”

The door opened and a long brown-haired woman came in.

She was Lee Soyon, the niece of Prof. Lee Mansuk.

Looking at her, Suhyuk’s eyes became larger.

“Hello.”

‘What kind of situation is this?’ When Suhyuk was thinking to himself like that, the answer came from Lee’s mouth.

“I heard that you took care of my niece the other day. I hear you treated her so kindly.”

Suhyuk scratched his head. He did not have much to talk about, and he did not do any special tests. All he did was just blood collection.

“Thank you for that, and so I wanted to treat you to a meal as thanks. She is like my daughter.”

“I didn’t do anything in particular for her, sir. I just feel uncomfortable about this.”

At his words, Lee shook his head, “No no, do not feel uncomfortable. Soyon says she has never seen such a doctor like you before, so she wants to see you again.”

“Uncle...”

She poked his side with her elbow. Actually she was curious to know what type of person he was.

Was it really just that?

Anyway, she never had that kind of feeling like that before, to be curious about someone in such a way.

Her cheeks were blushing, and she glanced at Suhyuk.

That calm expression of his, and his eyes that did not blink at all even if he saw an entertainer like her.

She met such a guy for the first time in a long time.

Though, was there any such guy like him that she could think of?

“So don’t be uncomfortable.”

Suhyuk nodded at Lee Mansuk’s words.

Seeing as he agreed to come here, and seeing as Lee wanted to treat him, it was his duty to eat the food heartily.

"Thank you"

At his words, Lee made a satisfactory look, and he placed an order.

"Let me go to the bathroom for a moment."

Rising from the seat, Lee Mansuk glanced at Soyon.

Her cheeks became all the more reddish.

When Lee went out, the room became silent, but that was only for just a moment.

Soyon opened her mouth first, "Thank you very much for back then."

"It was just a basic examination. So, never mind it."

"I wasn’t able to go back to the hospital because I had a very busy schedule. May I get the test outcome even if I don’t visit the hospital?"

"If you don’t mind, I will contact you after checking it."

Soyon’s eyes shone brightly. She wanted to get his phone number that way.

"Thank you, my number i ..."

"I'll inform Professor Lee about it after lunch. I think that would

be better.”

‘What the hell is this guy thinking right now?’

When Lee Soyon blinked her eyes at his words, his cell phone rang.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

It was a call from Oh Byungchul.

"Where are you?"

"I went out for lunch. I was told that Professor Lee Mansuk told you about this. "

"I know, so where are you right now?"

Suhyuk asked, looking at Soyon.

"What is the name of this place?"

"Gyeongbuk..." Then the door opened and a voice popped out.

"Don't say it!"

It was Lee Mansuk.

Suddenly, he approached Suhyuk and opened his mouth, "Who is it?"

A little surprised, Suhyuk looked at him blankly.

"It's Mr. Oh Byungchul."

"Oh, I forgot that I had something to say to him. Can I talk to him?"

Suhyuk nodded his head and handed his cell phone.

"It's me, Lee Mansuk."

Then he went out.

"I think I told you already I have something to say to Lee Suhyuk. I might send him back over a bit later."

"Well..."

Lee, who narrowly knitted his brows, remembered something suddenly, saying, "Do you know Noblesse?"

"Are you referring to the restaurant? I know it."

"Yeah, I'm eating here right now. So do not worry, I'll send him back in good time."

"It's alright. Please have a good time."

Lee hung up the phone, and turned off Suhyuk's cell phone.

Then he went inside and handed back the phone.

"Do not worry about the hospital. He said you could come later."

Suhyuk nodded his head. Who could take issue with him eating with a professor?

"Is it okay for you to be vacant for so long?"

Suhyuk asked Lee with a surprise.

Patients requiring emergency surgery could come to the emergency room at any time.

"If I had a patient to care for, I would not have come to this place. How can there be only one doctor like me at the hospital? And if there is a call, I can move then."

Then Lee said, looking at the employee bringing the food, "Can doctors who are so busy have a chance to eat like this? On call, on duty, and night duty. We have to enjoy food like this every once in a while when we can, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head. That's right. Of course, he could not agree with some parts of his opinion.

"Food served here really tastes good. I come to this place with Soyon sometimes."

The table was filled with all kinds of delicacies, and the delicacies on the table were enough to stimulate the appetite.

"Okay, enjoy!"

The meal started, and Lee looked at Suhyuk and Soyon alternately, gesturing toward her repeatedly. On such occasions, she opened her mouth, “Dried yellow corvina tastes really good here.”

“I see.”

“What kind of food do you like, Suhyuk?”

“Well, I like any food.”

“Yes, a man who eats well looks good to me.”

Suhyuk nodded his head and moved his chopsticks slowly.

‘What kind of guy is he?’

Lee Soyon peeked at him.

He was the type of a man who did not show any gap that she could get into.

He just answered any question she asked in a way that she could not talk back. It looked as if he was putting out a protective shield. That made her more curious about him.

Did he act like that on purpose? And on that day when she visited the emergency room, the smile he showed her could not be found anywhere today.

“Do you love doing exercise?”

“Let me go out to the bathroom.”

When Suhyuk rose, she just shut her mouth with an embarrassed look.

“So, how do you feel about him?”

When Suhyuk went out, Lee asked her.

“I do not know.”

“Though he looks brusque, he is a warm-hearted person.”

Lee Mansuk, who watched Suhyuk on his usual days, thought

about him that way.

The genuine attitude of his towards patients, facing directly with them...

He would not have introduced his niece to Suhyuk if he had not found such a sincere character in him.

"Uncle, I'm supposed to have CF shooting in an hour..."

"Yeah, we are almost done eating anyway. Let's get up and get ready to leave. You should ask him for his contact number."

At his words, she felt her face burn up into a blush. Though she was a talent, she could not reveal the ups and downs of her own emotion.

"By the way, why hasn't he come back?"

It's been 10 minutes already since Suhyuk left.

And now, soon after, 20 minutes have passed since he left.

"Does he have constipation?"

Lee Mansuk rose up to see if there was something wrong.

When he was about to go out, he turned his head at her calling, "Uncle!"

She was looking out the window.

Approaching the window, Lee shook his head.

He was with a woman who looked like a climber.

Suhyuk silently looked at her who was limping, and touched her ankle.

Then he tied her ankle with the handkerchief she gave him.

Lee and Soyong could see him.

With one of his knees bent down, he was looking up the climber with a smile.

"Doctor..." She was unconsciously recalling the word, and Lee

smiled bitterly, saying, "Just think of it as an occupational illness..."

Kim Jinwook, who opened the door of the emergency room, approached Oh Byungchul.

"Did you not hear it wrong?"

"I heard that it was Noblesse."

"Are you sure?"

At the suspicious eyes of Kim Jinwook, Oh Byungchul scratched his head.

"I think it's true.. Can I call again?"

Kim Jinwook shook his head.

Suhyuk's phone was turned off.

"But why are you looking for intern Lee Suhyuk?"

"No reason."

Kim Jinwook turned back.

Oh made a suspicious look when he saw Kim going out.

He was just following his instructions that he should check Suhyuk's whereabouts as a rule and report on him.

Chapter 85

Suhyuk, who came out of the Korean restaurant, entered Lee's car, and it was now just the two of them. Lee Soyon had already left in a van to go to her talent work.

"Did you enjoy the food?"

Suhuk nodded at Lee's asking.

"It was delicious."

The food was really good. Though he did not visit that kind of restaurant often, it surely offered the best traditionally Korean food that he's ever had.

"Let's come back again next time then."

So they left the place. As soon as the car was running, Suhyuk suddenly checked his cell phone.

Did the battery go out? It was turned off.

When Suhyuk pressed the power button, the screen turned on.

The capacity of the battery was enough for it to remain charged for a long while.

'Though, it is about time to change to a new one...'

He used this particular phone for the past five years without changing it even once.

At that moment Suhyuk's cell phone vibrated and a message window popped up, <Suhyuk, this brother feels regrettable...>

Starting with that one, other text messages continued to pop up.

All of them were sent by Prof. Kim Jinwook. What were they about?

<Suhyuk, did you turn off your cell phone on purpose? How about dinner tonight?> <Oh, I have got a surgery scheduled today. If you want, let me reserve one spot for you?> Reading all the text

messages, Suhyuk rubbed his arms. He got goose bumps for some reason.

He wrote a reply right away.

At that moment he fixed his eyes on the front when Lee said, "What a traffic jam!"

As he said, the cars in front were crawling like a tortoise, though at least they got out of the foot of mountain.

It was impossible that there could be such a traffic jam in a place like this. Was there a car accident?

That was possible. Suhyuk checked his watch. It was already past 2pm.

"I'm afraid I'm too late returning back..."

Suhyuk's worries were evident on his face.

Lee smiled and said, "You do not have to worry about it. Why? Are you afraid someone is going to take any issue with you?"

Suhyuk was an intern who had not been assigned to any specific department for his internship, and he had no meaningful weight as a doctor.

Nobody could take any issue with him just because he was a bit late.

Especially because he was with Prof. Lee.

"If anybody says something about this, tell me right away."

Smiling bitterly, Suhyuk looked out the car window.

He just wanted to go back to the hospital.

"How about Soyon?"

"She looks beautiful," he said.

That was true. She was really beautiful.

"I'm not mentioning this because she is my niece, but she is very

upright and good..."

While Lee said so, his eyes were getting bigger.

A two-story house was seen on the side, and it was leaning to one side. Then suddenly it collapsed with a big thump.

There was an incredible sight happening in front of him.

The cars that were crawling in the traffic jam stopped completely.

And the people inside the cars came out one by one. Suhyuk was no different.

Though he could not see well due to the dust. Was there anyone inside the house?

"Anyone trapped inside?!"

As if some being were answering his shouting, the water from a pipe burst out like a fountain, and the dust that interfered with his view disappeared in an instant.

"Is anybody here?!"

There was no answer. Was there nobody in the house? If so, that was really fortunate.

Soaked to the skin, Suhyuk looked around to check if there was anyone wounded, and walked around the collapsed house.

He heard nothing like a human voice, though.

"Huuuuuh..."

At that moment, he heard something like "Help..."

It was a very quiet and muted voice.

When he called out again, he heard a voice immediately, "Here... Here..."

He moved hastily.

"Where are you?!"

Suhyuk started to remove the trees and stones quickly.

He did not care that he had the back of his hand bruised.

"Please help me..." Cried the voice of a woman trapped in a heap of stones.

Soon a child's crying could also be heard.

"Are you okay?!"

Suhyuk, who knelt down on both knees, and put his ears closer to the ground.

"Please help me, I think my husband is shedding a lot of blood!"

Her voice was in pain.

Suhyuk, who rose from his place, had a hard time trying to lift up a big stone with all his might.

But it did not budge at all. It weighed at least 200kg or more. No wonder that he could not move it at all.

He quickly shook his head and shouted out, "Help!"

Did no one hear his shouting voice?

They just came out from their cars, showing no sign of coming to help him, and called somewhere. Even some of them were leaving the place in a car.

Knitting his brows, Suhyuk pushed the stone hard again.

But it was the same as before. The stone still did not move.

At that moment he saw a metal pipe on one side.

It was pretty long. At least 5 meters long.

Carrying it on his shoulder, he put the pipe inside a gap underneath the stone.

He was about to use the principle of leverage, and then he pushed it down very hard at one end.

The stone hovered up and down. Suhyuk frowned his face.

He was squeezing out all the strength he had to push down the pipe and lift up the stone.

"Just a little more..."

Did Suhyuk's desperate efforts pay off?

The stone rolled over with a big noise.

Throwing away the iron pipe, Suhyuk also then threw away some small stones scattered behind.

Lee Mansuk at that moment then walked up to him. He was all wet to the skin.

"Was there a person Inside?"

Suhyuk, not hearing his words well, moved his hand like a person who lost his senses.

Soon he could see a small hole, and there a woman's face seen halfway, and the child's cry was heard more clearly.

Suhyuk's mouth was reflexively opened, "Are you okay?"

"My husband isn't opening his eyes," she said.

Her husband lay next to her, but Suhyuk could not see him because a heap of stones was blocking his view.

"Hold on a second, I'll get you out soon."

Suhyuk grabbed the pipe again, and he started to move away the stones blocking them from getting out.

Lee, who was next to Suhyuk, had finished dialing 119 and Daehan Hospital.

When he removed all the stones, there appeared a pit about one meter in diameter.

They were trapped in the pit. How fortunate they were.

A fireplace made of cast iron prevented the stones from falling

over onto them.

"Please take out my kid first..."

Suhyuk quickly pulled out the child crouching inside. A child with lots of dust covering his face. And now there was the sound of falling water like rain, and the cry of a child.

"I think he's okay. Professor Lee, please take care of this boy."

Suhyuk then reached his hands over to the woman.

"My husband..."

"Come out first."

Suhyuk pulled her out.

And he told her, with blood coming down from her hair, "Tell me where you are hurt."

Fortunately, her skull seemed to be okay, though she had a little bruise.

"Boohoo... I'm okay... Please save my husband!"

At her desperate screaming, Suhyuk jumped down.

And he could see that the man was trapped under a stone. One side of the wall was pressing down on his lower body, and he was bleeding terribly.

"Please come to your senses!"

Suhyuk waved him and took his hand to his nose. His breath was very weak.

Then his eyelids shuddered, and he said, "Where am I..."

"The house building collapsed. Are you okay?"

His eyes suddenly opened.

"Yerin, Mijin!"

"Honey!"

His wife and child who was crying were seen in his eyes.

When he confirmed his family's faces and saw that they were alright, he began to moan.

He felt a great deal of pain down from his lower body.

Suhyuk took off his clothes and covered his upper body.

His lips were blue. He was suffering from hypothermia caused by the excessive bleeding.

Suhyuk had an embarrassed expression. There was nothing he could do.

Only a superman could move the stone that had been pressing down on him.

"Has the ambulance not come yet? It looks like he needs a blood transfusion quickly."

At Suhyuk's urging, Lee dialed 119 again and shouted, "Come quickly!"

It has already been five minutes since Suhyuk went inside the pit.

In the meantime, the sound of the ambulance could not be heard.

"Hold on a second," Suhyuk continued to speak to him.

However, the bleeding was so severe that it was not easy for him to stay conscious.

If he loses consciousness, the situation would go out of control.

"I don't have any feeling in my body right now."

When the man said that, Suhyuk knitted his brows. That meant his body was getting more and more damaged. There was nothing he could do to help.

"The body of a man is mysterious. It breaks like an egg and yet it is also hard as a rock."

At Suhyuk's words, the man smiled hard. He could understand

what he meant.

Words of encouragement.

“Your kid looks wonderful.”

The man smiled with some effort. His family looking down on him with tears dripping.

"He takes after my wife."

Then Suhyuk heard a nice siren sound.

And soon the faces of the paramedics were seen up above. Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Blood transfusion, first."

The blood transfusion was done immediately. While Suhyuk was carrying the blood sap, paramedics began to agonize about the situation because they could not break the stone or use the cutter to pull him out. The location of his being trapped was really exquisite. If they remove the stone covering the lower body of the man, the surrounding stones will collapse.

"We have to lift it from the top first."

In order to prevent any collapse, there was no other way for them to remove the stones from the outside.

While they were agonizing over it, Suhyuk was also thinking.

Even just a moment made the situation more urgent. Transfusion alone has its limitations.

As time went by, the life of the victim would get worse.

Looking at the lower body of the man quietly, Suhyuk opened his mouth.

"We could cut it."

Chapter 86

The ambulance crew shook their heads at Suhyuk's words.

If they cut the stone, the surroundings might collapse.

"Then the surroundings may collapse," they said.

Suhyuk, fixing his gaze on the victim, opened his mouth, "My idea is to have his leg amputated."

Everyone's eyes turned big. It was an idea that nobody thought of.

"You are talking nonsense. Who are you?"

When a crew member asked, Suhyuk said briefly, "I'm a doctor."

Then he knelt down to one side of the victim's head, with the blood pack still raised, and Suhyuk asked the victim smiling blankly, "Can you move your right leg?"

His leg wriggled. As expected, the right side was not trapped, but there was bleeding coming from there. The victim let out a painful groan.

"It seems like you've been pierced by something."

Suhyuk knitted his brows. What was it? But right now that was not the point to focus on.

"You said earlier you do not have feeling. Can you feel anything on your left leg?"

He shook his head. He could not get out because of his trapped left leg.

Suhyuk gave a brief sigh. The muscles in the crushed area were getting worse and worse. That's why he had no sense of feeling there.

"I think you have to have your leg amputated. The odds are 6 to 4."

"Oh ..." A sigh came out of the mouth of the victim.

"It sounds like the odds are that I might die."

"Yes."

However, the worst could also happen when they took away the stone as it was.

Bywater syndrome. Muscles that are pressured in some parts of the body are necrotic and produce toxic substances. When they release the stone and the pressure is released, the poisonous substance in one place will start roaming through the body in the blood. Also the amount of bleeding was severe.

"I am taking low blood pressure medicine. Will it be okay?"

At his bittersweet words, Suhyuk's expression became worse.

That's why such excessive bleeding was happening.

"I think you should make a decision now."

"Give me a little time to think."

Suhyuk nodded his head, and then, he handed the blood pack to the paramedics and climbed up.

"Please save my husband!"

Tears flowed constantly from the eyes of the victim's wife.

"Do you think he can't be pulled out?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at Lee's question.

"One of his legs was trapped under a stone. I think we should consider an amputation."

A bolt out of the blue to the wife. She knelt down helplessly.

Suhyuk, moving the heap of stones that trapped the victim, said to Lee, "Bywater syndrome. I think we need to cut his leg and have him get immediate surgery."

Lee looked at Suhyuk quietly. His shoulders slumped. It was as if

Lee was a part of the victim's family when he saw what he was doing.

He was throwing the piled stones away one by one. As for a large stone that he could not remove with just his hands, he rolled it over with a steel pipe. But his own strength was limited. Among the stones, a big rock did not move even a bit.

A murmur came out of his mouth, "Move... Damn it!"

Then he stood up and moved to the victim.

Then Lee Mansuk caught him by the shoulder, asking, "How is the victim's condition?"

"He was bleeding and taking blood pressure medication."

"I think I have to take a look," said Lee.

When Lee tried to put his foot into the pit, Suhyuk shook his head.

"The inside is fairly narrow, let me go in."

Suhyuk's eyes met with Lee's eyes, as if they were begging him to believe him.

When Lee nodded his head, Suhyuk began to move.

"Have you made a decision?"

The victim closed his eyes for a moment and fell into thought.

It did not last long.

He lifted his eyelids and opened his mouth, "I want to go out with normal legs."

That meant he rejected the amputation idea.

Suhyuk respected his judgment, and gave a slight smile.

The situation was not that pessimistic and hopeless.

He could pin some hope on the fact that he was still conscious.

‘I will do what I can.’

"Got it."

Suhyuk immediately loosened his belt and tightened it around the thigh of the victim.

"It is an ad-hoc prescription to prevent toxicity that can go up the leg."

Suhyuk said to the ambulance crew who were looking at the surroundings.

"Please remove the stones so I can pull out his leg."

The crew nodded, even though the heavy equipment vehicles were still on their way over here.

When they went out, Suhyuk and the victim were left alone.

Suhyuk leaned against the wall holding the blood pack.

"You're having a real trouble because of me. Thank you."

Suhyuk laughed.

"You do not have to thank me, this is my job," he said, looking at the hole where the light was coming in from.

"No, you're having this trouble because of me... If I had chosen to have my leg amputated, I would have gotten out already."

Suhyuk listened to what he was saying. It was good for him to continue to speak, so he could stay conscious like that.

"I felt as if I was going to be kicked out of my company if I had my legs amputated.

And I still have a lot of loans to pay back and a family to feed..."

"I think you are a great family man. You should stay calm in order to get out of here."

"Thank you."

As soon as he said that, the dirt fell down. It meant that the

heavy lifting machinery arrived.

The paramedics came down again.

“There is a risk of collapse while we are removing the stones, so we will install some equipment around here first.”

The paramedics immediately installed hydraulic support beams here and there.

Soon, solid iron steel was installed to support stones that could collapse, and the place inside became even narrower.

“Okay. We will remove the stone from above. Tell us if you see any sign of collapse here.”

When Suhyuk nodded his head, they went up again.

Dirt kept falling from above. Suhyuk picked up the jacket he had overlaid over the victim.

“You'll be able to get out of here soon, just be patient.”

How long has it been so far? The amount of light pouring down was becoming more and more.

Then the paramedics came in.

“We're ready. We're going to remove the stones.”

“Please do it as much as possible without any vibration.”

They nodded, and got the cutter from above.

“Even with sprinkling water there will be have a lot of dust.”

The man who put a mask on the victim handed another one to Suhyuk.

Weeeing... The cogwheel started to turn and the machine cut the stone slowly.

On all such occasions, the victim's face frowned.

Suhyuk asked him, “Are you okay?”

He nodded his head. He felt the vibration in the part where

bleeding came from, and the pain became more severe than before. But he could hold on, for he had to, for the sake of his family.

The cogwheels kept turning without stopping. It took 20 minutes before the cutter stopped, and the stone on which the victim was trapped was cut into several pieces. The stones were removed, and Suhyuk checked the bleeding leg.

A rebar was poking through the thigh, which protruded from the stone.

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

The risk of cutting the rebar with the cutter and removing it was too great.

Because muscles and nerves could be damaged by the ensuing vibration.

Even though he wanted to pull out his thigh, excessive bleeding could occur.

Though he agonized a bit over it, Suhyuk made a quick judgment. Even a second was not to be wasted.

He could not delay anymore.

"Please give me some bandages."

Suhyuk, who was handed bandages by the crew, tied up the upper part of the stabbed wound with the bandages.

"You will feel a bit of pain."

When the victim nodded, Suhyuk slowly pulled the thigh from the rebar.

"Ugh..."

The blood poured out. However, it was blood that was stagnant and that had stayed trapped in the leg.

The bleeding was getting less frequent because he tied the wound very tight with utmost pressure.

"Move him quickly!" When Suhyuk said that, the crew began to raise him out the pit.

"Honey!"

"Boohoo... Dad!"

The victim was carried into the ambulance amid the family's crying.

As soon as the victim arrived at the emergency room, he went through an examination while he was receiving blood transfusions first. Of course, the place that was penetrated by the rebar was also treated. A tetanus shot was given to him too.

Can there be such a miracle?

There was a small crack in the bones of his trapped leg, and only a little muscle damage.

However, his blood pressure slightly dropped. In the end, that was all.

The reason why the man was not seriously hurt was something Suhyuk could only guess at.

As the head of the family, he had such a great care and consideration for his family.

Could that devotion have caused such a miracle?

But he could not afford to be off guard. Even bywater syndrome could cause trouble.

He immediately administered sap and medication. It was a drug that diluted toxicity.

Prof. Lee took the lead there. Well, it was mostly done by Suhyuk, because the victim followed what Suhyuk said.

"Don't cry, I'm okay."

The victim, lying in a stretcher bed, smiled and soothed his child.

Then Lee brought the chart and came up to him.

"Fortunately, there seems to be no problems, but I need to watch over the progress of your condition while you're being treated here for a few days."

When Lee said that, the man turned his gaze to the side.

There, Lee Suhyuk, the intern, was laughing with his child.

'If he had not been there at the time of the accident, what would have happened to me?'

Suhyuk made him hold open his eyes that he felt were closing by having him think of his family.

"Guardian, follow me."

Lee left the place, and Suhyuk, left alone, opened his mouth, "You're lucky. You've got insurance, right?"

The man smiled and nodded, "Yes, even life insurance for the family."

Suhyuk laughed a little. He was such a great patient, still caring about his family so much.

"But it looked like a new house..."

At Suhyuk's words, his expression got harder and harder.

It was less than a week since his new house was built. How did they build it like that...

"I think there's only one thing I can do for you."

The victim made a curious expression.

What does he mean when he said he could do something for him?

He was already so grateful that he saved his life and treated him.

Then he heard something.

"Hey, Suhyuk!"

A woman with long waving hair approached him laughing. It was reporter Han Jihye.

Chapter 87

Han Jihye came up to Suhyuk and smiled. Then she looked at the man lying in bed.

“Is this the man you talked about?” she asked.

Nodding his head, Suhyuk said, “I think he’ll help give you a good story.”

Saying so, Suhyuk turned back to leave the place. Before he left out of earshot, she said to Suhyuk, “Suhyuk, let’s have dinner together sometime.”

Then she smiled softly at the man in bed.

“I hear your newly built house collapsed. How fortunate you are...”

“Actually it’s better to say that he saved my life,” the man said, looking at Suhyuk who was leaving the place.

Slowly nodding her head, she thought of his face. In some respect he had an icy demeanour, but the smiles he gave could not be warmer.

“By the way, who are you?”

“Oh, I’m a reporter. I think I can be of help to you.”

The national TV networks were scrambling to report on the incident of the collapse of the newly built house; with a miracle story about the rescue of one family buried under the collapsed house. The construction company that built the house offered all kinds of excuses, with the assurance that they would pay compensation to the family as much as they could.

So, all the things unfolded just as Suhyuk expected. He could smile a satisfactory smile at the family members discharged from the hospital.

On the other hand, Han Jihye was full of dissatisfaction with the copy editor in the newsroom.

“Editor!”

Looking at the reporting files, he greeted her with a pleasant smile.

Everytime she came in with a news piece about some incident, it was hit after hit with the news channels. She was a real gem to him.

“Now, what’s the matter?”

“Why, Suhyuk... how come the doctor who rescued the family was not mentioned in the report?”

When she submitted the original script, she heavily mentioned Suhyuk’s role.

From the time he was in high school he saved people’s lives, identified the cause of death of a cadaver, and even caught criminals. Mentioning those things, she narrated a dramatic story about Suhyuk, so that he could get even more limelight for success in the world.

However, there was no story about him either on TV nor in the papers. All of it evaporated into nothing!

When Han fumed, unable to hold back her anger, the editor smiled bitterly.

He wanted to spread Suhyuk’s story to the world.

The student in question, almost forgotten in the memories of the people, resurfaced again as a doctor this time, who, to exaggerate a bit, went around to save a person’s life every year.

How wonderful! In this tough world, he was like a hero who could appear on the movie screen.

If they report about him, the general public will be all the more excited about him, and the media company that broke a story

about him first would go from strength to strength.

However, they could not do so this time, because of one phone call.

The editor, offering a cup of coffee, opened his mouth to Han Jihye, “I received a call from Lee Suhyuk’s lawyer.”

Her eyes became wide.

“Lawyer?”

Why did Suhyuk hire a lawyer? She could not figure it out at all.

For fear that the media would report about him in a weird way?

She felt a bit regrettable about it. She just wanted to let the world know about his good work, rather than get a good scoop.

Even then, he hated it so much? Suddenly she recalled what he had told her in the past.

“I wish I were not on TV anymore.”

‘Was he serious when he said that? Not because he was media shy? So, is that why he hired a lawyer?’

She could not understand Suhyuk’s behavior because he was not the same Suhyuk she had known in the past. Sweeping up her hair, she asked the editor, “What’s the lawyer’s name?”

“I heard it’s Dongsu.”

“Really?”

“Kim Dongsu.”

‘He is a prosecutor...’

Watching the TV in the lobby, Suhyuk smiled. He could not find any news story about him in the news reports about the collapse of the building and the safe rescue of a family.

It seems Jihye obviously accepted his request this time.

Thinking so, he headed for the cafeteria. Then his cell phone rang.

It was from Jihye.

“Yes, sister.”

“Are you busy Suhyuk?”

“No, I’m just now going for lunch.”

“Well... let me ask you one thing. Dongsu called our company and threatened we should not report anything about you. I don’t understand why he did that.”

Suhyuk went blank, and soon made a dumbfounded smile.

When he talked with Dongsu over the phone, he bleated a bit that he might be on TV again, and complained that he did not want any media spotlight.

“Why? Don’t you like being on TV?”

“I don’t want to draw the people’s attention.”

“Really?”

That was the end of their conversation. Then, Dongsu made the call to the media company...

He just acted wild like that. But he felt good about it.

Jihye who wanted to inform the world about his name. He could guess her motivation to some respect.

And Dongsu who would come anytime to help him as far as he was concerned. That kind of reckless act made him feel good. It seemed some valuable persons around him began to be added up one by one. That was in sharp contrast to his school days.

“Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk, who had been recalling Dongsu, now came to his senses.

“Ah, why did Dongsu do a thing like that...? I have an emergency call all of a sudden. Let me call you later!” Suhyuk hung up the phone.

Rather than make an excuse to her, he felt it would be better for the two of them, who sometimes contacted each other anyway, to take care of the matter well between themselves.

Looking at his cell phone calmly, he headed to the cafeteria.

“Take care!” said Oh Byungchul.

“See you again,” replied Suhyuk.

Already, the one month of work at the emergency room, which the hospital director promised to Suhyuk, passed.

It was about time he should move to another clinical department.

“Nice job. You’re going to major in emergency medical science, right?”

Oh firmly believed he would do so, and hoped he would.

After all, he did stay one more month at the emergency room per his own request.

Suhyuk just smiled without replying, and bowed his head again.

“Thanks for your teaching sir. See you again.”

At that moment Oh came close to saying to him, ‘It’s me who learned from you.’

After swallowing what he was about to say, Oh nodded his head and walked back. So did Suhyuk.

When he was going out of the emergency room, he heard voices from some nurses in the back.

“See you again, doctor!”

“We’ll wait for you at the emergency room until you become a

resident.”

The way they spoke to him looked like they were talking to someone who was leaving somewhere far.

It was possible. There were many hospital wards at Daehan Hospital, which was very large.

Unless they belonged to the same clinical depart, they would hardly see each other’s faces.

Time passed very quickly.

There was only one month left for the interns to decide on their major.

The primary physician of internal medicine was with the interns, and Suhyuk was amongst those interns.

Looking at the patient’s name in the hospital room, the internal doctor opened his mouth, “Im Okgyong.”

At his calling, a female intern came up.

“He’s has mediastinitis. What kind of treatment did he receive?”

“As a result of erroneous swallowing of foreign substances or esophageal cancer, a hole in the esophagus formed...”

The internal doctor shook his head.

“Did I ask you to explain about the disease? How was he treated?”

“Well... the inflammation was removed and some medication was applied...”

The doctor let out a sigh at the intern’s silly response.

“Do you know why Lee Suhyuk is famous at other departments?”

Every intern just kept silent like a mute who ate honey.

They heard rumors about him. He answered the professors or

doctors' questions so well.

“Lee Suhyuk, can you explain? How was the patient treated?”

“The patient was injected with antibiotics and nutrients at the same time, and he underwent respiratory support.”

“Why?”

“Because it suppresses inflammation which prevented food from passing through the esophagus...”

At that moment, they heard someone clicking his tongue.

“Tut, tut..”

He was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

“You have a weird hobby, man. Why do you go to the trouble of asking someone about something you know already?”

“Well... I was going to do it for the interns' guidance.”

The doctor stammered.

“Next time ask them after showing the patient's chart.”

“Yes, sir.”

To Prof. Lee, the doctor's behavior looked like he wanted to tighten the interns' discipline.

“I've got something to talk to Lee Suhyuk about. Can I take him for a moment?”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile, following Prof. Lee., because he could not focus on the patients.

It was because of this professor who met or contacted him any time he wanted.

So, they got on the elevator to go to the Sky Park at the rooftop.

Prof. Lee, who sat on the bench, asked Suhyuk,

“It’s hard, right?”

“It’s okay, sir.”

He had nothing much to do at the internal medicine department, compared with other departments.

All he had to do was just make the rounds with the doctor and look on. There was nothing else he could do, because the doctor did not allow him to do anything.

“I’ve got something I’m curious to ask you about.”

“Please let me know, sir.”

Prof. Lee stopped talking for a moment.

All his efforts came to nothing. Including the one involving his niece.

Soyon made several attempts to contact him, but gave up due to Suhyuk’s stoney attitude.

She complained that she did not find him attractive enough.

The text messages she showed to him made him just feel embarrassed.

No matter how long a text message she sent, his replies were just like this: Yes, No, I’m busy, I ate.

Prof. Lee slightly glanced at Suhyuk, wondering if he was not interested in a girl at all, but a man instead... He felt like he was hit with a hammer when he thought this was the reason.

Prof. Lee shook his head.

“What’s the matter with you, sir?”

“No, nothing. By the way, the test on your major is just around the corner, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

Prof. Lee slowly nodded his head, and opened his mouth.

“Let me speak directly. I want you to come to the neurosurgery department. I can help you, and discuss with you, touring the conferences together...”

Suhyuk listened to him silently.

Was he mistaken? He could feel some sort of deep feelings in the professor’s voice.

“Do you have in mind any particular clinical department?”

When Suhyuk opened his mouth, Prof. Lee felt so anxious at the moment.

“Well, I’d like to...”

At that moment, someone shouted toward him,

“Suhyuk!”

Both of them turned their heads toward the entrance of the Sky Park.

Lee Mansuk frowned his face, and Suhyuk stayed calm, as if he knew it would happen.

Whenever he was meeting with Prof. Lee, Prof. Kim Jinwook came to see him.

Of course, in terms of frequency, Prof. Lee did come to see him more than Prof. Kim.

And then, Kim would say something like this, “I’ve been looking for you for a long while.”

Walking up to them, Prof. Kim smiled at Suhyuk, and said, “I’ve been looking for you for a long while.”

“What brought you here?” asked Prof. Lee.

Kim made a relaxed smile at Lee’s asking, and said,

“I’ve got something to say to my brother Suhyuk.”

The word ‘brother’ was really annoying to him. Lee wiggled his

eyelids.

“I’ll send him to you as soon as I’m done.”

Kim sat on the bench next to them.

“Let me wait here, enjoying the nice breeze.”

Why does Kim look so nasty to him even though he did not do anything wrong to him?

Lee, who could not put up with it any more, asked Suhyuk.

The time finally came when he had to end his anxious life, wondering what department Suhyuk would decide on.

“So, which department do you want to go to?”

Kim Jinwook cast his eyes at him instantly.

“I would like to...”

Chapter 88

Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook's attention were immediately focused on Suhyuk's lips.

They did not care about the sound of the wind, nor the chattering among those on the benches in the park. Suhyuk slightly looked at Lee Mansuk; the best neurosurgeon in Korea.

One day he asked Lee about the injuries that Hana's father had, and Lee shook his head, saying that modern medical science could not treat it.

If that was true, it meant that even Prof. Lee could not do anything about it.

So, Suhyuk gave up on choosing neurosurgery.

At the same time he recalled stem cell research. He reaffirmed his determination that someday, or in the near future, he would solve the questions left long standing by himself.

Suhyuk opened his mouth.

"I'm thinking of choosing thoracic and cardiovascular surgery."

He firmly decided on it as there were not many doctors in that field compared with other clinical departments, and it was something the residents felt reluctant about doing.

It was the foremost frontline where he could save one's life.

Suhyuk thought it was thoracic and cardiovascular surgery that could save the lives of those falling into desperate condition.

If the emergency room is to blow the wind to revive a spark, thoracic cardiovascular surgery is to make the spark burn brightly. The place where life and death is decided directly is in the operating room.

So, he decided to go to that department.

Lee Mansuk made a disappointed expression. How much efforts had he put in to find such a talent... Why would he choose to suffer hardship as a thoracic surgeon in doing thoracic and cardiovascular surgery, often called the 3Ds job - difficult, dangerous and dirty.

As a matter of fact, neurosurgery was almost as hard, but thoracic cardiovascular surgery was just a bit harder.

As there were not a sufficient number of doctors, the scheduled surgeries had to be delayed sometimes.

Even for that reason, Suhyuk wanted to go there all the more.

When Lee was making a deep sigh, Kim was smiling with a satisfactory look.

“Nice decision!” said Kim.

He was the professor in charge of emergency artery team.

That meant he would have more time to see Suhyuk.

“Are you really serious about your decision?”

At Lee’s asking, Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Yes, I want to go major in thoracic cardiovascular surgery.”

Rising from the bench, he tapped Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times, and then walked to the elevator. Still there was one more month left for him to change Suhyuk’s mind.

What kind of options are there...

Today out of all days, Lee Mansuk looked feeble.

“Suhyuk, you made a great decision. Just move on from now on.”

Suhyuk smiled at his words.

It would be only for a brief time that he would stay at the thoracic cardiovascular surgery, because he had some other work to do.

A strange rumor began to float around in the thoracic cardiovascular surgery department.

It was about the coming arrival of a monster resident at the thoracic cardiovascular surgery one month later. It was Prof. Kim Jinwook who spread that strange rumor.

For several days in a row he went around with a smile, telling the doctors about it, with the caveat that they had better stay alert.

Binna, a nurse of the thoracic cardiovascular surgery department, was composing a text message, recalling him. Wishing he would come here, she put her earnest heart in each word of the message.

<How have you been, sir? I wonder if you're majoring in thoracic cardiovascular surgery.> <Yes, I've chosen to do so."

Confirming his reply, her heart was beating strongly. It was as if she was dreaming.

She looked at the hallway she used to walk down usually, and she imagined him walking there too.

And his smiling warmly at the patients.

Folding her arms to her chest, she asked her fellow colleague, "This is not a dream, right?"

Her fellow nurse cast a weird look at her.

"Why? Are you on call today? You want to wake up from a dream hoping that your oncall duty is just a dream? Wake up!"

Binna's dimple appeared with a blush on her face.

<I have no doubt you will pass the test! Are you available this evening?> <As you treated me everytime, let me return the favour this time.> Time passed like a light.

Day by day, Lee Mansuk contacted Suhyuk. But he could not

break his stubbornness.

In contrast, Kim Jinwook just looked at him in a relaxed manner, smiling as he was the victor.

In the meantime, the medical doctor's test was around the corner. It was tomorrow.

Suhyuk, waking up in his bed at home for the first time in a long time, was lying down a little longer than usual.

He thought he had a sound sleep, but it was not that long.

It was now 9am. He went out into the living room.

His parents had already gone out to work.

He noticed a piece of paper covering a dining table, with a yellow memo pad on it.

<Enjoy the food happily. I've cooked japchae (stir-fried noodles with vegetables), so heat it in the microwave!> Reading it with a smile, he took off the paper from the memo pad and put it away. A variety of food he liked was on the table, such as rolled omelet, spicy kimchi soup with pork neck, and the delicious japchae his mother mentioned.

"Thanks for the food."

Suhyuk slowly ate rice and the side dishes.

Everytime he moved the chopsticks, he thought of her rough hands.

With her rough hands, she cooked the kimchi soup, and stirred the japchae. She never stopped moving her hands even for a moment.

Emptying the rice bowl, he reaffirmed his determination that he would lessen her burden of work. And the same for his father. It's about time they were enjoying their life, freed from the burden of

work.

Suhyuk ate up all the rice and side dishes, cleaned the dishes before leaving home. And he got on the bus.

‘Is it okay for me to go around in a leisurely manner like this when I will take the test tomorrow?’

All of a sudden, he came to think of it, but shook his head to blow away any nervousness in his mind.

Unless there were an earthquake or a war, he was confident he would pass it. He looked out the window, resting his chin on his hand.

How long did time pass?

Soon the bus stopped, and Suhyuk got off.

It was none other than Hana’s Rice & Soup restaurant that he walked up to easily just like an old timer.

It’s been a really long time since he visited. He felt sorry for Hana’s father.

He opened the door and went in.

There was only one customer as it was just before lunch time.

Going into the kitchen, he smiled.

“How are you, sir?”

Hana’s father opened his eyes wide, “Uh. How come you came here on a weekday like this?”

“I’m off today because I have a test tomorrow.”

“Oh my god! Why did you come here then instead of studying at home for the test?”

“Because I wanted to see you, uncle.”

Going down on one knee, he touched his ankle cautiously.

“How do you feel?”

He looked at Suhyuk silently. He just felt pitiful about him squatting to touching his ankle. No matter how often he told Suhyuk not to come, he would not listen.

“I just feel okay.”

Suhyuk tightened his grip on his ankle a bit.

“Don’t you feel any pain here?”

“Let go of me. Don’t you see I’m working right now?”

Suhyuk stood up, and looked carefully at his legs now when he walked with limp.

He could not find any worsening in his condition. Only with thzt could he feel relieved a bit.

“I didn’t come here often enough, right? I’m sorry. I was so busy.”

“Hey, if you don’t come here, that’s how you help me. You’re bothering me...”

Moving to the kitchen sink, though, he was smiling.

Suhyuk went up to him, and gently pushed him to the side.

“Let me do it.”

Shaking his head from side to side, he moved to the side.

Then Suhyuk started washing the dishes.

“Didn’t you say you have a test tomorrow? How come you’re relaxed like this? What kind of test is it?”

“It’s nothing in particular.”

“Was there any test you thought was nothing particular?”

“It’s a test we take when we progress from an intern to a resident.”

“What happens if you do badly in the test?”

After finishing the dishes and washing off his hands, he turned

around, saying “Then I have to take it again one year later.”

At his reply, he smiled dumbfoundedly, and pushed him away.

“Just study more instead of idling away here.”

“I’m out here because I’m confident,” replied he.

Suhyuk would not move a bit even if he tried to push him out of the kitchen.

With a sigh, he shook his head. “Are you really so confident?”

“Of course.”

“Two bowls of rice and soup here!”

Hearing the order from the customers, Suhyuk went out of the kitchen quickly.

He worked there until 5pm.

Watching him doing the dishes silently, he opened his mouth.

“Now just go.”

Without turning back, he nodded, and cleaned up the tables with a dishcloth after clearing the dishes.

“In a little while Hana will be here...” said Suhyuk.

“Yes, that’s right. So go home and study. Don’t worry about here.”

“Yes, sir.”

Though he said he was confident, he felt he needed some sort of caring about his physical condition. There were lots of other chances he could see Hana. Nonetheless, he could not help but feel sorry for Hana’s father.

“Okay, let me go home first.”

Only then did Hana’s father smile brightly.

“Take care, and do well in the test!”

With a smile, he left the restaurant.

Suhyuk was on his way back home on the same bus that he got on when he left his house earlier that day. Then his cell phone buzzed. It was a text message from Oh Byungchul.

<Do well in the test. I know you will pass it even if I don't say this.> Then, another message was received.

<I'm not worried, but given the choice, you had better get the first place.> It was sent by Prof. Kim Jinwook.

Messages continued to come in.

All those he got acquainted with at Daehan Hospital were sending messages cheering him on.

At the continuing vibrations on his phone, he murmured, "I'm afraid the battery will die..."

The smile on his face did not disappear for a while.

Leaving home early in the morning, Suhyuk headed for the testing place.

The place was crowded with a lot of interns, as if all the interns had already gathered there.

They had anxiety and nervousness on their faces. In contrast, Suhyuk's expression was calm.

He went into the place and took his seat. Some murmuring could be heard from some of the other interns which seemed like praying, while some were carrying talismans to help pass the test.

"Did you study a lot, Suhyuk?"

One of his intern friends asked, with an anxious look.

Suhyuk agonized a bit. How could he reply?

“I studied until this morning.”

He wanted to encourage him by sharing some sort of kinship with him.

“Well, me too. I just have no idea though...”

Smiling a bit, he patted him on the shoulder.

Then the test began. How long did time pass for?

Suhyuk was walking out of the test place alone. No, a lot of other interns went out in droves, with a variety of expressions on their faces.

However, Suhyuk’s face was as calm as it was before.

A guy was entering into the main gate of the hospital.

Once he went into the lobby, he got on the elevator just like an old timer, and he swept up his hair lightly.

<The door is opening> sounded the recorded announcement.

The sound of his walking echoed in the hallway.

Doctors, turning over the medical charts, turned their heads to the side.

Suhyuk smiled at them.

“How are you? I’m resident Lee Suhyuk.”

Chapter 89

Resident Im Gyungso smiled at Suhyuk.

When Suhyuk was completing his one-month internship at the surgery department, Im was in charge of him.

He reached out his hand to Suhyuk.

He was wondering which ‘monster’ Kim was talking about, and now he figured out who it was.

“My service to you, young man!”

He held Suhyuk’s hand.

“I welcome your great teaching, sir,” answered Suhyuk.

At Suhyuk’s words, Im was shaking his head slowly.

Is there anything I can teach him?

When Suhyuk was an intern, Im showed him all the charts about his patients. Then Suhyuk instantly found out which surgery a patient had underwent or which treatment given. Im still vividly remembers the feelings he felt about him back then.

So, Im sorted out the nicknames that Suhyuk carried with him and summed them up in one word: alien.

“Welcome to the thoracic surgery department. I have no doubt at all that you won’t adapt well here.”

“I’ll try my hardest.”

“Follow me, guys. You have to at least be able to recognize other doctors’ faces, right?”

The new residents, guided by Im, went to meet the other doctors to say hello.

Going around the hospital wards, Suhyuk looked around slowly.

Was it because he became a resident?

He felt a sort of different feeling compared to what he had felt when he was an intern.

As it happened to be his first day as a resident, it was passing slowly with no specific assignment. He just went around the patients' rooms to say hello to the doctors in charge.

“I’m Lee Suhyuk. My service to you, sir.”

Looking at a patient’s chart, a senior resident raised his head, saying, “Oh, I’m glad to see you.”

He was Chief Resident Kang Mingyu.

“You’ve come a long way, but keep in mind that it is a fresh start from now on. As you’ve made the decision to work here, you won’t be free even to go to the restroom.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. Actually he was already fully prepared for it, so the chief’s remarks were not that scary.

“Take a good rest today. See you tomorrow.”

Saying that, Kang left the place.

He was in charge of as many as 12 patients’ rooms. He was just too busy.

Coming back to his lodging, Suhyuk lay on the bed and closed his eyes.

He thought every day was a new beginning, and that now was the real beginning.

‘Prof. Han Myungjin...’

He heard that he would serve as a resident with Prof. Han for one month.

He recalled Mr. Han’s image.

He heard it before that it’s like picking a star from the sky to see Prof. Han in the hospital.

Prof. Han would often go out to move an emergency patient to the hospital or spend most of his time in the surgery room.

It was still vivid in Suhyuk's memory that Prof. Han took care of a wounded patient inside a helicopter, or watching the sleeping patient's face quietly while performing the surgery.

Suhyuk murmured to himself. "He's a real doctor..."

The time was 1am.

Right after an emergency surgery, Prof. Han was coming out of the operating room.

"Nice job, sir."

When Kang Mingyu said that, Han patted him on the shoulder.

"You, too, did a good job."

It was a patient whose spleen was ruptured in a traffic accident. Fortunately, however, the surgery was well done as planned. The patient moved to the recovery room, and Han Myungjin moved with him.

A man in his early 30s.

He lifted up his trembling eyelid as he moaned.

Looking at him, Han smiled and asked,

"Mr Park Hyunjin, do you know where you are right now?"

With a deep frowning, Park slowly moved his pupil.

"It looks like a hospital... What happened?"

Han, patting him on the shoulder lightly, said, "You were brought here as you were in a traffic accident. Don't you remember?"

"Ah..."

Now he began to make an expression as if he suddenly

remembered what happened.

Though his blood pressure was a bit unstable, he was otherwise normal.

As Park was a young man, he could open his eyes easily.

“You can get discharged after lying in bed a bit more.”

Saying that, Han went out of the recovery room and met his guardians.

“Oh, doctor!”

Park’s guardians, waiting for him anxiously, approached Han quickly.

“You must have been worried a lot.”

They waited for Han to say something about Park’s condition.

“Surgery did go well, as planned. We’ll continue to monitor his condition while he’s in hospitalization here...”

With a smile, Han looked at the baby in her mother’s arms.

“Look like he wants to get discharged quickly to play with this cute little girl.”

A sigh of relief came out of their mouths.

Then an automatic door opened, and the patient was carried outside.

“Junghee’s Dad!”

They quickly came up to the patient.

Han, looking at them with a happy look, and said to Kang, “Carry the patient to the patients’ room and give a good briefing to his guardians.”

“Yes, sir.”

Watching over the patient who was carried on a stretcher quietly, Han moved out to go smoke a cigarette.

Walking down the hall, he looked feeble in a way.

That was natural, as he could not sleep more than 3 hours a day recently.

He looked exhausted on his face.

When he was going out of the lobby, someone called him from behind.

“Prof. Han.”

He turned back his head.

“How are you sir?”

Recognizing Suhyuk, Han nodded his head with a smile, “Is your internship interesting?”

“I’m now a resident, sir.”

Han was a bit surprised at his words.

It seemed like just yesterday when he introduced himself as an intern, and now he had already become a resident.

“So, what have you been up to until now?”

“I was just going around this place as I couldn’t go to sleep.”

He had a coke can in his hand.

Noticing it, Han said, “Cola can have a high acidity and cause dental acidosis. It also prevents calcium absorption.”

With a smile, Suhyuk then looked at Han’s cigarette, “How about your cigarette, sir?”

Suddenly at a loss for words, he said, “Won’t you come out for some fresh air?”

Outside the lobby, Han drew in the cigarette smoke deeply.

“Huuuuu....”

A curl of white smoke disappeared into the night sky.

Suhyuk drank the coke in a big gulp.

Han watched him with a curious look.

“Don’t you feel your throat sting?”

The carbon dioxide tickling the esophagus and the coolness of it passed on, Suhyuk felt good about it.

“You look very tired, sir...”

Yes, Han looked almost like a patient, with bloodshot eyes from a fatigue.

“When a doctor like me who was performing the surgery is in such a bad shape after, the patient whose abdomen was opened for surgery must be worse than him.”

Suhyuk nodded. Han’s remarks were in line with what he usually felt about patients.

“Which department did you decide on?”

“Thoracic surgery department, sir.”

Han, gazing up at the night sky, then looked at him and asked, “Who’s the chief?”

“Mr. Kang Mingyu, sir.”

Soon Han smiled. Kang was a resident under his care. Then, Suhyuk would also be under his care.

“My service to you, sir.”

With a smile, Han said, “You’ll go through lots of hardship for one month.”

That meant he could not sleep or eat properly working side by side with him.

“That’s what I’ve been looking forward to, sir.”

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk went out in a gown. He

had a light breakfast with seaweed rolls and milk.

The surgery building.

As a resident he was walking toward it.

Then he heard some woman's voice.

"Hello, sir!"

She was Binna.

With a chart on her chest, she, coming out of the patients' room, bowed her head.

"Good morning!"

"Yes, it's such nice weather today."

Then Im's voice made him turn his head.

"Lee Suhyuk, what're you doing over there?"

"See you next time then."

With a light greeting, he began to move.

Though she felt it a bit regretful that she could not see him for a bit longer, she had lots of chances to see him because he was working at the thoracic surgery department.

"Good morning, sir."

At his greeting, Im nodded his head, and said, "As I told you yesterday, we're making the rounds with the professor."

Kang Mingyu was beside them.

"Let's go."

Prof. Han joined them in no time at all.

"Give me the chart," said Han to Kang.

Looking over the chart quietly, Han went into a patient's room.

There, the patient Park Jinhyun, who was lying in bed, was the one who had a surgery because of a car accident yesterday.

“Good morning. I don’t see your guardian.”

“Oh, she went out to the restroom.”

With a good smile Han asked, “How do you feel now? Do you feel uncomfortable or pain anywhere?”

“Well, I feel the surgery area sort of tingles a bit.”

Nodding his head, Han patted him on the shoulder.

“Of course it hurts, as I was the one who sewed your flesh.”

Park smiled when he said that jokingly.

“The surgery did go well, as planned, and your condition is very good in my opinion. After a few more days of hospitalization, please tell them that you want to get discharged, if you want. And tell us if you feel anything uncomfortable.”

Han and his residents went out of the patient’s room to see other patients.

Suddenly Han spoke to Suhyuk who he was walking side by side to.

“Do you know what’s the most dangerous thing for a patient who had an accident?”

Kang said first, “I think organ damage is the most dangerous.”

Han stopped walking and looked at Im, asking, “What do you think?”

Whenever he made his rounds, he would always ask that kind of question for the purpose of teaching.

“Well...” Im hesitated a bit, but it was only for a brief moment.

“Brain damage seems like the most...”

Nodding his head, Han opened his mouth,

“You’re right. But there is one more important thing for a wounded patient to survive.”

“What do you think, Suhyuk?”

“Bleeding and fight against inflammation, I think.”

Hearing his reply, Han turned back and began to move.

He wondered what kind of doctor he would be over time.

‘Daehan Hospital would be in for big, big news.’

Yes, that would be a sure thing.

Their round visits lasted an hour, and the condition of the patients' were all good.

“Any uncomfortable feeling?”

Suhyuk quietly looked at Prof. Han who was looking over the patient with such kind words.

And one thing came to his mind out of the blue.

‘I want to be a doctor like him.’

It looked as if the professor was treating the patient with his words alone.

The patients who were talking with the professor were beaming brightly as if they forgot their pain.

Finally, they could finish the round visits after checking the last patient.

Ha pressed the button on the elevator to head for his office.

He turned his head light to one side, where Suhyuk was turning over a chart.

‘A genuine doctor will appear soon.’

Chapter 90

Suhyuk moved just as he was instructed to by Im Gyungso.

Starting with accepting a patient with a call from the emergency room, he took on various chores such as disinfection and dressing. He also had to monitor a patient's condition.

Whether morning or night, he did not take his eyes off the patient.

2am.

Suhyuk turned over a chart in front of a patient's room.

21 years old. Oh Gilsu.

While he was riding on a bicycle, he had his chest hit by a hydrant.

He underwent a surgery as soon as he was admitted as a patient during lunch time.

Liver laceration.

The liver is the largest organ in the abdominal cavity and the most vulnerable organ of the abdomen when it comes to receiving external shocks. Besides, liver damage also caused the highest rate of death from damage caused to organs.

Entering the surgery room quietly, Suhyuk thought he was lucky.

For the patient was able to get surgery immediately, and not only that, but he also received the help of Prof. Han Myungjin.

Suhyuk was silently looking at the monitor that checked the condition of the patient, and then he smiled. The condition of the patient who had hepatectomy surgery was good.

At that moment, he heard something.

“Am I going to be okay?”

The patient who seemed to be asleep opened his eyes.

“Is there anywhere that you feel uncomfortable?”

“It hurts.”

Suhyuk came closer to him.

“Where does it hurt?”

“I feel a twinge from that surgery area.”

Suhyuk let out a sigh of relief.

“It’s just natural for you to feel that kind of pain because you just had an operation. You will feel better tomorrow morning, and you don’t have to worry. The surgery was done well.”

Though he did not observe the operation, the record and chart of the patient’s surgery showed every information that there was. Plus the current condition of that patient all indicated good signs.

The patient nodded his head, saying, “Thanks.”

Without saying anything, Suhyuk pulled up the blanket to cover the patient’s chest.

“Good night.”

With a smile, he left the patient’s room.

At that moment a nurse going around the hospital tilted her head.

“Did he get any instructions from the chief doctor? He works very hard.”

The residents in their first year usually follows a senior resident for further clinical knowledge, because they could make a mistake.

The nurse entering into a patient’s room left the place soon to check the patient’s condition.

There was one thing she did not know, though. Suhyuk already had checked out all the patients’ conditions without anybody’s direction. Suhyuk continued to carry out the job until late into the night.

The morning was coming, and Suhyuk woke up at his lodging.

It was 6am. Did he sleep three hours?

Getting up from the bed, he washed and then went out. He had a light breakfast as always.

Arriving at the surgery department building, he made the rounds of the patients' rooms.

Some of the patients recognized Suhyuk, and others did not.

“Good morning, sir!”

“Good morning.”

A patient handed a beverage to him.

“I had a surgery on my abdomen, but feel a twinge in my legs.”

Suhyuk nodded, saying, “Does it hurt very much?”

“No, but I feel I didn't sleep well...”

“It's because of the nerve connected down there. You'll be alright in a while. If you continue to feel pain, let us know.”

Suhyuk continued making the rounds, and when the official working time started, he went to see Im Gyungso.

“Good morning!”

“Didn't you sleep well? I made sure you left early after finishing the work, right?”

“Well, I couldn't sleep,” replied Suhyuk with a smile.

Shaking his head, Im opened his mouth, checking the chart, “Take good care of yourself. Though this is the place we see and treat the patients, nobody takes care of us taking care of them.”

At that moment he got a call. It was from the emergency room.

“Oh my god! I have a patient even in the early morning.”

Saying that, he looked at Suhyuk.

“Go down to the emergency room. I wonder what’s wrong...”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk headed for the elevator right away.

Oh Byungchul looked a bit surprised, because Suhyuk came to the emergency room.

Suddenly he realized that he called the surgeon department.

“Oh, I see it’s you who has come here.”

“Where is the patient?”

“He’s not yet in here.”

Suhyuk made a perplexed expression.

“I just got a call from the 119 rescue crew. A worker fell down at the construction site, with heavy bleeding from his legs. And bleeding inside his abdomen is also suspected.”

Suhyuk nodded. Bleeding from his legs was not the issue.

Suspected bleeding inside his abdomen was the issue. Stopping bleeding by all means could save his life.

Then the door of the emergency room flung open. Carrying the patient on a stretcher, the rescue crew came into the room quickly. They shouted, lying him on the bed, “The patient doesn’t show any signs of consciousness.”

“Which floor did he fall from?” Suhyuk, who approached the patient immediately, asked, while checking over the patient.

“He fell from the 5th floor.”

Suhyuk let out a sigh before he knew it.

Certainly at such a high place, no one could fall safely to the ground.

Suhyuk looked at the patient's legs.

The bandages that must have been white in color were already wet with blood, which began to drop off. Suhyuk lifted his jacket and found blood here and there on his bruised skin.

That was not important, though.

His whole abdomen was bruised black as a result of quite a strong shock.

Suhyuk was about to call the severe injury center, when he then changed his mind, because he recalled Prof. Han Myungjin. The image of him carrying a patient through a helicopter and performing the surgery. He was doing the dual role like that.

Sometimes doctors were out to help when those at other departments were short staffed or in an emergency situation.

Suhyuk did not agonize that long over what to do. He called Prof. Han directly.

The fact that he called Prof. Han of the thoracic surgery, and because the patient was struck with serious injury, meant he needed the professor's help.

"Prof. Han, we have a patient here who fell from the 5th floor. He has no consciousness, with heavy bleeding from his legs. Bleeding is expected from his abdomen, too."

"I'm just around the corner now. Wait!"

The phone was hung up, and Suhyuk approached the patient quickly.

It seemed he needed blood transfusions because of heavy bleeding from his legs.

"Please check his blood type."

At Suhyuk's words the nurse moved quickly.

Then Prof. Han came in, opening the door of the emergency

room.

He frowned his face, looking at the patient.

“Why is he bleeding like that from his legs? Where is his guardian?”

Suhyuk shook his head. Then a man in his mid-50s came up to them.

He was the chief of the construction sight working with the patient at the scene.

“His guardian is on the way here now.”

The patient was lying on the stretcher with a bottle of fluid and blood packs hanging over him.

In the resuscitation room he received all sorts of tests.

Fixing his eyes on the monitor checking the patient's condition, Prof. Han knitted his brows.

“Completely broken..”

The patient's legs were all busted up.

Now he could see the outcomes of his MRI and X-ray shots, which showed the patient's condition was much worse than first thought. His abdomen was full of blood.

That indicated, as expected, that his organs were severely damaged.

Then a nurse approached them, with a chart.

“Prof. Han, he seems to have a terminal liver cancer...”

Han was handed the chart from her, and Suhyuk breathed out a sigh, looking at the patient's abdomen.

“Six months?”

Han murmured. It was written like that on his medical record.

Even in such a serious condition, he chose to go out for manual work?

“His guardian just got here.”

Han nodded his head. The timing was perfect.

They were about to begin the surgery even without the guardian's consent.

Han turned to Suhyuk, while the other medical staff were checking the patient's condition.

“Mr. Lee, go and get the guardian's consent, and come back right into the operation room.”

“Where am I?” asked a woman in her early 40s.

She was hold her child's hands tightly as if she were scared.

“It's the hospital. They say Dad was hurt.”

The child holding her mom was 12 years old at the most.

With tears in her eyes, she was soothing her mom who looked around with a frightened expression.

“Hwajung, let's go home. Please, let's go home.”

At her repeated pressing, Hwajung shed pent-up tears.

“Boohoo... I told you Dad was hurt. He would be scared if we're leaving now.”

“I want to go home! Let's go home, honey?”

“Mom, please...”

At that moment , Lee Suhyuk appeared.

“Are you Mr. Lee Jinhan's guardian?”

“Where is my Dad now?”

At Hwajung's asking, he smiled bitterly and said, “He's at the

resuscitation room now.”

His physical condition was too bad. His blood pressure skydived to 60mmhg.

He needed to get better in the resuscitation room before undergoing the surgery.

“Hwajung, I want to go home now!”

At her voice, Suhyuk turned to her speaking like a child.

‘Does she have a mental disability?’

“Mom! I told you repeatedly he was sick. Please don’t do this...”

Suhyuk let out a deep sigh at their conversation.

The patient’s wife had a mental disability while her daughter was an elementary school girl.

Did they know that he had a terminal liver cancer.

How could he move from one construction place to another with that extremely severe physical condition?

“What’s your name?”

“I’m Hwajung, Lee Hwajung.”

“You’ve got a very beautiful name. Your father needs to get surgery right now...”

Tears ran down her cheeks when she heard that.

“Was he hurt so much?”

Suhyuk went down on his knee and wiped her tears with his right thumb.

“You mom needs to sign the consent form if your father is to get the surgery.”

Hwajung nodded her head, and turned to her mom, “Mom, you need to consent to the surgery, so daddy can get better.”

Suhyuk handed out the consent form. “You can sign it here.”

She stepped back. Though she was a middle-aged woman, she just got frightened at the sight of Suhyuk wearing a doctor's gown.

“Let me go home.”

Suhyuk smiled a bit, “You’ve got a very beautiful daughter.”

Suhyuk presented the form and a pencil to Hwajung.

“Can you get her signature? She can sign here.”

Hwajung nodded, “Mom, sign here...”

It was done immediately, and Suhyuk confirmed it.

“It might be a very dangerous surgery...” Suhyuk swallowed what he was trying to say.

Yes, it was going to be a really dangerous surgery.

With a terminal liver cancer, and with the patient's organs were severely damaged, he could die in the middle of the surgery. The possibility was high.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk did not say anything about it.

“Just wait here a bit.”

Hwajung nodded her head, and Suhyuk looked at the patient's wife silently, saying, “We’ll do our best, guardian.”

His white gown fluttered in the air.

‘Yeah, I’ll save his life by all means.’

Chapter 91

Han Myungjin was washing his forearms with a cleaning brush, when Suhyuk came in.

“I’ve got the surgery consent form.”

“We’ll begin the surgery right now, so wash quickly.”

Suhyuk began to disinfect his hands, and closed his eyes.

“What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking how to save the patient, sir.”

Han shook his head because Suhyuk was acting as if he was a surgeon performing the surgery.

A resident in the first year was supposed to do only the job of an assistant in the operating room.

However, Han did not say anything about it to him.

“Do you think the patient can open his eyes?” asked Han.

Washing his fingers hard, he replied, “I’m not sure. Oh, actually yes, I think he can. Because his family is waiting outside for him.”

Han, wearing an operating gown, shook his head from side-to-side a bit. It’s the first time he heard a doctor saying something like that. Other doctors would have made a stochastic judgement on his question, citing all kinds of medical terms. Probably they would say he had no probability of opening his eyes.

Suhyuk, now in an operating gown, said, “Let’s go.”

The sound of the monitor checking the patient’s condition began to vibrate.

Han, moving to the operating bed, said to Suhyuk,

“Stick with me.”

The medical staff were surprised. This was an emergency

situation, with the outcome of the surgery already presumed to be very bad.

In an important surgery like this, Han was ready to give Suhyuk an assistant's role.

But nobody dared take an issue with that because it was Han's decision.

"Give me the scalpel. We'll open up the patient's abdomen right away," said Han, with a deep breath.

In just a moment, the patient's belly was swollen like a watermelon.

That meant bleeding was continuing inside his abdomen.

Han said, putting the scalpel to the patient's abdomen, "Get ready, as we will search for the damaged organs after blood suction."

In no time, the scalpel pierced his belly. It was pierced, not opened up.

Then blood was gushing from inside as a result of the high pressure inside his belly.

Drops of blood scattered onto the medical staff's gowns.

Then Suhyuk began to move, pressing the patient's belly slowly.

The blood was gushing out more and more.

"What the hell are you doing, man!"

Someone with a mask shouted at him.

"The pressure is very high. If we open it up in this condition, we're going to see a blood pool all around us."

Actually, if blood was gushing out at such a high pressure, the organs pushed by pressure of the blood would most likely burst out, which could then lead to damaging the blood vessels and nerves connecting the organs.

The resident who shouted at Suhyuk once again said, “What are you doing in front of Prof. Han...?”

“He’s doing a good job,” said Han, cutting off his remarks, and he looked at the blood pack. He could not figure out how many packs were used already.

The patient was being furnished with blood continuously, but it was gushing out from his damaged organs. Almost half of the patient’s blood was replaced.

“I think we can open up his belly now.”

The medical staff knitted their brows at Suhyuk’s words.

They did not like him because he was trying to intervene in the surgery.

But Han took a different view of him.

“Okay, we’re opening it up now.”

Han moved the scalpel, saying, “Suction the blood quickly.”

At the professor’s instruction, the assistants put the suction device into the belly.

Then, Suhyuk turned around and grabbed something.

It was a metal bowl for soup, and he put into it some wash liquid contained in a big water basin.

The nurse volunteered to do it, but Suhyuk was already doing it.

“Let me start Irrigation,” said Suhyuk.

Without getting consent from Prof. Han, he poured water liquid into the patient’s belly.

The medical staff were just aghast at Suhyuk’s reckless act, but Suhyuk just kept pouring water liquid, not caring about them at all.

‘I’ve got to finish it as soon as possible.’

The longer it takes and if a minute or a second passes without action, the more trouble the patient will run into.

He was a terminal cancer patient.

Even before he fell, he must have felt a great pain, and now he was bleeding a lot, to make matters worse.

“What are you doing?” Han was shouting at someone, but Suhyuk was not his target.

The medical staff, with frozen faces, were staring at Suhyuk.

“Put the suction device at the right place!”

Though Han usually tried to speak using an honorific tone in the operating room, he did not do so this time.

It was an urgent and dangerous surgery.

The medical staff, who had become like stone statues, instantly came around.

With the noisy sound of blood suctioning, the suction device absorbed the washing fluid mixed with the blood. At that moment their eyes became wider.

“We need more wash fluid.”

Suhyuk put down the vessel, and poured in the whole wash fluid contained in a large container.

Han’s heart began to pound. ‘Ok, that’s what I want!’

Boldness. One could show it only when one was clearly aware of the patient’s condition.

Suhyuk’s boldness was just that.

The medical staff, without saying anything, just focused on their own job.

He cleaned the wash fluid from the overflowed belly, and changed blood packs several times.

They wanted to yell some harsh words at the novice resident Suhyuk, but could not.

Right beside him, Prof. Han was nodding his head.

Soon it became clean inside the belly, but blood was still oozing out.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

Suhyuk let out a short sigh and looked at Han.

“Can I look for it, sir?”

He was asking if he could search for the damaged organ.

“Can you do it?”

“Yes, I have done it many, many times.”

When the medical staff looked aghast, Suhuk moved his hands.

Whenever he moved his hands, there was something oozing inside the belly.

In all of the patient’s organs, cancer cells bloomed like molds of white.

In addition, the swollen organs were tangled like one from the beginning.

So, one could not touch them carelessly because even a wrong touch would cause the cancer cell mass to break with bleeding.

But Suhyuk did not blink at all, and asked the patient silently, ‘Uncle, please tell me. Where is the damaged organ?’

As expected, the liver and stomach were normal. It was the same with other organs.

‘Please hold my hand and stand up. Let me know.’

Then the blood was again filling the abdomen.

Suhyuk held out one of his hands, saying “Irrigation.”

Though it was urgent, it was a natural act.

When Han gave him wash fluid, Suhyuk poured it into the belly.

He repeated it several times, with the medical staff staring at him with wide eyes.

‘Yea, that’s what I want.’ Han was shouting to himself in his heart.

For Suhyuk was doing what he had thought was right, and he did it without any hesitation.

Finally, Suhyuk poked through the organs and lifted up the stomach.

Then, the organ hidden inside began to appear.

“He’s bleeding from the spleen. We had better take it out.”

“Are you sure?”

Suhyuk nodded his head at his asking.

“Please trust me. Other organs are normal.”

“Step back!”

When Han said that, he moved back and quietly looked at the patient with his eyes closed.

‘Thanks. I found it easily, as you let me know.’

Of course it was impossible for the patient with no consciousness to tell him about it, but Suhyuk thought he could find it because the patient tipped him off.

On a metal tray a reddish spleen as big as a palm was dropped.

It was removed just like that.

Lots of blood was coming out of the belly.

The medical staff squeezed out the blood packs hung over the patient.

Han’s hand also moved all the more quickly, because speed mattered in the surgery.

“Professor Han, the patient’s blood pressure is going up.”

His blood pressure, which was nosediving continuously before, began to go up little by little.

That meant they finished sewing the area where the spleen was located.

Taking a deep breath, Han directed the medical staff, “Please finish it up well.”

Lifting up his loupe, Han turned his head to Suhyuk, who had been looking at the patient quietly.

It was a strange sight.

Resident Suhyuk showed much more surprising dexterity than he expected.

The medical staff stopped the bleeding coming from the patient’s broken legs completely.

It seemed that the patient could not bear it if they did not do something about his legs.

So, the patient was carried into an intensive care unit.

Suhyuk quietly fixed his eyes on the patient’s monitor.

The patient’s condition was unstable. With terminal liver cancer, he had a difficult surgery.

There was nothing unusual even if his vital signs would point to the worst.

The patient probably used up all his physical strength while undergoing the surgery.

“Please bring his guardian.”

At Han’s direction, Suhyuk grabbed disinfected gauzes and wiped out whatever blood there was on the patient’s body. Then he moved out to bring in the guardian.

Looking at him, the medical staff thought to themselves, “Who the hell is this guy?”

His act in the operating room was quick, neat and accurate.

He imparted an impression as if he was a professor specializing in patients with heavy injuries.

“When you see patients in the future, just run around, okay?”

Han opened his mouth, looking at the medical staff in the eye one by one.

Even with a patient dying before them, they were preparing for the operation casually walking around, as if they were doing office work.

“Yes, sir!” they replied.

“I’ll keep an eye on you.”

“Yes, sir!”

Han shook his head. Even though they wanted to be a doctor as a means of making money, their slow moving was something he really did not like.

Suhyuk came into the intensive care unit with the patient’s guardian.

Han could figure out why Suhyuk wiped off blood from the patient’s body.

It was too much for the woman with a mental disability and her daughter to accept the situation.

Han thought Suhyuk made sure they would not be surprised as much as possible.

“Uh? Uh?”

Finding her husband in bed, she opened her eyes wider.

“Boohoo... Daddy...!”

They could not approach the patient easily because of his unusual appearance.

Han, letting out a sigh, rubbed his face.

‘How can I explain to them?’

Then, Suhyuk opened his mouth, angled towards her eyes, “Your daddy is in a lot of pain right now, so I think he can muster up his strength if you hold his hands.”

The child, nodding her head, came up to him.

She found her father’s face swollen a lot. How come his skin was so yellow?

It was all strange and scary.

“Boohoo... Daddy, please wake up.”

The child cautiously held her father’s hand, which she felt rather hard.

Suhyuk looked at the patient’s wife, when she stepped back as if she was scared.

Suhyuk smiled at her,

“Right now Mr Lee Jinhan is pretending to be sleeping. So, wake him up, so you can go home together.”

Avoiding Suhyuk a bit, she went up to her husband and shook his hands, “Honey, wake up now. Let’s go home, I’m scared here.”

Suhyuk looked at the family and said to the patient, “Don’t just lie in bed like that. Please open your eyes!”

Then, the patient opened his mouth,

“I’m okay... Daddy is fine...”

With his eyes closed, he was murmuring.

Chapter 92

The patient opened his eyes slowly.

The pure white fluorescent light was dazzling to his eyes.

‘By the way, where am I now?’

He felt fuzzy. The moment he lost his footing at the construction site, he fell down, and immediately lost consciousness.

He felt pain on his legs and abdomen.

“Are you okay, daddy?”

He nodded at his daughter’s asking.

“Yes, I’m okay, Hwajung.”

“Honey! Let’s go home. I’m scared here.”

He was slowly turning his head to his wife this time.

“Okay, let’s go back home.”

Then Prof. Han came to him, with Suhyuk standing next to him.

“Where do you think you are? What’s your name?”

“A hospital. My name is Lee Jinhan.”

Han continued to check the patient’s condition.

“Does it hurt a lot?” Suhyuk asked.

Though he was administered lots of analgesics, he was still feeling pain because of too much damage to his body.

“Well, I can stand it...” said the patient.

Looking at his wife and daughter, he made a faint smile.

It was so fortunate that he survived. Yes, it was.

“Honey, stop sleeping and let’s go home!”

‘No, I can’t die like this with a wife like this left behind. ‘

“Boohoo... Daddy. Does it hurt a lot?”

‘Yes, I have to survive until Hwajung goes to middle school.’

“Let me keep an eye on him, sir,” said Suyuk to Prof. Han.

Nodding his head, Han said, “Ok, Report to me about his condition from time to time.”

Han and his medical staff left the intensive unit room.

Though the vital signs of the patient was unstable, it did not get any worse.

2am. Looking at the monitor quietly, Suhyuk looked at the patient’s family members sleeping next to him. His wife was asleep like a log, and his daughter fell into sleep with tears all over her face.

They were holding the patient’s hands, so he could not go anywhere.

Then, some sort of voice came into Suhyuk’s ear.

“I feel the pain on my legs getting more severe.”

“Let me administer more painkillers then.”

That’s all Suhyuk could do for him.

He could not do anything about the patient’s legs because he could not bear it in his current condition.

Putting a needle through an IV pack, Suhyuk turned his eyes to the patient looking at the ceiling.

“You’ll feel better a bit later.”

“Thanks...”

At that moment, the monitor showing the patient’s condition, was sounding off with a noisy alarm.

“Open your eyes!”

When Suhyuk checked the pupil in his closed eyes, there was no reaction.

A sharp sound of the machine was piercing into Suhyuk's ear.

Heart arrest. His heart stopped.

“Oh my god!”

When the nurses passing by were stunned, Suhyuk put the crash cart on his heart, with an electric shocker.

When the fully charged electric shocker was put on the patient's heart, his body went up and down, with Suhyuk checking the monitor. No response.

“Wake up!”

The patient did not move at all with his eyes still closed, as if he could not hear anything.

“Don't die! You should wake up!”

At the sound of the patient's bed moving up and down, his wife and daughter also woke up.

They started crying, shouting, “Daddy! Please don't die!”

Beep... Beep...

“Huuuuuuuh....”

Suhyuk wiped off the beads of sweats from his forehead. He barely managed to revive his heart.

As a result of the electric shock, his heart was back to beating.

Suhyuk thought about it for a moment.

His heart beat again thanks to his wife and daughter's shouting, that was certain.

One week passed like an arrow.

Prof. Han touched the patient's legs cautiously.

Surgery of his legs, though done in an unusual situation, did go well, fortunately.

And the patient also put up with it well. The surgery was done because he wanted it anyway.

He said he wanted to get discharged as soon as possible.

With his daughter in his bed, the patient smiled.

Nodding his head while looking at his legs, Han opened his mouth, "How do you feel now?"

"I feel much better, sir."

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at his words.

Over time his skin became yellow, and he would feel fuzzy because a lot of painkillers were administered.

"Honey, honey," said his wife.

His wife tapped his belly lightly, was saying, "You have a baby here?"

His abdomen was swollen high like a pregnant woman.

"It's because I ate a lot."

"Stop eating any more food. You're going to be a pig if you eat like that!"

At his wife's words, he nodded his head.

Another week passed.

"I'd like to get discharged," said the patient.

Han and Suhyuk could not say anything.

His condition was such that they could not do anything about it.

Suhyuk said first, "Okay, you can get discharged tomorrow."

"I wonder how much the bill is..."

The patient's face became dark with bitterness.

Han tilted his head.

“Did anybody from the insurance company come here?”

“According to the nurse, there are some items not covered by insurance.”

“I can't believe that. The treatment you received is all covered by insurance. Looks like the nurse was mistaken.”

The patient nodded his head. How fortunate he was...

“Okay, have a good night then.”

Han and Suhyuk went out of the patient's room.

Suhyuk said, “Why did you say that, sir?”

Walking through the hallway, Han turned his head, saying, “I want to use my own money in my own way. Any problem with that?”

Suhyuk smiled at his words, shaking his head.

“No, sir”

The more he got to know about Han, the more respect he felt for him.

He just cared only about the patients.

From the moment the patient was taken into the hospital, Suhyuk had never seen Prof. Han taking a rest. He was even seen sleeping in the patient's room.

“Take a break. It's my order as your supervisor,” said Han.

Then Han left the place to see other patients.

Suhyuk stood up and called somewhere.

“Thanks, crispy chicken please. Two chicken, one for an adults' taste preferences and the other one for children, please.”

“Ok. Where do I deliver?”

“Daehan Hospital, please.”

“Wow!”

The patient’s wife, shaking her legs while seated on his bed, cried with joy.

The Chicken and pizza that Suhyuk ordered was delivered.

“Oh my god! I’m so...”

The patient made an expression as if he was sorry.

“Actually I wanted to eat chicken and pizza, but it was too much for me to eat alone.

So, please share it with me, if you can.”

On the table were pizza, chicken and soft drinks.

She swallowed her saliva when Suhyuk offered her a chicken leg.

“Please try it. Hwajung, you, too!”

Being handed chicken legs, they swallowed their saliva.

And then Hwajung said, “Daddy, try it!”

Suhyuk let out a sigh, while the patient smiled pleasantly.

“Look at my belly. I can’t eat because I’m full.”

“Please have just one bite.”

At her daughter’s insistence, he took the chicken leg with a smile.

Holding a slice of pizza, Suhyuk looked at them with bitterness.

They looked happy, though.

Staying all night awake while monitoring the patient, Suhyuk went out only in the morning.

Then he came back to the patient’s room and offered a paper bag.

“Thanks.”

There were a lot of syringes inside the bag.

“You remember what I said, right?”

And Suhyuk gave him another paper bag.

“I’m sure it will help you, but when you can’t bear it, please visit the hospital.”

It was medicine mixed with a very strong sedative and painkiller.

He packed the medicine after consultation with Prof. Han.

“You can use it for six months. When you use them up, come visit us.

Then I’ll give you one year’s worth of refills.”

Smiling, the patient slowly nodded.

One year. He felt it was too short. Could he even live that long?

“Thanks...”

“Honey, let’s go home quickly”

“Okay, let’s go now.”

With crutches, Lee Jinhan stood up.

When he was going out of the patient’s room, Suhyuk grabbed Hwajung’s hand, and angled his eyes towards hers.

“Take this...”

Suhyuk gave her several 10,000 won notes, saying, “Buy some delicious food.”

Lee opened his eyes wider.

“Please don’t do that. It will ruin her manners.”

Suhyuk smiled, and then said, “You can teach her about manners right beside her for a long, long time.”

Then Suhyuk escorted him to the hospital lobby to help him get discharged.

“Thank you, sir.”

When the patient said goodbye, bowing his head at the main gate of the hospital, Suhyuk did not reply with anything. There was nothing he did for the patient. He felt he just looked on at the patient like a fool.

Lee Jinhan stroked his daughter's hair, and told her, “Show your manners and say ‘Thank you.’”

Hwajung opened her mouth, and said, “Thank you, doctor!”

Her mother repeated after her daughter, and so did Suhyuk a reply in response.

‘Sorry, really sorry... I’m sorry to let you go like this.’

There was someone watching Suhyuk engaging with them.

In the professor's office, through the window Prof. Han murmured while watching him, ‘Yes, that is how a doctor is supposed to behave.’

“Daddy, you feel great as you go home now, right?”

He nodded at Hwajung's words while waiting for the bus.

“Yes, I feel so good.”

Humming a song, holding her father's hand, Hwajung suddenly searched her pocket, and she found and opened a note Suhyuk gave her.

<Who treats a sick person? Here's my phone number 010-73...>

Chapter 93

It was 7pm.

Suhyuk was sitting in Prof. Han's office.

"Would you like some coffee?"

"No thanks, sir."

Looking at Suhyuk, Han stirred the coffee inside a paper cup.

And he sat, face to face with Suhyuk.

"Do you have any concerns? You don't look so good."

Fixing his eyes on the table, Suhyuk replied shortly, "No, sir."

Taking the coffee to his lips, Han looked at him.

Just like a stone statue, who just showed indifference to his fellow medical staff, there was no change in his expression.

However, his face varied whenever he met with patients, as if he was a different person.

Sipping coffee, Han said to him suddenly,

"A doctor is not God."

Suhyuk made a curious expression, not being able to figure out what he meant.

With a smile, Prof. Han took the paper cup to his lips.

There was a brief moment of silence between them.

Then Han said, "Patient Lee Jinho. Well, we couldn't anything further for him."

His body had been already overtaken by cancer cells, so they could not treat him.

Just having him hospitalized at the hospital was like killing his remaining time.

That's why he did not try to have him, who said he wanted to get discharged, remain any longer.

"So, don't blame yourself," said Han.

"If we were god, could we treat him?"

Han just smiled bitterly at his asking.

"Do you know what? There were more than twenty patients who died before my eyes. Do you know what I thought then?"

Suhyuk looked at him.

"When I first performed the surgery, I was just crazy when the patient's condition got worse. Because it all looked like my fault. Then, one year, then two, passed and I came to pray like this: If there is a God out there, please let the patients open their eyes."

Putting down the paper coffee cup, Han opened his mouth again, "Do you know what I think these days? I did my best, to the best of my ability. That's what I did to patient Lee Jinho."

Suhyuk nodded his head feebly.

"Did you ask me if God would have treated him?"

He was silently waiting for the professor's reply.

"In my mind, there seemed to be no God. Because God never accepted my favor. Instead, the patient's family was reflected in my eyes."

Sometimes a patient who was about to die could regain his consciousness when he felt his family's dedicated caring, and some patient's heart began to beat miraculously when he heard the family's voice. That was unexplainable in the medical world. It was just a miracle.

"The strength of the family took God's place, is what I thought."

Listening to him quietly, Suhyuk rose from his seat, saying, "Let me take my leave, sir."

“Okay, don’t go to the patient’s room. Go straight home and have some rest. Let me inform them, so just go home. Okay?”

Suhyuk just bowed his head at his words.

“Reply to me! Take a break today, okay?”

“Yes, sir,” said Suhyuk reluctantly.

Only then did Han make a satisfied expression.

Suhyuk turned around and headed toward the door. Today he looked unusually feeble.

Looking at him, Han murmured, ‘He’ll have to realise it someday.’ Namely that, he could not save all the patients’ lives.

As directed by Han, Suhyuk headed back to his lodging.

On the way, he felt eager to go back to the hospital wards, and could barely suppress that desire. For he noticed a text message from Prof. Han: <Take a rest> which finally convinced him to take a rest. Standing before a mirror, he looked at himself, and also looked down at his empty hands.

A sense of helplessness.

There were many who died at Daehan Hospital, but it was the first time he met such a patient who was knocking on death’s door.

“Huuuuuh.....”

Taking a deep breath, he lay on the bed.

Patient Lee Jinhan. What’s he doing now? Is he happy or unhappy?

Maybe he must be happy because his smile was genuine when he looked at his wife and daughter.

He was a wonderful man, who put up with the open surgery as well as the surgery that required planting a metal pin in his legs.

He went back home with a smile.

What made him mentally strong like that?

Suddenly Prof. Han's remarks came to his mind.

Though there was no God, he had a family.

Suhyuk opened his closed eyes slowly, and touched his cell phone.

Suddenly he wanted to hear his family's voice.

"Oh, son. How come you are calling me at this time? Aren't you busy now?"

"No, I'm fine. Did you eat Mom?"

"Of course, it's well past dinner time. How about you, son?"

"I did. Is daddy in?"

"Oh, he's sleeping now after he had some drinks during the day."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly. His father sometimes would have drinks with his friends when he had no work to do.

"Mom, please come and visit for a medical check-up one of these days."

"Me and your father aren't sick at all. How about you? I saw on TV that doctors are so busy. Do you eat regularly?"

He just felt good whenever he heard his mother's voice.

What bothered him a bit was that she's just concerned about him, not herself.

"Yes, Mom. I got fat these days thanks to good food. I'm also working tactfully.

Please come to the hospital with father one of these days."

"I'm afraid we're obstructing you because you're busy..."

"No, mom. Please don't fail to stop by."

Though he could not make them live in luxury right now, he wanted to take care of their health.

Aside from him being their son, he was a doctor.

“Sure, son. Will do. I could live high on the hog thanks to my doctor son!”

He felt as if her warm voice was creeping into his heart.

Though it was what he had to do as a son, his parents still felt so thankful to him.

Lee Jinhan would have felt the same thing for his family.

“Okay, let me know when you will come here, so I can make a reservation.”

“Sure, let me talk to your father, so we can adjust our schedule to visit you.”

They talked like that for a few more minutes.

Mostly his mother was on the talking side.

After the phone call, Suhyuk thought about things for a little while, eyes closed.

‘When can I relieve them of any concern about me? Even if I’m okay, they still keep so many concerns about me.’

And that’s the heart of the parents who have children.

Suhyuk could feel it distantly after having watched Lee Jinhan.

It was getting dark, with the hand of the clock pointing to 9pm.

Out of dozing off and exhaustion, Suhyuk fell into sleep.

It was all white around him.

When Suhyuk was looking around, he heard someone walking toward him in the distance.

The identity of the man, veiled by some white light mass, began

to show itself slowly.

It was a human being that looked just like him.

Soon the guy, coming close up to him, smiled and opened his mouth, “Long time, no see.”

“Who are you?”

The guy put his hand on his forehead at his asking.

“You really don’t know who I am?”

The guy circled around Suhyuk as if he was appreciating his body.

“It’s a dream....”

Hearing Suhyuk murmuring, the guy stopped and turned his head to him.

“It’s half true, half false.”

And the guy came up to Suhyuk, saying something into his ear, “You killed patient Lee Jinhan.”

Suhyuk’s black pupils trembled a lot.

“His condition was something I could not do anything about.”

“You’re making an excuse even if you didn’t make any attempt to save him. You’re not a doctor, but a murderer who just looked on.”

‘Am I a murderer?’

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

“What did you think when Lee Jinhan was getting discharged? You must have said “Good riddance! As if a troublesome patient has finally gone away.”

Suhyuk shook his head, and grabbed him by the collar.

“Don’t make any rash judgement if you don’t know anything about me!”

As if he was choked, he made a moan, but he was smiling, “Hey,

let go of your hand, so I can talk.”

When Suhyuk let go of his throat, the guy touched his neck and shouted, “You murderer, son of a bitch!”

Then Suhyuk threw a punch at him, “I told you not to talk thoughtlessly like that!”

Squatting on the floor, the guy said, looking up at Suhyuk, “You could have treated him.”

Suhyuk shook his head slowly, answering, “No, I could not. What I could do was let him get discharged as soon as possible.”

Yes, so that he could spend time with his family for one more minute and one more second.

The guy just chuckled, and retorted,

“Okay, let me give you the benefit of the doubt. What if another patient like Lee Jinhan came to you? What would you do, just looking on like you did to Lee last time?”

Suhyuk could not say anything.

Then the guy, with a smile, said, “Let me help you,” and reached out his hand.

“How can you can help me?”

Suhyuk was just looking at him blankly.

“Am I scary? Just hold my hands, that’s it. Not a big deal.”

Suhyuk held his hands silently.

A noisy alarm sound woke him up, but Suhyuk turned it off, eyes still closed.

And with a deep sigh, he rose from the bed.

Turning on the light he looked at himself in the mirror silently.

How much time passed?

Sweeping up his hair, he grabbed the pillow on the bed and threw it at his friend sleeping on the upper bed.

“Ooops! What’s this?”

When he woke up from bed, Suhyuk already went out.

After a light breakfast Suhyuk got on the elevator, and headed for the patients’ wards.

“Did you have a good break?” said Im Gyungso.

Turning over a chart, Suhyuk nodded slightly at his asking.

Then, Im made a frown because he felt Suhyuk was acting arrogant.

“What were you doing, sir?”

Im gave him a chart, saying,

“The patient was taken to the hospital a moment ago, but his condition is sort of confusing. He is now taking a CT and X-ray, so let’s see what it shows us.”

Suhyuk was looking into the chart containing a record on the doctor’s conversation with the patient.

<Less acute sense, pain, swollen arm and discolored skin>
Suhyuk, making a frown, looked at Im, as if he was asking him why he could not diagnose this kind of symptom as a doctor.

“Isn’t this thoracic outlet syndrome?” said Suhyuk.

Chapter 94

“What did you say?”

Im, not believing his ears, asked again because he felt Suhyuk became too arrogant just overnight.

“I told you that it’s thoracic outlet syndrome.”

“Are you sure? Are you confident?”

“Isn’t it too obvious? The patient has no particular wounds. It’s because his brachial plexus was pressed hard. He didn’t have this symptom without any reason.”

Im clenched his molar, but could not say anything.

Hearing him explain it, Im thought he was right.

The blood vessels and nerve bundles that descend down from the neck to the base of the neck meet the first rib and divide into two parts. At that point, the proximal part can be narrowed down by various causes, so that the thoracic outlet syndrome comes into contact with the bundle of the brachial nerve and the clavicle and blood vessels.

Why did he not think of such a disease?

His annoyance was surging in his mind. For he felt as if he had been humiliated in front of the first-year resident. He even felt Suhyuk was slighting him, though he continued to give him favor.

And Suhyuk could be wrong unless the actual results of the patient’s image shots were verified.

“Follow me!” With that order, Im walked to the imaging room.

The shots will clearly give the correct answer.

If this arrogant guy was wrong, Im was determined to give him a good scolding to the point of him feeling the urge to resign.

However, not only the X-ray but also the electromyography tests

showed Suhyuk was right.

As Suhyuk said, it was thoracic outlet syndrome.

When Im could not take his eyes off the monitor, with a frown, Suhyuk said to the patient who just finished taking the shots, “Looks like the pain is not so severe, and I don’t think you have to undergo the surgery.”

The patient looked in his early 30s.

“Can I get discharged, then?”

Suhyuk shook his head, replying,

“You had better get some exercise or physical therapy and see how your condition goes from there.”

Turning his head, Suhyuk looked at Im who was still looking at the monitor.

“What are you doing, sir?”

With a frozen face, he came up to Suhyuk and said, “you’re right.”

“Don’t you think you should be aware of this as a doctor?”

The patient cast his eyes at Suhyuk.

Though he was using honorific language with him, it was as if a supervisor was talking down to his men. On the contrary, Im looked like he was being taught a lesson, though he was Suhyuk’s senior.

Did he feel offended?

His face was frozen like a stone, and with an unnatural smile, Im told the patient, “Please follow me.”

Then he talked to Suhyuk, “Make the rounds of the patients’ rooms and check their condition.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk left the place.

Suhyuk continued to make the rounds, and every patient and

their guardians asked him, “What’s the matter with you today?”

His tone and expression today were not what they were used to seeing.

The soft smile and gentle face was gone, and he looked like a stone statue to them.

At their asking, Suhyuk just replied, “Nothing in particular. I’m feeling very good.”

And he talked more than before about their upcoming treatment and cautions.

Though he explained in simple language, both the patients and their guardians had difficulties understanding what he said. On such occasions he kept explaining until they understood.

The lunch time was fast approaching.

“Go and have some lunch.”

Suhyuk nodded when Im said that out of duty.

“Yes, sir.”

Though he replied like that, Suhyuk was acting in the opposite.

He constantly took care of the patients without any break.

So a day passed like that, but Suhyuk did not get a wink of sleep.

Unaware of this, Im Gyungso assigned him more work as if he was determined to correct his arrogant attitude.

However, Suhyuk handled his work quickly as if he was sneering at Im.

And he went so far as to do what Im had not instructed him to do.

Thinking of it, Im called for Suhyuk.

“What’s the matter, sir?”

Im made a frown, asking, “Why did you do those things when I

didn't instruct you to?"

"The patient's abdomen was full of fluid, and had difficulty breathing, too. And as a result of the pressure inside his abdomen, there was some sign of rupture. By the way, you're the chief physician in charge of the patient, right? What did you do when the patient's condition was getting worse like that?"

At his sharp retort, Im could not say anything.

Why did he not call for the nurse when he knew the patient's abdomen was full of fluid?

After all, it was his fault.

"You should have informed me on it quickly. Why did you do it on your own?" asked Im.

"So, was there anything wrong with the patient?"

Suhyuk walked up to Im slowly, and opened up his mouth, "Why should I inform you? I should have taken urgent action because of the high pressure of the patient's' abdomen. Don't you think you have to thank me?"

Im's eyelids wiggled. Then Suhyuk's cell phone buzzed.

Watching Im quietly, he answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"It's me, your brother. Let's have lunch together."

"I'm busy now."

He hung up the phone with those words.

His phone kept buzzing, but he did not answer it.

"I think I'm mistaken, though I've kept a favorable view of you," said Im.

Suhyuk showed a bitter smile.

With a smiling face, though, he quietly murmured into Im's ears, "Your damned sense of authority. You certainly would be counting

your money even if a patient was dying before you.”

After saying that, Suhyuk left the place.

Im was watching Suhyuk blankly, but soon hardened his face, shining his eyes.

“How are you, sir?” Binna said, with a dimple on her face.

It was Suhyuk she said hello to, not Im.

Suhyuk was just passing by with a curt answer.

At her voice, he turned his head slantly,

“What’s the matter?” asked he.

Her face, already in a blush, became more reddish.

“I’m on call today. Shall we have dinner if you are available this evening.

“Do you think I’m free enough to eat with you? If you think you are free, please go and check the patient’s wards one more time.”

Suhyuk disappeared, while Binna hugged the chart tightly to her heart.

Did she make any mistake at all?

‘I think I have to apologize at his leisure.’

Then Suhyuk’s cell phone buzzed.

Walking down the hall, he took out his phone and checked who called.

“What a happy-go-lucky guy...”

Checking the name Dongsu on the cell phone display, Suhyuk turned it off.

At that very moment Dongsu called him, “Hey, Lee Suhyuk!”

Waving his cell phone in the front, Dongsu was walking toward him.

As he did not answer the phone, Dongsu went to the trouble of meeting him like that.

Suhyuk said annoyingly, “I told you I’m busy, man.”

“Aren’t you glad to see me after such a long time?”

Dongsu smiled, patting him on the shoulder.

“Put away your hand, man. I’m busy.”

“We finally met after such a long time. Don’t be mean to me like that. You didn’t eat lunch yet, right? Let me treat you this time.”

It was certain that if he did not accept his favor, Dongsu would continue to harass him.

“Okay, let’s go to a nearby restaurant.”

‘Anyway I was done with the assignment Im gave me, and it’s lunch time now.’

“You should have acted nice like this from the beginning!” said Dongsu.

It was a solungtang (ox bone soup) house that the both visited for lunch.

Seated and arms folded, Dongsu looked at Suhyuk, asking, “What’s up?”

“Nothing in particular except for seeing patients.”

Dongsu scratched his cheek at his reply.

Given his weird attitude, it’s certain that something wrong had been going on...

Soon solungtang soup was put on their table. They ate it quietly.

Dongsu said something in the middle of eating, but Suhyuk just focused on eating.

As he had been hungry for the past few days, he rammed the food

into his mouth.

Even though Dongsu did not realize it, Suhyuk ate only one meal since yesterday.

“Don’t they serve you food at the hospital? Eat slowly, man. You might have an upset stomach if you eat like that.”

After all, Dongsu, not eating half of it, put down his spoon.

“You don’t look good, man. Are you taking care of yourself while on duty?”

As he was so attentive to his patients, it’s possible he just skipped meals or did not sleep for several days. Suhyuk did not answer this time.

Dongsu then opened his mouth again, “Hey...”

Wiping his lips, Suhyuk rose from the seat, “Did you have it all? Let’s go out then.”

Fixing his eyes on him, Dongsu, now in some sort of pensive mode, nodded his head.

“Okay, let me foot the bill.”

Both of them went out of the solungtang house.

“Let’s have some coffee.”

At his words, Suhyuk looked at Dongsu as if he felt him pitiful.

“Even now when you’re free like this, there are crimes being committed at the moment, right?”

“It’s possible.”

Suhyuk made a frown, saying, “Our people can’t live in safety because of a prosecutor like you.”

Dongsu made a bitter smile, watching Suhyuk walking ahead, and murmured, “What a guy... he’s changed a lot...”

Dongsu caught up with him in no time, and said, “Looks like

someone fell down over there.”

Suhyuk turned his head suddenly, asking, “Where is he?”

“See over there is the alley. Looks like he fell from the left stairs.”

Suhyuk rushed to the alley, but found nobody there.

Letting out a short breath, he turned back. Then, Dongsu was walking toward him.

“I don’t see him here!”

“Of course not, man. I lied!” said Dongsu.

When Suhyuk was about to say something, with a frown, Dongsu cut in right away, “Do you remember it? When I made a big fuss by saying I would not take the SAT, you came up to me and said, ‘a crazy guy must be beaten by a rod to make him come to senses.’”

The smile on Dongsu’s face disappeared instantly.

Suhyuk was out of his mind or he was no more the kind Suhyuk that he used to know.

“Bring back my friend, bastard!”

Dongsu was touching his own fist.

LionStrong: Dongsu the guardian angel, always appearing when needed the most...

Chapter 95

When Dongsu hit him hard, Suhyuk's head was turned to the side.

He fell down to the ground, with his eyes reflecting a blue sky.

He felt his body aching here and there.

How long was he beaten for?

Despite such a beating, he felt his mind was getting clearer.

“Stand up, you son of a b*tch!”

Cracking his fingers, Dongsu was walking towards him.

“Hey, stop it, man.”

Did he not hear Suhyuk's words?

He grabbed him by the collar, who was lying on the ground, and lifted him slowly.

“You must have lost your mind. Can you take care of patients like that? Before you see them, you had better take care of yourself first, or are you a crazy man?”

Dongsu punched him one more time.

Suhyuk's lips were blustered, and blood was running down from his nose.

“Stop it!” said Suhyuk.

“No, I'm not finished yet.”

When he was throwing his fist, Suhyuk quickly pushed his head against his nose.

Covering his face with one hand, Dongsu moved back.

Suhyuk was stretched out on the ground.

The shining sunlight tingled his eyes, when Dongsu's voice suddenly came into his ears, “Do you remember what you had said

to me before? ‘If I behave weirdly, just beat me to death.’ That’s what you said in the past.’”

As Dongsu pointed out, it was true that he had made such remarks to him.

When Suhyuk said that, he thought Dongsu had fallen asleep, completely drunk enough to forget what he said, but he did not forget it at all.

Suhyuk let out a long sigh.

Very occasionally, a weird guy appeared in his dreams.

Another self of him, perhaps the him from before he lost his memories.

Lee Jinhan walking with his family, and his urge to cure him. That made Lee open up his eyes.

‘Stupid!’ Suhyuk blamed himself.

Recalling the guy in his dream, he murmured, “When I see him again, let me completely get rid of him.”

When he thought about it, he suddenly felt confident.

Now he felt that he could be in control of himself in any circumstances.

“You feel you were not beaten enough, right?”

Suddenly Dongsu came up to him to grab him by the collar, and met his eyes.

Suhyuk smiled, and so did Dongsu. Both sat against a wall.

“No matter how hard it is for you to lead a life with sensible mind, you should never lose your mind as a doctor who takes care of patients’ lives.”

Dongsu took out a cigarette and lit it.

Suhyuk pulled it out from his mouth,

“It’s time to stop smoking, man.”

Dongsu looked at Suhyuk, saying, “Did it hurt a lot?”

“No, it felt great. Thanks!”

Shaking his head slowly, he reached out his hand.

“Yeah, my hand cures everything.”

Yes, he was right. Now he came back to senses like this.

Dongsu stood up, holding his hands, and touched the bridge of his nose.

Both of them just chuckled, but did not say ‘sorry’ or apologize.

And Dongsu, without turning back, walked toward the alley exit, waving his hand.

Wiping his lips, Suhyuk looked at the place Dongsu left behind.

He thought of what Dongsu had said:

“I know whether a suspect is the criminal or not by judging from his eyes.”

Was it because he beat him so hard?

He felt thankful to him, but made a frown while touching his lips.

His mouth was all bruised inside.

“Seeing as I’m not a criminal, I should not have been beaten up like this...”

Though Suhyuk frowned inside, he was still smiling.

Inside the restroom, Suhyuk wiped off the blood on his face. His face was somewhat alright, which meant Dongsu controlled his punching. Occasionally he felt a tingling inside his mouth though.

Dusting off his hands, Suhyuk headed for the patients’ ward right away.

“Did you have a good lunch?”

Suhyuk lowered his head at Im Gyungso’s asking.

“Sorry, I’m late.”

Actually he was not late. He still had ten more minutes of lunch break.

Nonetheless, Im’s expression was frozen as if he was still not satisfied with his attitude.

“I’m sorry.”

At Suhyuk’s words he wrinkled his forehead.

Just one hour ago, he was such an arrogant guy, but now he’s changed completely!

It was too late, though.

“What did you say to me a while ago? Say it again.”

Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression, because he could not remember what he had said.

“What did you say?”

Im kicked him in the shins.

As Im kicked so instantly, nobody passing by could notice it.

Suhyuk made a frown because of the sharp pain he felt from the shinbone.

“I’m sorry, sir.”

There was nothing he could say except ‘sorry.’

“Are you crazy? How can you dare say something like ‘sense of authority’ about me?”

“I’m sorry.”

Despite his repeated kicking, Suhyuk did not move at all. He just took it with patience.

“Where is your overconfidence? Uh?”

At that moment chief resident Kang Mingyu came up to them.

“What are you guys doing?”

Im pointed to Suhyuk with his fingers.

“Sir, he’s complaining that I’m armed with a sense of authority, crazy for money...”

“You, folllow me.”

When Kang moved toward a PC, Im, sneering at Suhyuk, followed him.

Kang moved the PC mouse several times, and a medical chart on the patient’s diagnosis appeared on the monitor screen.

“Patient Lee Dohee. I directed you to pay close attention to her, right?”

She was diagnosed with valvular heart disease.

“Yes, you did, sir.”

Im found his heart pounding, saying that.

When the chief used the word ‘you,’ it meant one should be careful because of his possible reproaching.

“I clearly told you that even the professor was keeping an eye on her.”

“Yes.”

“Look here.”

The mouse cursor stopped moving at one point om the monitor.

There was a doctor’s name who administered a prescription to the patient, and it was Lee Suhyuk.

“Uh?”

Looking at the PC monitor, Im’s eyes became wider.

“Was she given an anticoagulant?”

From what he could remember, he did not give such an instruction. He clearly did not.

It was possible to administer an anticoagulant toward a patient with valvular heart disease, but patient Lee Dohee was suffering from severe osteoporosis.

It was like inviting bone fraction on purpose to prescribe anticoagulant to a patient with osteoporosis.

“What a crazy guy...”

When Im suddenly looked at Suhyuk, he heard the chief’s voice.

“Good job!”

Looking at Suhyuk, Im’s eyes became bigger, and he slowly turned his toward the chief.

“I think you administered a proper amount of anticoagulant, and her blood pressure has improved.”

The chief said, looking at Suhyuk,

“By the way, why did you give Suhyuk such direction?”

Im could not reply anything, because he did not give him such direction.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth.

“As Im was in charge of an emergency patient, he had to give me such direction.”

Nodding his head, the chief looked at Im.

“You did a good job, but what if Lee made a mistake? Next time, make sure he consults with you first, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

He then patted Im on the shoulder lightly.

Im was kind of bewildered.

The chief resident Kim Mingyu was very stingy about praising someone to the point that almost nobody had ever heard any praise from him.

Im felt a strange feeling.

With a smile, the chief opened his mouth again, “Okay, you can leave for home early today.”

“What about the patients I’m in charge of, sir?”

“Don’t worry about that.”

Kang left the place after saying that.

Looking at Suhyuk quietly, Im came up to him, saying “You...”

“Sorry, sir. I think I was absent-minded as I did not sleep well these past few days. I would gladly accept if if you want to discipline me.”

His head lowered, Suhyuk could not lift it up.

Whatever happened, he just felt sorry for Im.

Im just looked at Suhyuk without saying anything.

Though his facial expression was icy, he was a man of manners.

“Okay, I’ll let it slide this time. Got it?”

Only then did he lift his head.

“Thanks!”

“No mercy next time.”

And, come to think of it, Suhyuk once helped him out when he was in a difficult situation.

Im blew away his lingering anger, thinking of that memory.

Above anything else, did he also not just get the praised by the chief?

At that moment the chief came back, and talked to Im, “I forgot to say something. The professor wanted to see you...”

“Me, sir?”

“Looks like he wants to know what made you administer an anticoagulant, and about it’s good effect.”

Then Im felt he got cold sweat on his back. When he was about to turn to Suhyuk suddenly, the chief told Im, “Follow me quickly, okay?”

While following the chief, Im turned his head to Suhyuk, saying in a murmuring tone, “Why did you use anticoagulant?”

Because his voice was very small, it did not reach Suhyuk’s ear. He just slightly lowered his head.

Then his cell phone buzzed. It was Binna’s message.

<Doctor, did I make any mistake today? I’m dumb, so... Please tell me. I want to apologize...>

Reading her message, he let out a short sigh.

‘What the hell did I do all day long?’

Suhyuk composed a very cordial message.

<I’m sorry. As I was so tired...>

And he made a dinner appointment with her before he knew it.

Im was standing before Prof. Han’s office.

It was the first time he met face to face with Prof. Han.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

With a deep breath, he knocked on the door.

Knock, knock, knock.

“Come in.”

Im went into the office quietly like a cat.

“Did you call for me, sir?”

“Have a seat.”

“Thanks.”

When he sat on the sofa, Prof. Han offered a cup of coffee, asking, “I had a lot of anguish about patient Lee Dohee, but the anguishing was over thanks to your help. How come you made such a bold decision?”

“Well...”

“It’s alright. Just relax and talk to me, regardless of the title or relationship. Aren’t we studying the same medical science?”

“Well, to be honest...”

Im felt crazy, because he did not do it.

‘How can I make myself understood?’ He was just asking someone deep in his heart.

‘Lee Suhyuk, why did you do it? What was the reason?’

Then Prof. Han’s cell phone buzzed.

“Ooops, I forgot that I had an appointment. Let’s talk it over next time. I’m sorry.”

Im, who had a tearful face, suddenly became cheerful.

“That’s alright, sir. I’ll see you next time then.”

Im slipped out of the office like a gust of wind.

Standing from the sofa, Prof. Han looked at the A4 paper once again.

He did not receive any call, and was just looking over the paper.

There was the name of the doctor who gave the prescription.

It was none other than Lee Suhyuk.

“Yes, my guess was right.”

With a faint smile, he took the coffee to his lips.

Chapter 96

It was 8pm, well past dinner time.

Suhyuk was getting on the elevator with Binna.

She grabbed her meal box tightly, and fixed her eyes at her feet, not knowing where to look.

Suhyuk made a bitter expression, seeing her.

<The door opens>

Soon they arrived at the Sky Park on the rooftop.

When the lights, which were turned off during the day, illuminated the rooftop brightly, it created quite a romantic atmosphere.

“Have a seat.”

Both of them sat on the bench.

“You must be hungry.”

Binna began to open the meal box, when Suhyuk’s hand touched the back of her hand.

“Let me do it.”

“No, I can do...”

Suhyuk pulled the meal box to his side and slowly opened it, saying, “I am sorry for how I acted a while ago.”

Binna, whose face became reddish in a blush, shook her head quickly.

“No, it’s understandable that you could behave in such a way from time to time when you’re so busy and stressed out. I saw many doctors like that. And I happened to speak to you at that moment.”

Opening the 3-layered meal box, Suhyuk handed her the

chopsticks.

“Thanks for the meal!”

Sweeping up her hair, Binna, whose face became brighter than before, said, “Me, too.”

So both of them began eating.

Suhyuk ate slowly.

“You must have a lot of hard times, right?” asked Binna cautiously.

Picking a seaweed roll, Suhyuk shook his head as if to say he was doing just ok.

“Please try this one, too.”

She poured some hot soup from the tumbler and gave it to Suhyuk.

“Thank you.”

While Suhyuk was drinking soup slowly, Binna, while picking one small tomato, stole a glance at Suhyuk.

Suddenly she thought of her childhood days.

She recalled a time when she was 10.

At that time she had her knee damaged when she fell down. She cried a lot because it hurt so much. She threw a tantrum at her father, saying she did not want to go to the hospital.

She was so scared of the hospital at that time. Doctors, too.

It was still vivid in her memory that the doctor checked her knee, twisted it, disinfected it and sewed it. Without changing his expression at all, he moved his hands like a robot.

Going out of the hospital, her father said, ‘We should never come back here again.’

She could not understand why he said that. If he had met a

doctor like Lee Suhyuk, would he have said that? Like her, was he also scared of doctors? Maybe not.

“Please have some, too. You have to eat a lot if you’re on night duty.”

“Oh, yes!” Binna put into her mouth a baby tomato she was holding, and stole a glance at Suhyuk.

Their meal time lasted more than 30 minutes.

Cleaning up, they stood up.

“Thanks for the food like this every time.”

‘I could bring it to you every day...’

“Shall we leave now?”

Binna nodded at Suyuk’s words.

The two headed towards the elevator.

Pushing the button, Suhyuk turned his head and said, “Are you free by any chance?”

Binna said, quite surprised, “Oh, yes! Why...”

“Let me treat you to coffee. I’m always served food like this.”

With an instant bright smile, she answered, “Yes. Thank you.”

The two stopped by a coffee shop inside the hospital.

When Suhyuk ordered a kiwi smoothie, Binna carefully looked at the menu with some hesitation. 4000, 5000 won per coffee.

The price looked expensive to her, as she was used to a mixed coffee, and when she tried it, the taste of the coffee was somewhat similar to her no matter which coffee she picked.

Then from the menu she picked one, the cheapest off the coffee menu.

The two sat at the coffee table, and soon the smoothie and coffee

were served.

“I wonder if I’m taking too much of your time,” said Suhyuk.

Spoon on her lips, she waved her hands quickly, “No. I’ve got still 20 more minutes of free time. I’m the one who has a late dinner break in the shift.”

With a smile, Suhyuk nodded his head, when his cell phone buzzed.

It was Hana.

“Uh? Hana. What’s up?”

There was a sigh coming out of the phone.

“Did you forget that we agreed to see each other for a bit today?”

He made a double take. He made a promise to meet her one week ago, which he forgot about accidentally.

That meant he was hectically busy, because Suhyuk usually had a good memory.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Where are you now?”

“I’m at the hospital lobby right now. Where are you? Are you busy? You didn’t answer the phone. I’ve been waiting here one hour!”

“Sorry, sorry. Let me come to you now!”

Standing up, Suhyuk looked out the window.

Hana was looking up at him from the lobby.

“No, just stay there. I’m thirsty.”

After he hung up the phone, Suhyuk could not help but look perplexed.

Forgetting the promise, he was sitting in the coffee shop carelessly.

Suhyuk checked his cell phone immediately.

10 text messages and three calls.

Why did he not notice it when his phone buzzed?

“Are they paging now?”

Suhyuk shook his head when Binna was standing up, “Well...”

Then, they heard Hana’s voice from the side.

“Hey!”

“Uh?”

Seeing Hana coming in, Binna stood up, bowing her head.

“Hi there.”

“Hi, how are you?”

Exchanging awkward greetings with Binna, Hana opened her mouth, suppressing her anger, “You were not alone here?”

She got confused thinking he was here alone because she could only see him from the lobby.

“Sorry, I forgot about our promise by mistake.”

Hana looked at Binna cautiously. She saw her once on the street, and she was beautiful in her eyes. Looking at Hana, Binna thought she was beautiful.

‘She looks like an actress.’

“Looks like you’re busy. See you next time.”

Hana turned back, and she could not understand why her heart was pounding hard.

Besides, she felt something hot around her eyelids. If she blinks, she felt like tears would come down at any moment. She asked herself, ‘Hana, what’s wrong?’

Then Suhyuk grabbed her. “Sorry, I forgot about it by mistake.”

She could not move at all, frozen like ice.

If she shakes her body, she felt the tears in her eyes would fall down.

“You look very upset. I’m really sorry.”

Letting out a sigh, she lowered her head, spreading her hair.

Hiding her face like that, she said, “Let me go to the restroom.”

“Okay, what do you want to have for a drink?”

“Any drink is fine.”

Hana then headed for the restroom

Washing her face, drops of water were falling down.

‘I came here with the excuse that I’m feeling sick today...’

She even put off her night duty, so she would be very busy tomorrow.

“What are you thinking now, Kim Hana?”

She shook her head.

Her image reflected in the mirror was of a fool and an idiot.

Her eyelids were reddish, so was the tip of her nose.

She gathered water with her hands and washed her face several times.

And she looked in the mirror again.

“Smile.”

When she came back to the table, iced coffee was already served.

“As you said you were thirsty, I ordered iced coffee. Is it alright?”

Nodding her head, Hana sat and said, “Thanks.”

As she was so thirsty, she gulped down the ice coffee.

“Hah... I feel so relieved now.”

“Hi, I was so absent-minded when I saw you first. My name is Han Binna.”

“I’m Suhyuk’s friend, Kim Hana.”

Binna felt a bit uneasy. How come such a beautiful woman came to be his friend...

She blamed herself for that kind of thinking that came to her mind momentarily.

How come she felt uneasy about their friendship? She just felt sorry for them because she felt she had some sort of impure thinking about them.

“Were you very busy?”

Suhyuk made a sorry expression at Hana’s asking.

“Well, I was busy until 30 minutes ago, but forgot our promise.”

“If you feel sorry, you have got to treat me to a nice meal next time.”

“Sure, let me keep it in mind.”

Thinking her facial expression became a bit relaxed, Suhyuk opened his mouth again, “How is your father doing?”

“Of course, he is doing fine.”

Putting her coffee cup down on the table, she looked at Suhyuk.

And she smiled a peaceful smile.

“He is okay, so don’t worry about him too much. If I feel he is not okay, let me contact you first.”

She really wished he would not visit her father’s rice and soup restaurant.

Though Suhyuk was smiling, doing the chores at the restaurant, he must have been anxious a lot because he could not treat her father’s limping legs.

As she knew his good intentions so well, she could now understand him a bit better.

“As I’m so busy these days, I can’t come often like before. Please

tell your father I will see him when I'm free."

Hana shook her head from side to side.

He just let her words go in one ear and out the other.

Binna felt envious about the both of them talking endlessly.

Their way of talking made her feel they cared about each other a lot.

At that moment Suhyuk got a phone call.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

It was from Han Myungjin.

"Are you busy? I hear some music out there."

At the very moment some sort of dance music was coming out in the coffee shop.

"No, sir. I'm at the coffee shop in the lobby. Seems like you can't hear me well, wait a moment..."

Asking for their understanding, he went out.

Now Hana and Binna were left alone. A sense of awkwardness arised between them.

They were having coffee, fixing their eyes at him on the phone just now.

One second felt like one minute to them.

Nonetheless, there was no sign of him coming back any time soon.

Hana was able to steal a glance at Binna casually.

Her look that was reflecting him in her eyes, looked so warm.

'...'

That was the same for Binna, who thought to herself, 'Ms. Hana likes him very much...'

They could both realize it. Their look was far from the kind of look between friends.

“I’m sorry. You have come here for an appointment. I think I stood in the way. Please have a good time!”

When Binna was about to stand up, Hana held her, waving her hands, “No, no. You are not. Please have a seat. I was going to go home anyway.”

At Hana’s repeated urging, Binna sat back down again.

Again an awkward silence prevailed.

How much time passed?

It was Hana who spoke first, “Ms. Binna. I know it’s discourteous for me to...”

With a pretty dimple, Binna smiled.

“That’s fine. Please feel free to say what you want.”

Hana was casting her eyes at Suhyuk, who was outside the window.

Then she opened her mouth.

Chapter 97

“Don’t you think Suhyuk is a good person?”

Though Hana did not say it directly, her message was pretty clear.

Binna, in a blush, nodded her head slowly.

“Yes, he seems to be a very kind-hearted person.”

Hana could know her feelings clearly from her look, and the way she was now looking at the coffee shyly.

‘She likes him a lot...’

Hana’s face made a bitter expression. She just thought about one thing.

‘It’s late. Very, very late for me.’

Then Suhyuk came back in.

“I’m so sorry, but the professor is calling for me.”

Hana stood up with a smile.

“I was going to leave anyway.”

And she looked at Binna, saying, “See you next time, Ms. Binna.”

They all went out of the coffee shop.

Binna, bowing to Hana, went back the patients’ wards.

“It’s not a sin that one likes someone else.”

Saying words of comfort to herself, she too moved.

“You said the professor called for you. Go now.”

At her words, Suhyuk walked ahead with a smile.

“Let me take you to the bus stop nearby.”

Hana looked at him walking ahead of her.

Was his back always so broad like that?

It was broad enough to hide her if she stood behind him.

“What are you doing? Come on!”

When Suhyuk said that, turning to her, Hana began to move.

The bus stop was not that far as it was located at the main gate of Daehan Hospital.

“Looks like your anger hasn’t melted away yet.”

Hana shook her head, with a smile.

She was not angry from the beginning. Actually her head was occupied with all sorts of other thoughts.

<The bus will arrive in a minute> An announcement came.

Hana, sitting on the bench at the bus stop, stood up.

She searched her bag and took out a square box wrapped beautifully.

“I just bought it on the way here. Let me go now.”

“What is this?”

“Pen. I see doctors with a pen in their gowns, but you don’t seem to have one.”

Having said that, she got on the bus. When she stepped onto the bus, she turned her head, saying, “Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk looked at her with a gesture, which seemed to ask, ‘Yes?’

“Hey, Miss, aren’t you going to get on?” asked the driver.

At the bus driver’s annoying voice, Hana made a bitter smile.

“Never mind. Take care!”

Then the bus she rode on closed its doors and left.

Quietly watching the bus go, Suhyuk opened the box.

Inside was a high-quality pen that looked very expensive.

Looking at the bus disappearing until it looked just like a dot in

the horizon, Suhyuk said with a smile, “Thanks.”

Suhyuk went to see Prof. Han.

It was already approaching 10pm.

Why did he call for him?

There was nothing particular that he said on the phone, because they could not hear each other well.

When he knocked on the door, he heard a voice come from inside.

“Come on in.”

Going into the office, he bowed his head.

“I think I have to change my cell phone. I’ve used it for 5 years.”

With a smile, Suhyuk thought of his cell phone. He’d actually been using it for seven years already.

“Sit down instead of standing like that.”

When Suhyuk sat down, he was offered a cup of juice.

“Thank you, sir.”

Suhyuk, putting down his juice cup, looked at Han drinking coffee.

Though he was smiling peacefully, he could feel fatigue on his face.

“Actually, I called you to ask you something.”

It was not about patient Lee Jinhan.

Han opened his mouth again,

“Did you know that I also split my time between seeing thoracic surgery patients and those with heavy injuries?”

Taking a sip of coffee, Han continued,

“I have never told anyone about this.”

Suhyuk quietly waited for his next words.

“Won’t you work together with me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider at that.

It meant Han was helping him grow professionally at his side.

Other residents would have thought it was just that, and welcomed the opportunity with open arms.

But Suhyuk took it differently.

Together.

That was the only word that he thought of.

Genuine doctor.

A genuine doctor like Prof. Han reached out to him.

“Why? You don’t like it? Well...”

With a bitter smile, Prof. Han lifted his coffee cup.

He could fully understand why he was hesitant.

Who would want to work with him with only three to four hours of sleep a day?

As he had been working like that, anyone working with him would have to follow suit.

“Thank you, sir.”

At his voice, Han cast his eyes at him who was smiling.

Han said calmly, as if he heard what he wanted to hear, “You’ll find it tough.”

“I’m young, sir.”

Shaking his head, Han replied, “Oh, I hadn’t thought of it.”

Seated in his chair, Han reached out his hand.

“Let’s do great work together!”

Standing from the seat, Suhyuk grabbed his hands cordially, and bowed his head.

A new day was breaking gradually.

Getting up from the bed Suhyuk wore a gown, with the pen, Hana's gift, in it.

The tip of the pen was shining from the ray of sun coming through the window.

Looking in the mirror briefly, Suhyuk soon went out of the lodging.

After having bread and milk for breakfast, as usual, he headed for the surgery building.

"You know we have to make the rounds today, right? Don't make any mistakes."

"Yes, sir."

Then Kang Mingyu asked him, "Are you ready?"

Nodding his head, Im handed him a chart.

Kang checked his patients' records carefully.

All of the five patients on the chart underwent surgeries performed by him.

When Kang nodded his head, looking over the chart, Prof. Han came.

"Let's go."

Kang said, heading for the hospital wards.

"37-year-old patient with lung abscess. An X-ray was taken at the time of the patient's arrival, and a shade in the joint was found."

Nodding, Han turned his head to Suhyuk following behind, asking him, "What is the cause of the lung abscess?"

“There are various causes, but the biggest factor is aspiration of infectious material.”

This time Han asked Im, “What is the most common cause of a lung abscess?”

Stunned, Im suddenly opened his mouth, “Alcoholism and epilepsy, or...”

Han, with a pleasant smile, shook his head. Im knew how to deal with the disease, but was kept in the dark about its cause. For he mechanically learned about medical science without fully understanding the human body.

Han looked at Suhyuk, as if he wanted to hear his answer.

Suhyuk spoke in no time,

“Dysphagia, cerebral trauma, cerebral palsy, epilepsy and other symptoms occur in a dim state. Also, it is not always good to look at the oral status of the patients.”

Most of the time, when the patient’s consciousness is absent, bacteria is breathed into the respiratory tract. The lung abscess is a disease that often occurs in patients hospitalized by pathogens.

Hearing Suhyuk’s reply, he walked onwards again.

Kang, following Prof. Han, recited the prescriptions he administered to the patients.

“As there was no response to hemoptysis and medical treatment, I proceeded with lobectomy.”

Soon Han went into the room of the patient who had lobectomy, checking his condition carefully.

And he said, “You can get up soon.”

There was no better news than this.

Han checked four more patients, and on such occasions Prof. Han praised Kang.

After making a diagnosis, Kang coped with the disease very well.

At Han's praise, Kang felt as if all his fatigue was blown away.

"This patient had caustic stricture..."

While he was explaining about it, Han slightly turned back and gestured toward Suhyuk.

With a smile, Suhyuk was nodding his head.

"I'm going to insert a tube into the patient's thoracic chest. Do you know how to do it?"

Suhyuk opened his mouth, nodding his head, "Yes, I know about the sequence of the surgery.."

Suhyuk barely could suppress the urge to answer, because Im looked bad.

If he had replied, it would certainly have made Im's expression turn much more pale.

Was he still upset about him?

No, Suhyuk thought that such a reason like that was wrong..

Some sort of envy was growing in Im's mind.

He felt as if he became the subject of comparison between himself and Suhyuk.

He could not be more miserable in the presence of Kang and Prof. Han.

But it was only momentary, as Suhyuk was not a guy with nasty temper, he was polite.

"I hope you can teach me a lot, sir, as I'm still learning."

With a feigned cough, Im patted him on the shoulder, saying, "If you learn hard, you will be taking my place before you know it. Follow me."

Having said that, Im turned back, and made a hearty smile before he knew it.

Suhyuk followed him, when his cell phone buzzed.

It was a call from Han.

“Yes, it’s me, sir.”

“Go down to the emergency room. A traffic accident patient is on the way to our hospital. Let me join you soon.”

After the call, Suhyuk caught Im, saying “Sir.”

“Uh? Yes?”

“I think I have to go to the emergency room now.”

“Why do you have to go there?”

“Prof. Han asked me to take care of a patient.”

Im scratched his head and said, “Okay, then...”

Suhyuk, who just came into the emergency room, asked for Oh Byunchul.

“Long time, no see. How about the surgery department? Is there time for you to be here?”

Suhyuk nodded and said,

“I heard a traffic accident patient was being transported here.”

Oh shook his head from side to side.

How can a resident in his first year see an emergency patient?

Because he is an alien resident?

“It’s about time the patient got here.”

As soon as Oh said that, the door of the emergency room flung open.

There was a patient carried on a stretcher.

His clothes were soaked with blood. There was more than one

patient taken into the room. Another patient on a stretcher was also bleeding severely.

Suhyuk ran, shouting, “Blood type!”

Chapter 98

A series of pads connected with the monitor were patched onto the patient's body.

The patient was a man in his late 30s.

Suhyuk checked his heart first.

‘It’s beating.’

And then he looked at the vital signs.

His blood pressure was dropping markedly. It was natural because he shed a lot of blood.

The patient did not move at all. Even if he lifted his eyelid, there was no reaction from the pupil.

Suhyuk immediately checked the patient's injured area.

Head, shoulder, thigh, there were wounds all over his body.

“Please give me some dressings!”

A nurse handed him dressings, and then Suhyuk pressed the dressings against patient's head first.

“Suhyuk, let other doctors take care of him...”

Suhyuk's fellow residents of his year, who applied for the emergency medical department, said cautiously.

But nobody stopped him, who was only in his first year of residency.

Oh Byungchul did not stop him either.

Oh was taking care of another patient who had been involved in a traffic accident like Suhyuk's patient.

She was in her 60s, with bleeding from her head, and she was mentally stable, but she was screaming at the patient next to her, “Hey, Jinsu. Open your eyes!”

“Please calm down.”

A nurse and Oh forcibly held her down.

“Doctor! Please save my sons’ life, my son. Jinsu, why can’t you open your eyes? Mom is here right beside you. So, open your eyes, my baby!”

She did not stay calm, throwing a tantrum and crying as if she was a baby.

On such occasions her face was covered with blood.

“Hey, save my son! My son!” shouted the woman.

With her head wrapped with dressing, she was pounding a man, with a haggard mustache’s heart.

“Boohoo... Save my son, man!”

Whenever she moved her hands, the man’s body shook.

The accident took place when he felt he was dozing off a bit.

His truck allegedly drove over the centerline, crashing the passenger car driving toward him.

The man thought of his wife’s nagging in the morning when he went out for work.

He felt it was a bad luck.

“I want to check the black box,” said the man.

At his words, the policemen who took him to the emergency room made a feigned smile.

Witnesses told the truck drove over the centerline first.

Even if they open the black box, it would show the same outcome.

That was not the point, though.

The patient never showed any sign of repentance.

Granted it was not his intention, he did not care at all about the

patients who were taken into the resuscitation unit. He was thinking hard how to avoid his own responsibility in the accident.

“Patient Choi Changoh, please come here.”

At the nurse’s calling, the man moved toward her.

Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher carrying a patient fast.

On the other side Prof. Han was running along.

Soon they arrived at the resuscitation unit, with IV and blood packs hung over the patient’s body.

The examination was done quickly.

X-ray viewer was installed, and the CT appeared on the monitor.

Han Myungjin let out a long breath.

The patient’s belly was overflowing with blood.

Han saw such a heavily injured patient for the first time in a long time.

Not only his organs, but also his nerves must have been damaged.

Fortunately his skull was not damaged at all.

“Looks like it’s going to be tough.”

Han murmured before he knew it. Then came a voice out of the blue.

It was Suhyuk who had been looking down at the patient quietly.

He said, “We never know sir, until we try.”

Han, looking at the monitor, nodded his head slowly. How can a novice doctor dare speak like that?

Han could have felt offended, but he was different from other doctors.

“You’re right.”

They had no choice but to pin their hope on the fact that the patient was a young man.

Under the direction of Han, the medical staff moved the patient to the operating room.

Like them Suhyuk moved to disinfect himself.

He rubbed his fingers and forearms with a disinfection brush. He rubbed so hard that those next to him were even worried. Closing his eyes, Suhyuk recalled the guy's mother.

"The patient, no, your son was severely injured. Surgery can be dangerous, but do you want us to go ahead with it?"

Tears kept coming down from the patient's guardian's face at Suhyuk's cautious suggestion.

Obviously he needed to have surgery, but the doctor's tone was unusual.

Suddenly she broke into tears. Falling on her knees, she held Suhyuk's gown.

At her tight holding, he could feel how desperate she was.

"Please save my son! Please...If you could save my son, I would never forget your help even if I die. I would give you all the money I have got. Please save my son, Jinsu. Boohoo..."

Suhyuk also went down on one knee.

"Please sign this form. We can do surgery only with the guardian's consent."

Suhyuk pulled out the pen from his gown, and gave it to her. The pen was Hana's gift.

She held it with a trembling hand.

"Please help my son live a little longer, doctor! Please..."

After he got her consent, Suhyuk lifted her up, and said in a clear voice, "My name is Lee Suhyuk. I'll do my best."

No, just doing one's best was not enough.

He had to make the patient open his eyes after surgery.

So, the mother and son could meet look each other in the eyes again "What are you thinking?" asked Han.

Suhyuk's eyes opened at Han's asking.

And he said like before, "I was thinking about how to save the patient."

"Did you have a good sleep?"

Suhyuk knew what Prof. Han was talking about.

It meant the surgery would take many many hours.

"I don't sleep much usually, sir."

When he opened his both hands, a nurse immediately helped him into his gown.

Prof. Han, wearing a gown just like him, was looking at him quietly.

He made Suhyuk fill in the surgery consent form by himself, so he could feel a lot while watching the patient and his guardian.

"Let's go!"

When Han approached the door, the automatic door opened.

The medical staff in green gowns moved busily, and a white light from the ceiling was beaming onto the patient who lay in the middle.

"Huuuuuuuh...." Suhyuk let out a long breath as if he just took a deep breath, and he approached the patient with an oxygen mask in his hand.

'I would allow you to sleep only in this operating room. You have to open your eyes outside after.'

At that moment he heard Han's voice.

“This patient is bleeding in his belly, so we need to finish the operation as soon as possible. Now we’re opening up his belly. Scalpel.”

A scalpel was handed to Prof. Han’s hand, and when it touched the patient’s belly, blood was gushing up like a water gun.

“Suction, suction!”

The assistants suctioned blood calmly, and the patient’s belly was opened up.

“What are you doing?”

Han shouted at one assistant because he did not set up a retractor inside the belly.

Another assistant was looking for it, but could not find it.

“Obviously I put it here...”

Han suddenly made a frown.

“Damn it...” When he was venting his anger, Suhyuk came to his side, and he opened the patient’s belly with both hands without blocking Han’s view at all.

Turning his head, he looked at Han.

“We have to finish the surgery quickly.”

Han scrutinized each of the medical staff alarmed by Suhyuk’s action, and he said in a scary tone, “Let me see you guys after surgery. Irrigation.”

Soon wash fluid was poured into the belly, and the suction device was running with a big noise.

It was necessary to find the damaged organ, but the continued bleeding blocked Han’s view.

Han checked the blood packs.

“How many were used so far?”

“Seven packs, sir.”

“Just keep supplying it. Squeeze out the current pack, and then replace it with a new one.”

Han shook his head.

“Here is the retractor.”

A nurse who came into the operating room brought a retractor.

Only then could Suhyuk step back.

He looked at the patient’s opened belly carefully.

Obviously the spleen was damaged, along with other organs. Even the nerve vessels.

Now bleeding was simply too much.

Then one thing came to Suhyuk’s mind suddenly.

Main artery.

“Is his main artery okay?”

At his asking, Han, putting his hand into the belly, looked at him.

“Why did you say it only now?”

Han did not think of it at all. Patients with heavy injuries usually had organ damages, and it was very rare they had their main arteries damaged too.

Han’s hand moved cautiously and quickly.

And he lifted his head quickly, shouting,

“Contact Prof. Kim right now!”

His main artery was ruptured. Though it was very minor, most of the bleeding came out of it.

It was only natural. Called the highway of a human body, main arteries carry blood throughout the whole body, and there was a leak in it.

“Quickly!”

Han could perform the surgery of the main artery himself, but could not do better than Prof. Kim who was performing such surgeries dozens of times per week.

It was the beginning of the situation. Suddenly there was heard something from the side, a blot out of the blue. It was the voice of the nurse who had contacted Prof. Kim.

“I hear he just began emergency surgery. It would take at least one hour for him to come here.”

A long sigh came out of Han’s mouth.

It would be too late if he came one hour later. The patient could not continue to survive by that time.

‘What should I do...’

The operating room was quiet.

The residents monitoring the patient’s vital signs, and the assistants squeezing out the blood pack to force blood into the patient.

Everybody’s attention was on the patient, as if they were saying in unison, “It’s not possible.”

Then Han turned his head to the side.

Suhyuk was looking at the patient quietly. What was he thinking?

Turning around, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Please stop his heart.”

Chapter 99

Han Myungjin looked Suhyuk in the face, saying something with glittering eyes: ‘Yes, just go ahead without hesitation. You need to stop the excessive bleeding first...’

Though Han thought of the same thing, he was so glad when Suhyuk mentioned it first.

Suhyuk was quick in judgement and without hesitation.

“Get ready for aortic arches replacement.”

At the professor’s direction, the medical staff moved in unison.

An extracorporeal cardiopulmonary valve was pulled in place of the heart to make blood circulate throughout the body, and other fluids were hung up.

Suhyuk said to Han,

“As for aortic arch replacement, I have done anastomosis before.”

Han’s eyes became wider.

A resident in the first year has done such an emergency surgery?

“I’ve done it under the guidance of Prof. Kim Jinwook.”

Still Han did not understand it a bit, but felt it was possible.

He knew Prof. Kim was very much anxious to have Suhyuk as his disciple.

Han now turned to Kang Mingyu who was looking into the slippery organs here and there.

Kang was searching for other sources of bleeding other than the main artery.

Though Kang was assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery, Han had to force him to come over here for the surgery. Other medical staff that he wanted were all too busy. They were either taking

care of emergency patients or already in the operating rooms.

“This kind of main artery surgery is the first time for you, right?”

“Yes, but I’ve observed it several times.”

Han opened his mouth, looking at Suhyuk.

“Well, I’ve done aortic arch replacement surgery only 20 or so times. That’s why I need some more knowledgeable assistants.”

Kang nodded his head, looking at Suhyuk.

He did not feel envious or jealous just because Suhyuk was younger or lower in title than he.

Suhyuk had participated in the surgery before, but he had not.

That was enough for him to step aside.

“You might need this,” Kang handed a loupe to Suhyuk, stepping back.

“Thank you, sir.”

Now Suhyuk was set to perform the surgery as the next important surgeon after Han.

“I’m ready, sir.”

At the perfusionists’ words, Han looked at Suhyuk on the other side.

He alternately looked at the patient’s face and his opened belly.

“We’re going to start now. I can’t tolerate any mistakes.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, “Absolutely, sir.”

“Huuuuuuuh... Let’s start then. Heparin!”

At the professor’s direction, the nurse repeated after him and injected coagulant into the IV line.

“I’m injecting heparin now.”

“Lower the body temperature so as not to damage the organs,

and heart arrest procedure starts now.”

Beep...

The machine signaled a scary warning sound that the heart stopped, and at the same time a cardiopulmonary device started running.

At that moment Suhyuk put his hand into the belly without using the surgery tools.

Whenever he moved his hands, the organs were oozing. It did not last long.

“This is the source of bleeding. Please cut it.”

Suhyuk lifted up the main artery with a damaged membrane gently with his fingers.

The main artery hung over his index finger was dark red, and blood came from out of the damaged membrane.

Shaking his head, Han moved the scissors.

Is there another doctor who dared hold the main artery recklessly like that? Han could not do anything about it, though. Now the surgery was urgent.

The incised main artery dropped onto the metal tray. Blood spread around it slowly.

“Let me sew it,” said Han.

“Don’t you think it’s better we share the task, sir?”

Han agonized a bit, because it would take a lot of time to anastomose a main artery because it was very complicated to do.

“Are you confident?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do it well then.”

When Han held out his hand, one assistant handed a needle holder and threads.

It was the same for Suhyuk.

Handed over an artificial blood vessel, he put it into the cut main artery.

Han went ahead with the anastomosis first.

When the artificial blood vessel was fixed at the stem of the cut main artery, Suhyuk fixed a thread to a needle holder as small as a pincette.

And both of them started doing anastomosis.

Prof. Han was doing it from the lower part while Suhyuk was sewing the upper part.

They were controlling the four needle holders inside the belly.

How long did it last?

It was already more than two hours since they opened up the patient's belly.

After he was done with the anastomosis, Suhyuk waited for Han to finish as well.

Then Han raised his head, and the nurse wiped off the sweat from his forehead.

“Done!”

Breathing out a long breath, Han looked at Suhyuk as if he was a wonder boy.

He neatly connected the artificial blood vessel, and besides that, he did it faster than him.

Precise and quick.

“Looks like we need to revive his heart.”

At his words, Han nodded his head.

Although the heart-lung machine was running, the function of the heart would be weakened if it was forced to stop any longer.

Han immediately applied electric shock to the patient's heart.

But it did not beat.

He did it once more, but the heart did not beat.

It was all quiet.

Breathing out a long breath, Han reapplied the electric shock.

At the same time, Suhyuk's rigid eyes went back to normal.

The heart was beating again.

"Nice job. Keep listening to us well."

Suhyuk was murmuring to the patient.

Now he opened his mouth, turning to Han,

"Looks like we need to remove the spleen first."

The spleen was crushed completely. To secure a wider view, it was necessary to take it out.

Catching his breath, Han was shaking his head.

Suhyuk did not give him any chance to take a break.

So, they began removing the spleen. Besides, it was necessary to incise the liver partially.

The more they moved, the more their gowns were stained with blood.

Three hours, four hours...

They cut the damaged organs and reconnected the cut blood vessels and nerves.

Then Suhyuk, who was connecting the blood vessels, said, "Please take a break, sir."

He saw Han's hands trembling subtly, which was natural as he was a human being.

The surgery was already continuing for over five hours.

“Let me take over, sir.”

Kang, who was watching nearby, came to Han.

Stopping for a moment, Han agonized for a moment.

“Okay, let me pause a bit then. Thanks.”

Han stepped back and took a seat in the back.

Kang, who took his place, was confident of doing anastomosis.

He did it several times, but he was not sure how long it would take.

“You’re doing great, man!” Kang said to Suhyuk.

Then he grabbed a surgical thread.

A black and white picture uploaded on SNS was generating a huge response on the internet.

It was a picture of the operating room, with the floor covered with blood.

Was it to prevent any slipping on the floor? Here and there were placed mats stained with blood.

On the operating bed was a patient whose face was covered, and a doctor sitting next to him.

The doctor was drooping his shoulders, but his eyes looking at the patient seemed to form a smile. The netizens’ comments on the picture were as follows: <When other doctors were taking a break, the doctor worked 25 hours on the surgery without letup. He drank only energy drinks during that time. The patient opened his eyes after half a day, while the doctor was asleep.> Thousands of replies were posted on this comment.

<Does it make any sense? Looks like it’s a movie scene> <I’d like to see what kind of doctor he is> <How wonderful it would be if we had many such doctors? I respect him> <Thanks so much for your

hard work. Hope you can take care of your own health from now on> -----

Suhyuk slowly opened his eyes. It was still dark. There was no light coming through the window.

‘How long did I sleep for?’

He checked the time on his cell phone. It was 9:40pm.

Getting up from the bed suddenly, he wore a gown and went out.

He headed straight for the intensive care unit.

“Is patient Kim Jinsu okay?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, the nurse smiled, nodding her head.

“Yes, his vital signs are good, and he is mentally stable. You did really nice work, doctor.”

Suhyuk let out a long breath.

After the surgery, he confirmed that the patient opened his eyes.

He could breathe a sigh of relief after checking his face grimacing with pain.

He could save his life, after all. He fell into sleep next to the patient.

He woke up to find himself at the lodging.

Did someone carry him on the stretcher to his lodging?

When Suhyuk was thinking about it, the nurse was touching her cell phone.

Actually it was the nurse who took the picture of him in the operating room as well as his posture in the recovery room, and uploaded it on her SNS. Back then she did not expect the picture would generate such an overwhelming response.

Suhyuk moved quickly to look for the patient. He could easily find him.

“Oh my god! Doctor Lee Suhyuk!”

A woman, who was touching his face, stood up. She was his mother.

She held Suhyuk’s both hands, saying,

“Thanks a million, sir. How can I repay you...”

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Well it’s just my duty.”

Then, he checked the patient’s condition. All vital signs were normal.

But he would feel a lot of pain.

Suhyuk asked the patient who had half-opened eyes, “How do you feel?”

The patient said, making a smile with the utmost effort, “Thanks for saving my life, sir...”

He heard many times from those doctors and nurses who came and checked on him: A doctor by the name of Lee Suhyuk saved him.

Smiling without saying anything, Suhyuk grabbed his hands.

“Please hold my hands with your utmost strength.”

With a frown he held his hands with strength.

“That’s fine.”

Someone was looking at him from the back.

Han Myungjin and Kang Mingyu.

“He woke up early, sir,” said Kang to Prof. Han.

Han murmured to Kang who was shaking his head, “He’s THE true doctor...”

Chapter 100

Suhyuk was looking at Kim Jinsu who had been transferred to a general patients' ward.

“How do you feel?”

Kim smiled, saying, “I think I feel much better. Thanks, doctor.”

Then his mother offered banana milk to him.

“Did you have breakfast, doctor?”

Suhyuk replied, with a smile, “Yes. Did you? Not only the patient but also the guardian should eat well.”

“If you feel uncomfortable, please let us know immediately.”

“Well, I feel fine except for some sort of pain on the surgery area. Very good for the rest.”

Suhyuk, smiling at him, nodded his head, and turned back.

Those nurses watching him in the back began to whisper, “What a great doctor! How could he do surgery for that long?”

He did not go to the restroom. They heard he just had energy drinks instead of rice or water.

It was difficult to believe.

“According to the nurse who went into the operating room, Dr. Lee was doing the surgery alone when the other medical staff were dozing off.”

“Are you serious? Isn't it bragging? How can a resident in his first year do anastomosis alone?”

The other nurses nodded their heads at one nurse's questioning.

At that moment they could hear some voice coming into their ears.

“Well, Dr. Lee could manage it very well. He is such a great

doctor.”

It was Binna who said that, passing by them at that moment.

Suhyuk visited Prof. Han’s office.

“I hear you wanted to talk to me.”

Suhyuk nodded, and opened his mouth,

“I want to have a day off today.”

Han made a feigned smile.

Actually he wanted to give Suhyuk two days of leave when he finished the long surgery, but Suhyuk refused it. And now he want to take a day off?

“I told you to have days off, but you said you didn’t want it. Don’t you feel good now?”

Suhyuk shook his head, saying,

“Actually my parents are supposed to come for a medical check-up today.”

Han smiled.

“Oh, sure. Go ahead. By the way, you know that your immediate family can have a discount. Don’t fail to apply for it.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Rising from the seat, Suhyuk bowed his head, and then went out.

Han shook his head.

Suhyuk just looked icy when he said only the main point before leaving, especially compared with his attitude when he was taking care of patients.

Suhyuk was obviously different from doctors who wanted to hear a little more advice from him.

Coming back to the lodging, Suhyuk took a shower first. He wore neat clothes and trimmed his hair calmly. He even applied skin lotion which he did not usually. And he looked in the mirror.

Suddenly he looked at the hanger in the room. A long doctor's gown. 'Do I have to wear it?'

Then his cell phone buzzed.

"Suhyuk, I've got only two bus stops before arriving there. Can I just go inside the hospital?"

"Yes, mom. Just come inside."

After the call, he went out of the lodging and waited at the bus stop.

Was it because he was dressed up or did his appearance, in a doctor's gown, look unusual?

Some women waiting for a bus took a glance at him.

<Soon a bus will arrive> came out a recorded announcement.

At the announcement Suhyuk's smile thickened.

In no time a bus arrived. When he got on the bus, his mother greeted him, saying, "Oh, my doctor son coming out to meet me!"

She touched his gown as if she was stroking his shoulder. How happy she was ...

Suhyuk put on the gown on purpose.

"Honey, stop stroking it like that. I'm afraid you're going to crease it."

At her husband's words, she took away her hands right away.

"It's alright. I don't iron it anyway. Let's go."

Suhyuk's face, who was escorting them into the hospital, became brighter.

Inside the hospital lobby she looked around with wide eyes. She

felt so proud that her son was working in a place like this.

“Do we have to wait long? Your father will feel dizzy if he skips even one meal.”

They were fasting because of the medical check-up.

Escorting them to the elevator, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “No, you don’t have to, as I’m your son. I’ve already asked the medical staff to check up on you first.”

As he was a doctor of Daehan Hospital, he was determined to enjoy all the benefits it offered.

For it was something related to his parents.

<The door opens> The elevator’s door opened in no time.

“Good morning, doctor!”

“Good morning!”

The nurses inside the elevator all said greetings to him.

Suhyuk said shortly, “Good morning!”

Suhyuk’s parents smiled at them, because they could realize that their son was a doctor because they could see the nurses greeting him politely.

Then a doctor who came out the elevator last opened his mouth, “Oh, your parents are here.”

He was Prof. Han Myungjin who happened to come out to smoke a cigarette.

Suhyuk’s parents looked at him as if they were asking who he was.

“This is the cardiothoracic surgery professor.”

As soon as he said that, his mother bowed her head and said, “How are you, professor? I’m Suhyuk’s mother. Please take good care of my son!”

His father said the same thing, “I’m his father. Though he has a long way to go, I hope you can take good care of him, sir.”

Prof. Han held his hands politely, saying, “You have a very good son.”

“Oh, he has a long way to go. Please take good care of him, sir!”

“Ooops, I wish I brought some soft drinks here...”

Han shook his head at her remarks, adding,

“Don’t say that. You’re not here to visit a patient. I just wanted to say this, just thank you. I’m helped a lot thanks to your son. Thanks again for sending your son to Daehan Hospital. I just feel proud of him.”

Gently surprised by the professor’s remarks, their facial expression’s became soft.

“Then let me go now as I’m busy.”

Han disappeared, and they looked at him, feeling how commendable he was.

Soon Suhyuk’s family got on the elevator.

The medical staff started with checking their height, weight, urine and eyesight tests.

As a rule, they are supposed to fill out questionnaire form and see the doctor before the test, but Suhyuk already filled out the form over the phone.

When they were having their bloodwork and X-ray test, Suhyuk was with them.

Their endoscopy was done by himself.

While they were sedated, Suhyuk focused on the screen illuminating their inside bodies.

Soon, two hours of tests was all done.

Coming down to the lobby with them, Suhyuk smiled.

He could find nothing abnormal from head to toe. Rather, they looked much healthier than their age suggested. It was fortunate for them.

“You must be hungry, right? There is a famous ginseng chicken soup restaurant across the street. Let’s go there.”

“Thanks to our doctor son, we had a free medical check-up, plus free meal!”

Of course, it was not free. Suhyuk got a discount, and paid for the remaining balance.

He just mentioned it was ‘free’ to his parents.

“Suhyuk!”

They turned their heads to the side when they heard some voice calling their son.

He was Prof. Kim Jinwook.

“Uh? Are you...”

It was Suhyuk’s father who said first, “How are you, sir? I’m Suhyuk’s father.”

“Uh?”

Kim was surprised a bit, but instantly said gladly, “Don’t you remember me?”

The couple looked perplexed at Kim’s remarks, because they have never seen him before.

Kim bowed his head and said,

“How are you? Was it when Suhyuk was 16 years old? When he was hospitalized because of the traffic accident, I saw you several times...”

Only then did Suhyuk’s mom make an expression as if she now remembered his face.

When was it that Suhyuk was diagnosed as a vegetative patient?

More than 10 years has passed already.

Frankly, the couple could not remember him. But he is still a doctor just like he was back then.

He must be in such a high position now.

“Ah, yes, we really appreciated it back then, sir. Thanks to your help, Suhyuk has become such a good man like this. Thanks again, sir.”

At a loss for words, Kim bowed his head, because he did nothing at that time.

He was only an intern back then.

“Please take good care of my son, doctor!”

At her remarks, Kim shook his head.

“Well, I’m in a position to learn from him. You may not know it, but Suhyuk is very famous at Daehan Hospital.”

The couple made a satisfactory expression.

Not only Han but also Kim just praised their son.

“Did you come here to see your son?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk replied, “They were here for medical check-ups. We’re going out for a meal.”

“Ah... Actually I haven’t had a meal. Can I join?”

At his words, Suhyuk agonize a bit because it was a family get-together after such a long time. He did not want anybody else to join it at all. So, he had to ask for Kim’s understanding.

“Sorry, but...”

“Why don’t you join? Do you like ginseng chicken soup by any chance?”

Suhyuk’s father cut off his words. How come his son dare refuse the professor’s suggestion.

Though Suhyuk was recognized for his work, his social life was a train wreck.

“Yes, I like it so much!”

“Let’s go together, then.”

His mother also urged Kim to join, when Suhyuk tried to open his mouth.

She gently patted his back with a silent word that he should not talk.

Shaking his head, he just had to follow his parents’ directions.

Then someone called, “Dr. Lee Suhyuk!”

All of them turned their heads to the side.

Prof. Lee Mansuk was walking toward them.

Kim was shaking his head slowly. What the heck was he doing...

Whenever he met Suhyuk, Lee would appear without fail like this.

Chapter 101

The ginseng chicken soup restaurant was crowded with customers.

Such a big crowd made them realize why it was a famous place to eat.

Although crowded, seeing as it was past lunchtime, they were able to find an empty table.

“Welcome. How many are you?”

Lee Mansuk replied to the employee’s asking,

“Five.”

“Right now we’ve only got an empty room. Is it okay?”

Lee asked, looking at Suhyuk’s parents.

Waving her hands, Suhyuk’s mother said,

“Professor, it doesn’t matter to us.”

Nodding his head, Lee said to the employee,

“Escort us to the best room, please.”

“It’s all the same, sir.”

The employee escorted them to the room.

It was quite spacious, but narrow at the same time.

Out of the five tables, there was only one table left.

Suhyuk’s parents were seated at one side of the table, while Kim and Lee on the other.

Suhyuk took a seat between them at the head of the table.

After placing an order, Kim, who was holding a water cup, looked at Lee.

Was it a coincidence?

He could not help but shake his head.

He felt as if he was being watched.

When he was thinking about it, Lee said with a pleasant smile, “You have a very good son. Other doctors feel jealous about Dr. Lee Suhyuk because he works so wonderfully.”

Satisfactory smiles were plastered all over Suhyuk’s parents’ faces.

His father opened his mouth, “Looks like he has become what he is now thanks to your great guidance, though he still has a long way to go. Thank you.”

Kim shook his head, replying, “No, we didn’t do anything for him at all, so we even feel sorry.”

The couple smiled at Suhyuk. They felt so proud of him.

Lee Mansuk kept praising him, and so did Kim.

Soon ginseng chicken soup was served, and they began to eat.

Suhyuk’s mother took out a rear chicken leg and gave it to Suhyuk.

“Try this, Suhyuk.”

“Oh, I’ve got one here. Please try it yourself, mom.”

“I can’t have all this. You have to eat a lot and get more strength since you work until very late every day.”

Lee Mansuk agreed and nodded his head.

She asked, “Can you change the department where you work if you wanted to?”

With a perplexed look, Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, but at that moment, Lee Mansuk spoke first, “Of course he could. I can guarantee that he leaves the office on time if he comes to the neurosurgery department.”

Kim Jinwook intervened then, “I can guarantee that at my

department too.”

The two professors kept saying sweet words to Suhyuk’s parents.

Because Suhyuk let what they said go in one ear and out the other, they decided to turn to other methods to persuade him. They could not miss the opportunity in front of them.

While they were competing to curry favor with his parents, Suhyuk began eating, shaking his head.

At the counter Lee Mansuk took out his wallet. When he was about to take it out, Kim came up and said, “Let me pay this time.”

Lee Mansuk quickly presented his credit card to the owner at the counter.

“I just want to pay, Prof. Kim.”

“Actually I am indebted to Suhyuk’s parents for what they did to me before. Let me pay,” said Kim.

Kim had nothing like that, of course, but he wanted to get credit from them anyway.

“Don’t you think it’s a bit weird to repay your indebtedness by serving ginseng chicken soup. Let me pay this time, so you can buy them nice food at a decent place.”

“No, let me just pay this time,” said Kim.

The owner showed a bewildered expression, looking at the two credit cards.

“Who wants to pay then?”

The two replied at the same time. “Use my card, please.” “No, use mine!”

Then Suhyuk’s father came out of the room and said, “It’s on me.”

When he gave cash, the owner took it without hesitation.

Lee and Kim made a bitter expression, blaming each other.

After paying, they came out of the restaurant.

With a pleasant smile Lee Mansuk said, “This is my business card. If you don’t feel well in the future, please contact me immediately. I’ll take care of you. See you next time then.”

Kim said the same thing, and looked at Suhyuk.

“You’re going back to the hospital, right?”

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “I’m going to go home.”

He got a text message from Prof. Han Myungjin that he could take a break until tomorrow.

Han thought Suhyuk needed some rest.

No matter how much he told Suhyuk not to, Suhyuk worked until the daybreak.

And this time he spent as many as 25 hours participating in the surgery.

Suhyuk did not refuse Han’s instruction.

He would reject such an instruction on his usual days, but this time he wanted to go home with his parents.

“Goodbye then!”

Soon Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook moved towards their destination.

The two did not say anything to each other, and headed for the hospital.

“Are they on such bad terms?” asked Suhyuk’s mother tilting her head.

Suhyuk could not help but smile bitterly.

When he entered the door, there was a smile spreading on Suhyuk’s face naturally.

How long had it been since he last visited here?

He felt so good about being at home.

“Son, give me the gown and go wash quickly.”

Handing her the gown, he took a shower right away.

He cleaned his body carefully to wipe off any possible pathogens.

He could not leave behind any pathogens at his parents’ house.

“Are you not hungry?”

Suhyuk shook his head with a smile. It’s only been two hours since he ate ginseng chicken soup.

“Can I cut some fruits for you?”

At his father’s asking, Suhyuk went into his room, replying with a no.

It was clean, as if they cleaned the room every day.

While touching his own stuff, he lay on the bed.

His eyes automatically closed when he felt the softness of the bed.

The voice of his father calling someone in the living room came into his ears.

“Yeah, the university hospital is really good. How much was the bill? Of course, it’s free! You know my son is a doctor there. And do you how much the professors there praise Suhyuk...”

Suhyuk formed a slight smile on his face, and the sunlight coming through the window was warm. Suhyuk fell asleep before he knew it. How long did he sleep for?

Suhyuk’s mother came into his room to find her son sound asleep.

“Son, it’s time for dinner.”

He showed no sign of waking up as if he was in a deep sleep, and just hugged the blankets tight.

“Suhyuk, dinner time...”

“Just let him sleep. If he gets hungry, he will get up on his own accord.”

At her husband’s words, she closed the door silently after looking at him.

His father, watching TV, stood up.

“Where are you going?”

“For a walk outside. Do you want to join me?”

“Are you sure?”

So, the couple moved to the door.

“What did Suhyuk like?”

“Honey, don’t you know what he likes?”

“Give me some tips now.”

“Are you going out buy Suhyuk’s food, not for a walk now?”

“No more talk, honey.”

Suhyuk, who slept like a log, opened his eyes slowly.

He confirmed the time by checking his cell phone.

It was just past nine in the morning.

Rising from the bed, Suhyuk scratched his head.

It was a long sleep. He felt that he went to sleep before evening, and he woke up only now.

He surely must have been very tired. Thanks to a sound sleep, he felt great now.

He went to the living room, and nobody was there.

Instead there was a set of foods on the dining table covered by a piece of paper.

They went out for work.

Suhyuk read over the note left there.

<Did you sleep well? I didn't wake you up on purpose because it seemed you were very tired. Enjoy the food. Are you going to the hospital? When you wake up, call me.> With a smile Suhyuk removed the paper covering the table.

Spicy soup, vegetable noodles and rolled omelet, his favorite.

'I wish she just went out without preparing all this.'

Suhyuk moved to the kitchen sink to heat the soup.

At that moment he heard the strange voice of a man. Did he hear wrong?

"Don't approach me!"

He did not hear wrong. He heard a series of foul words from the man.

He went into his room, and found the origin of the noise was outside the window.

Was there a fight outside?

He opened the window to look outside.

Suhyuk's eyes became wider.

A middle-age man holding a knife was taking a woman in her early 20s as hostage.

Those men confronting face to face with him were shouting, "Let go of the knife, bastard!"

"If she gets hurt while you're holding her like that, don't you know it will only add your jail terms?"

Looks like the men confronting him were detectives.

“I told you to get out of my sight quickly before she gets hurt!!”

A crowd began gathering at the place.

The situation really looked dangerous.

Suhyuk recognized it was even more dangerous than people might have thought. The middle-aged man’s forearm was pressing the woman’s neck very hard.

Her darkening face, who was trembling with fear, indicated a danger sign of going unconscious.

Then, the woman, squeezed hard against his chest, let out a feigned cough.

And soon she fell like a limp noodle.

“Damn it!”

Dragging her limp body, the man began to step back and then ran away.

“Catch him!”

The detectives began to chase him quickly, and one detective that was left behind called 911 urgently.

Bang!

Closing the door, Suhyuk went out of the house immediately.

Already there was a large crowd in the alley, and Suhyuk elbowed his way into the throng.

Approaching her quickly, Suhyuk asked the detective putting his ear to her lips.

“How is her condition?”

The detective answered without realising, “she doesn’t seem to be breathing.”

“Please step aside.”

Suhyuk pushed the detective to the side.

Squatting down, the detective looked at him blankly. A man going around with just his bare feet.

“Who are you?”

“I’m a doctor.”

Replying shortly, he lifted up her eyelids. As expected, there was no reaction.

He quickly checked to see if she was breathing. As the detective said, she was not breathing.

Suhyuk applied CPR without any hesitation.

One, two, three...

Locking his arms together, he applied CPR. Whenever he did that, her chest went up and down repeatedly. He then blew air into her mouth. Still no reaction.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk did not give up. He was applying CPR without saying anything.

Soon his forehead formed beads of sweat. One, two...

Then he felt something strange on her chest while he was applying CPR. He knitted his brows.

Her ribs were broken as a result of the CPR. Still, he had no intention of stopping.

Chapter 102

“Huuuuuh... Huuuuuuh...”

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Suhyuk pressed the woman’s chest hard, and then he blew air into her mouth.

“Open your eyes!”

Not even a slight reaction.

The crowd gathered there around her began uttering, “Is she dead?”

Hearing them, Suhyuk acted more urgently.

Her face was becoming more and more pale.

“Don’t you think it’s just so unfair if you die like this?”

Saying that, Suhyuk once again blew air into her mouth and took his locked arms to her chest.

At that moment, “Cough! cough!”

Some coughing came out of her mouth.

“Wow! She came back to life! She’s survived!”

“It’s true, he is a doctor!”

Suhyuk, breathing a relief of sigh, squatted on the ground as if he let go of all his strength.

It lasted for only a moment, though.

Straightening himself, Suhyuk checked her condition, who was breathing hard.

“Can you see me?”

Frowning at his asking, she moaned, saying, “I feel so much pain coming from my chest.”

As her ribs were broken, it’s only natural she felt like that.

“I called 911, so bear with the pain for a moment.”

Her breathing became weaker and weaker.

She was feeling pain from her fractured ribs as her chest became bigger and then smaller with each breath she took, and she was trying to breathe instinctively even with the pain.

“Even if you feel the pain, you have to breathe properly.”

She might have a problem if her breathing became weak.

For if the lungs that always have to be inflated with air become shrunken, complications such as atelectasis and pneumonia may arise.

At that moment they heard an ambulance’s siren.

The rescue crew checked her condition.

“She has rib fractures.”

One of the crew asked, blinking his eyes, “What did you say?”

Only then did they understand Suhyuk’s words, and hardened their look.

Multiple fractures could lead to serious organ damage.

“How did she get hurt?”

“It happened while I was applying CPR. That’s not the point. Please transport her as soon as possible.”

The crew moved her to the stretcher cautiously, and Suhyuk got on the ambulance.

Whenever the ambulance trembled a bit, she moaned.

“I find it hard to breathe...”

Suhyuk held her hand tightly, saying, “You’ll be alright. So, please bear it a moment. Please put an oxygen respirator on her.”

A crew member, seated face to face with her, put the respirator into her mouth, and looked at Suhyuk pitifully.

Rib fracture could happen anytime when CPR was applied properly, but that could also pose a problem.

Even though one saves a victim's life by applying CPR, in many cases one is accused of causing injury because of the rib fracture. The injurer has to bear not only the treatment bill but also the legal cost.

Actually there were a lot of such cases in the past.

The rescue member was more worried about Suhyuk than the woman.

However, Suhyuk was only focused on the moaning woman.

"Please try to breathe a bit more. Yes, like that. You're doing great."

The ambulance drove to the hospital in no time. It was not Daehan Hospital.

They took her to a nearby hospital.

Suhyuk, who came to the emergency room along with the patient carried on a stretcher, shouted, "Rib fracture patient."

A doctor on duty came, asking, "How did she get injured?"

"Ribs were fractured while I was applying CPR."

"Did you do it by yourself?"

"Yes, I don't think it's multiple fracture. I think she needs a bone scan quickly to confirm it."

The doctor's eyes became wider at his words.

He looked like a college student. Not only had he applied CPR, but his way of speaking was professional.

Checking the patient's condition, the doctor caught a beginning resident passing by.

"Take a bone scan of this patient first!"

The resident came and pushed the stretcher with the patient.

Suhyuk went with him, when the doctor stopped Suhyuk and asked, “You must be her guardian, right?”

“No, I met her on the street.”

At his reply, the doctor shook his head, wearing an unpleasant look.

It was certain he, who applied CPR, would run into trouble if he met the patient’s guardian.

The doctor witnessed it several times.

“Uh? Where are you...”

The doctor could not stop him running to the emergency room.

Suhyuk could confirm the condition of the patient, who was taking bone scan, through a glass screen “Not that serious. I don’t think there is any damage to the organs...”

Suhyuk fixed his eyes on the monitor when the doctor said that.

As he expected, it was not multiple rib fracture, but just a simple fracture.

Suhyuk looked at her who was lying in bed, with her head lifted up.

Only then could he make a smile.

She had no particular problem when she went through all the examinations.

Though she had to stay at the hospital for several days, she could get discharged after that, and it would take about four weeks for her to fully recover.

“I feel that it’s hard to breathe.”

At her words, a nurse said, “Can I put the oxygen respirator on you?”

“Yes...”

After the nurse disappeared, Suhyuk approached her.

Looking at the name label on the bed, he opened his mouth, “Ms. Hemi, do you still feel a lot pain?”

She nodded, with a frown, complaining in her heart, ‘It’s because of you...’

“Don’t worry too much. You’ll be able to get up soon. Excuse me for a minute.”

Getting out of the room, he went to the restroom, and took off the hospital sleeves to wash his bare feet. As he ran with bare feet, they were studded with tiny little stones.

But Suhyuk did not make any frown because he saved her life.

When he came back to the hospital, a middle-aged woman was stroking her face. She was her mother.

“She was fortunate enough.”

At Suhyuk’s words, the middle-aged woman turned her head to him, shouting “You!”

She came to him with big strides, and complained, “How could you make her injured like this? So, what would you do now?”

Suhyuk said in a calm voice, “If I had not applied CPR, her life might have been in danger.”

“Who told you to do that? Why did you break her normal ribs?”

“Rib fracture could happen frequently with CPR.”

“What are you talking about? You think you’re a doctor?”

“Yes, I am a doctor.”

The woman bullying Suhyuk now closed her mouth for a moment, but continued again, “You are a doctor. So what? What if something went wrong with my daughter? Are you going to take responsibility for it? Yes, you should be responsible for it. How

should you compensate?”

Suhyuk made a frown, but soon he was back to normal.

He could understand her who must have been surprised a lot at her daughter's condition.

“So, what would you do with her?”

“Please calm down. Without his help, her life would have been in danger...”

The nurse standing behind her cut in.

“What? Don't you see my daughter with an oxygen respirator right now? You're in the same boat, right? Get ready. I'll take action,” she threatened.

At that moment they heard a male voice outside the patient's room.

“This is not a market. Shut your mouth!”

A man in his early 50s shouted to her.

In a suit, he seemed to have come, stopping his work at the office.

“Honey! This man broke our daughter's ribs!”

The middle-aged man went up to his wife, and then raised his hand as if he was about to hit her.

But he did not hit her. Instead he threatened,

“What the heck are you making a fuss about here? Watching TV soap operas at home all the time, you must have gone crazy by now.”

Actually she brought in her friends everyday for a drinking party.

To make matters worse, she started gambling, losing the rent deposit.

“Honey...”

“Don't call me honey. How should I deal with you...”

This time, too, he did not have the heart to hit her.

Briefly looking at his daughter in bed, the man turned to Suhyuk and bowed his head politely.

“Thank you, sir. I heard from the doctor that you save my daughter’s life...”

Suhyuk said with a smile, “I’m a doctor. I just did what I should have done.”

“Honey, why are you talking to him like that?”

The man, who was bowing his head, turned back and said, with a frown, “Be quiet!”

At her husband’s rebuking, she became dumb as an oyster.

“Let me apologize on behalf of my wife. I’m sorry, sir.”

“It’s alright. Looks like she did that because she was surprised. I fully understand.”

Suhyuk left the place without hesitation after speaking to them, and the man was looking at him with blank eyes.

He turned around and looked at his wife. Then he said, “Why did you come out and make an exhibition of yourself like this? You should have stayed home watching TV soap operas. Come with me now.”

The patient’s room was clamorous for while.

“The criminal suspect took her as hostage here. He ran away after he strangled her neck while he had been taking her as hostage. And the woman who stopped breathing...”

The alley was crowded with many people. Some of them were taking pictures, and some holding a microphone in front of the camera. They were all reporters.

And then one man shouted, “He’s that very person!”

It was the voice of a man who had seen Suhyuk applying CPR to the woman all along.

Reporters turned their heads to him suddenly.

Suhyuk was approaching, dragging his slippers.

At the slippers were large and stretched, Suhyuk found them very uncomfortable.

They scrambled to see him. Stunned, Suhyuk stepped back.

“It was a very urgent situation. Did you already know how to give CPR?”

“What is your occupation?”

They took dozens of microphones and cell phones to Suhyuk for comment.

Click! Click!

Camera flashes clicked ceaselessly.

“Please just one comment!”

“What is your occupation?”

With an embarrassed look, Suhyuk opened his mouth before he knew it, “I’m a doctor.”

Then he suddenly came to his senses, and elbowed his way out of the crowd.

Getting the media attention was the last thing he wanted.

They chased him to his villa.

“Are you Mr. Lee Suhyuk by any chance?”

Walking up the stairs quickly, Suhyuk stopped for a moment.

Click! Click!

He began walking up quickly again.

Bang!

Suhyuk closed the door quickly as soon as he arrived at the villa.

Nonetheless, they kept knocking on the door.

Shaking his head, he moved to the living room.

Then his cell phone buzzed.

Suhyuk went into the room to pick up the phone.

“This is Lee Suhyuk...”

“Suhyuk, it’s me, your sister. I just feel regretful...”

It was reporter Han Jihye.

Chapter 103

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk could not help but stand blankly in the lobby.

There was a news report about him on the TV.

Though it did not mention his name, the report introduced the series of things he had done before, ranging from his cutting the cricothyroid membrane at middle school to identifying the cause of death of a cadaver. And then there was additional piece about his having caught a thief who broke into empty houses and this time saving a woman's life with CPR.

Those who had been gradually forgetting about him recalled the stories about Suhyuk once more, and those who did not know of him began to find out who he was.

Obviously it was not Han Jihye who wrote the report because he had earnestly requested her not to do so.

Probably those reporters who recognized him might have weaved the story like that.

“Isn't he doctor Lee Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk quickly got on the elevator, hearing someone's abrupt voice like that.

“Huuuuuh...” He let out a sigh without realising it

He just wanted to focus on the patients, but instead found himself the subject of attention and focus.

<The door opens>

The elevator door opened, and Suhyuk moved with a bitter smile.

“Good morning!”

At Suhyuk's greeting, Im Gyungso nodded his head. Beside him

was a man who he did not know.

He was standing still like a tree, and bowed his waist as soon as he saw Suhyuk.

And then he opened his mouth hesitantly, “How are you, sir? I’m intern Park Sungjae who has just been assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery!”

Im knitted his brows, saying, “Hey, lower your voice! Some patients passing by might have a heart attack at your loud voice.”

“Yes, sir!”

With a smile, Suhyuk asked to shake his hands.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Lee Suhyuk.”

Park’s eyes became wide. He was about reminded what they said when he was assigned here.

‘Just work as hard as Lee Suhyuk, no more or no less.’

“My service to you, sir!”

Im shook his head at that. Who is saying it to whom?

It was Im himself who would be in charge of Park.

“I don’t see the chief doctor. Something wrong with him?”

Yes, Suhyuk was right. Chief Kang was not seen there.

Im said in bitterness, “I heard his grandfather passed away. I should visit him, but I can’t find time..”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Though lots of patients were coming in, there were not a sufficient amount of doctors.

The situation was more serious because cardiothoracic surgery was unpopular as a specialism choice.

“We’re going to collect some comfort money later. You know nurse Han Binna, right? She is supposed to collect the money, so

hand the money to her today.”

Then, Prof. Han Myungjin came up. They were supposed to make the rounds in the morning.

“I told you to take a day off today...”

Han just made a perplexed smile at Suhyuk, looking at him.

The figure in question on the TV news channel... Though his name was not mentioned, Han could infer from the report that he was Suhyuk.

Even on a day off, he went around to save a person’s life.

Suhyuk slurred, scratching his head, “It happened to be that the alley was right beside my house...”

Han, shaking his head, walked ahead.

Checking the patient’s conditon, Han asked intern Park, “This is chylothorax. What is the cause?”

“Well....”

Park became dumb as an oyster at that question. The moment he was asked, he just could not think of anything. However, Han made a smile, saying it’s understandable.

Now he looked at Suhyuk, who opened his mouth reflexively, “It is the state where the chest tube which is the largest lymphatic organ is damaged and the chyle in the chest tube is accumulated into the chest cavity.”

Suhyuk explained it in a calm and orderly manner as if he wanted someone to listen to it.

“Generally speaking, there may be many causes, but it is caused by lymphoma or wounds.”

Saying that, he took a glance at Park.

Park was taking notes quickly about what he said.

“Yes, that’s right. What’s the remedy?”

Han looked at Im Gyunsu, but instantly cast his eyes to Suhyuk.

Just in case Im could not answer in front of the intern, Han was considerate enough to have Suhyuk reply instead.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, and this time his reply was not easy to deliver.

Suhyuk explained as easily as possible so Park could understand.

“There is conservative therapy first. There is a method of inserting a chest tube into the target and draining it. At the same time, the patient needs fasting, so intravenous infusion should be provided. Oral ingestion at this time is absolutely taboo. This is because it increases the amount of chyle in the chest.”

Han shook his head. Suhyuk’s explanation was easy enough that even ordinary people could understand it.

Suhyuk continued, but Han raised his hand to stop him.

He could go on and on like this. What’s important was that the patient was recovering.

Han went out of the room, and the three followed him.

Im, walking next to Han, explained about the disease of the next patient.

Then Park cautiously opened his mouth, asking Suhyuk,

“Sir, you mentioned a secondary method to treat...”

Suhyuk said with a smile, “Well, it is universal to check any damaged caused by surgery, and then sew it.”

Taking notes quickly in his notebook, he nodded.

Suhyuk made a pleasant smile as if he was proud of Park.

Then Park stopped walking, and thought to himself while looking at Suhyuk walking on.

Was there any doctor who explained to him so easily while he was leading a tough internship?

Suhyuk's posture, walking with his gown fluttering in the air.

He looked like a real doctor.

When he made the rounds with the professor, Park asked Suhyuk question after question. There were so many things he wanted to learn.

When he asked other doctors, he would be told off, but Suhyuk was completely different from them.

His soft voice made Park relaxed, and whatever he mentioned, Park could easily digest.

He wished there were other doctors like Suhyuk at other departments.

Park thought he would just follow Suhyuk while he was having his internship at the cardiothoracic surgery department.

As soon as they were done with the rounds, it was lunch time. Suhyuk moved to the cafeteria.

Park quickly came toward him. With a doubtful look, Suhyuk asked, "Did you finish your work?"

Im was not the type of person who let the interns or residents take a break on time, especially interns. Im really gave them a hard time.

"Oh, Im told me that I should follow you for more learning."

That was possible.

Im already recognized Suhyuk's capabilities, but he had other motivations too, namely getting the troublesome intern to be taken care of by someone else.

Unaware of this, Park was all smiles.

Suhyuk made a bitter smile at that because he could detect Im's such intentions.

He did not care, though. For teaching was not hard anyway, and it was neither clinical treatment nor surgery that Suhyuk ordered Park to do.

“Sir, I hope you can give me lots of teaching and scolding.”

Like he did the first time, he bent his waist to show respect.

“If you work with me, you may be tired quite a bit.”

At Suhyuk's words, he showed some anxious look. Was he intent to give me enormous assignments? Suddenly that kind of thought came to his mind.

Then Suhyuk continued,

“Well, I often make the rounds to check the patient's condition.”

Park welcomed it more because that was a good opportunity for him to learn while following Suhyuk.

“Let's go.”

When Suhyuk moved to the cafeteria, Park followed him briskly.

The two went out right after lunch.

Even though it was for a moment, Park could size up Suhyuk to some degree.

He would not open his mouth unless Park talked about patients.

Park felt very awkward while eating with him.

They still had 30 more minutes of lunch time left.

“Sir, I'd like to treat you to a cup of coffee because I was so thankful to you a short while ago.”

With a smile, Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“Next time, Mr. Park. I have to see a patient now.”

Park then followed him, with a crisp reply, “Yes, sir.”

Though it was still lunchtime, Park did not have anything to complain about.

All this would be of immense help to him anyway.

He certainly could not miss the golden opportunity to learn from someone like Suhyuk.

Until then Park would not know it yet, namely that he would be destined to face many hellish days.

Chapter 104

It was 3am.

Coming out of the patient's room, Park sat on the hallway bench feebly.

His shoulders drooped, he tried hard not to close his drooping eyelids.

Suddenly, what he had experienced at emergency medical department came to his mind.

Dressing, blood collection, CT, MRI, endoscopy tests, and getting consent forms, etc.

Besides, he had to keep a watchful eye on the patients under anesthesia to check if they were falling from the bed.

Yet it was worse at the cardiothoracic surgery department.

‘I feel like dying.’

Park thought like that. How many hours did he sleep for during the past few days?

Nine hours? Ten hours?

Though he was only an intern, he felt he was being mistreated.

He had no work to do except for following Suhyuk.

That was the problem, though.

Suhyuk kept seeing the patients as if he had an indefinite physical strength like a robot.

Also, his explanation of the diseases.

He felt he was going crazy because of Suhyuk's outpouring explanation whenever he met patients. His explanation was easy, but it was enormous enough to have him retch.

He felt like he was being tormented.

‘I want to sleep... Just 10 minutes...’

At that moment, Suhyuk came out of the patient room that he had entered into a while ago.

He just finished checking the patient’s condition one more time.

Park sprang to his feet.

“You look tired. Go home and take a rest.”

Park, with his bloodshot eyes, shook his head.

“I’m alright, sir.”

‘Please tell me once more to take a rest.’

How can he accept big senior Suhyuk’s request right away? If Suhyuk insisted once more, then Park would be ready to go to the lodging with reluctant acceptance.

‘Please, sir...’

But his wishes did not come true, as he expected.

Suhyuk was looking at him proudly, and Park could not betray his expectation.

Turning back, Suhyuk headed back to the patient’s room.

“This is a patient with partial anomalous pulmonary venous connection. This disease is less than 1% of congenital malformation...”

Park, following him with faltering steps, wanted to shut his ears to Suhyuk’s words.

The next morning.

Im, who just came back after having been dispatched to the heavy injuries center, was stunned to see Park. His skin was rough and dry, and he looked pale as a ghost as if he did not sleep for three days straight. Im looked at Suhyuk.

“Don’t you think you’re giving Park too much of a hard time?”

Shrugging his shoulders, Suhyuk looked at Park.

“I’m in good hands, sir. He doesn’t give me any hard work...”

“Then, how come your face looks so haggard? Were you doing something else instead of sleeping at night?”

Park just felt tight in heart.

He did not work, but... He just felt crying.

“Well...”

“Tell me. What is it? What did you do yesterday?”

“I just followed Dr. Lee Suhyuk.”

“Just following him? Was that all? You didn’t collect blood, either?”

“Yes... but in the morning...”

Without hearing him out, Im looked at Suhyuk with a frown.

“Hey, Lee Suhyuk. Are you here to take care of a picnic boy? From now on, let Park do the chores of dressing, getting the consent forms for the patient’s examinations, etc. Don’t you think Park was just fooling around after leaving the office as you’re so nice to him?”

“Yes, sir.”

Hearing Suhyuk’s reply, Im then looked at Park and said scoldingly, “Do it right, okay?”

Park bowed his head and said, “Yes, sir. I’ll work hard.”

At the same time, Park said to himself from the bottom of his heart, “Thank you Dr. Im. You saved me!”

He felt as if he could regain his strength because he could work independently from Suhyuk for a while.

“By the way, Lee. The professor wants to see you. Park, come and follow me.”

Park quickly followed Im.

Suhyuk felt pitiful about him because he would have to take on lots of work from now on.

Suhyuk headed for the professor's office.

"Did you look for me, sir?"

With a soft smile, Han asked him to sit and offered him a cup of coffee.

"Is your new intern working well?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes. He seems to have a strong determination to learn."

"That's good to hear. Recently I haven't found any interns interested in cardiothoracic surgery."

Except for Lee Suhyuk who was right before his eyes.

"Why did you call me, sir?"

Han shook his head from side to side.

"Well, I heard that a TV network is sending their crew here to cover our hospital in the form of a documentary."

Suhyuk was surprised suddenly. He reacted reflexively at the word 'broadcast.'

'Hopefully not the cardiothoracic surgery department.'

When he sometimes watches a TV documentary, it often showed the emergency room.

"Are they coming to cover the cardiothoracic surgery department by any chance?"

Han, nodding his head, took coffee to his lips.

"Why are they covering us rather than other departments?"

“How should I know, seeing as the higher-ups made the decision?”

“Please make sure they don’t shoot me, sir.”

Other doctors are trying hard to have their faces shot on the TV screen more, and some of them pass by the shooting scene on purpose.

“I think they are coming to film me intensively.”

Suhyuk made a blank expression because he had to follow Han wherever he moved.

Whether he was moving for the patient’s examination or surgery, it did not matter.

Reading Suhyuk’s expression, Han made a feigned laugh because he had a miserable scowl on his face.

“Don’t you like it?”

“To be honest, I don’t like it, sir.”

“Any reason?”

He had only one reason. He did not want to draw any attention.

What kind of situation would develop if his face appeared on TV even for a moment?

He was not an entertainer in any way.

Firming up his mind, he said, “Well, I’m afraid it will disturb me when I see patients or when I participate in surgery.”

While having coffee, Han cleared his throat as if he got something caught in his windpipe.

How could any doctor say such a thing to the TV crew?

Clearing his throat, Han opened his mouth,

“That makes sense, but the audience watching the documentary could change their thinking a bit.”

Suhyuk made a perplexed expression.

“Do you know what they think about doctors usually? They think doctors are infected with their social status behaving high and mighty or that they treat patients roughly. Of course not all people think like that but...”

Moistening his throat with coffee, Han said again, “That’s why doctors like you should appear on TV. There are doctors like you who don’t look at the patients as money and don’t perform difficult surgeries. We should be on TV to say that. It’s like a dagger we’re darting to those doctors without conscience, so they can feel the pang of conscience sharply.”

Suhyuk nodded at Han’s smile.

There was nothing wrong with Han’s remarks.

Though he did not want to be seen on TV, at the same time he wanted to inform the audience that there are doctors working hard, like Han said.

Of course, that type of doctor would be Prof. Han.

In his opinion, Han was the best doctor who put the patient before anything else.

All he had to do was just help the TV crew film him.

If that’s the case...

At that moment Suhyuk thought of an interesting idea.

“When do they start filming?”

Han smiled at Suhyuk’s asking.

“We’re going to have a meeting in three hours.”

Suhyuk laughed awkwardly.

While turning over a chart, Suhyuk received a call.

“What are you doing? Come here now!”

“Yes, I’m coming now.”

After he hung up the phone, he walked to the conference room reluctantly, and he opened the door.

Some strangers were talking with the professors of the cardiothoracic surgery.

“By the way, why are you wearing a mask?”

Han, talking with the TV crew, looked at him.

“I have a cough, sir.”

“You were perfectly normal a short time ago, right?”

“Looks like I have had a latent cough then.”

“That’s why you should have taken care of your body as a rule.”

After having said that, Han made a serious joke to the director of photography next to him, “See. Doctors don’t take care of their own sickness. This is Dr. Lee Suhyuk, a very capable doctor.”

Suhyuk was surprised at his name being mentioned suddenly, and read the director’s countenance.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Han Woontaek.”

When he reached out his hand, Suhyuk could breathe a sigh of relief.

Director Han was not aware of him.

“Nice to meet you, too. My name is Lee Suhyuk.”

So, they talked with the TV crew about the documentary project.

Their discussion could be summed up like this.

Namely, just work as usual while the TV crew are filming it in a way that they would not disturb them as much as possible.

Their discussion ended soon, and Suhyuk went out of the room.

Then he heard the director directing his crew members.

“Number 2 camera, Woojin, you shoot a film of Dr. Lee Suhyuk.”

A young guy approached Suhyuk right after the director’s order.

He looked to be in his late 20s, with a round physique.

Holding his camera, he opened his mouth,

“My name is Kim Woojin. I look forward to your help for one week, sir.”

“I thought you would focus on Prof. Han. Isn’t it true?”

“You’re right. Prof. Han is our main focus, but we need to take a shot of other doctors. Our director already explained about it at the meeting.”

Suhyuk’s sigh came out his mask quietly, and he opened his mouth, “Okay, got it. Hope I’m in good hands, too.”

Outside the conference room Suhyuk and the director were walking on the hallway.

Patients and nurses looked at them curiously because it was unusual.

“May I ask about your job title here?”

Mr. Kim Woojin, assigned to taking a shot of Suhyuk asked.

“I’m in my first year of residency. Why are you asking that?”

“Well, we have to put in the captions when we edit the filmed material. When we air the documentary, your name and job title comes in.”

Suhyuk stopped walking and slowly turned back, saying, “Can you just take out my name and describe me as a resident?”

As he was wearing a mask, only his glittering eyes were seen.

At least it was what the cameraman could see.

“Let me ask the director then...”

He took out his cell phone and called the director, “Sir, it looks

like Dr. Lee Suhyuk doesn't want his name and title identified."

Kim handed his phone to Suhyuk then.

"He wanted to talk to you, sir."

Suhyuk was handed the phone, and said, "Please respect my wish."

Chapter 105

“Will do.”

Confirming the director’s reply, Suhyuk returned the phone to Kim and turned back.

He felt as if he were a victor.

“Where are you heading for now?” asked Kim.

Stepping backwards, Kim started taking a shot of him.

Suhyuk consciously felt that he was being filmed at the moment.

“I’m seeing a patient who has undergone umbilical hernia surgery.”

Suhyuk would see patients after he’s done with all his jobs of the day.

That’s why nurses could not help but like him.

Suhyuk was listening to almost 80% of the complaints of the patients.

“What kind of disease is it?”

“In plain words, the organ is not located where it’s supposed to be, but pushed to the wrong place.”

Filming him, Kim nodded his head.

He soon arrived at the patient’s room. The patient was an old woman in her 70s.

When Suhyuk was approaching, a middle-aged woman watching the TV made a smile.

She was her daughter and guardian.

“You’re here, doctor!”

“Has she eaten?”

She nodded her head, looking at her mother.

“Oh, she just wants more and more food every day.”

With a smile, Suhyuk came closer to the woman in bed. She was sound asleep.

The surgery went well, and she could be discharged now.

Suhyuk moved his hand to the IV line to check whether the fluid was dropping properly.

Then, the patient, who seemed to be in sound sleep, opened her eyes suddenly.

“Oh, you are here, young man!”

Though she spoke in a childish tone, Suhyuk did not care at all, and made a smile.

She has been suffering from dementia.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “You recognize me very well even if I wear a mask?”

“What is this?”

As she moved her hand to his mask, he flinched and stepped back, but she was faster and pulled away his mask.

‘Oops..I’m just helpless now.’

Thinking so, he moved his eyes to one side. It looked as if the big camera was scoffing at him.

Suhyuk suddenly hugged the old woman.

Though he was now without a mask, Kim was filming him from behind.

“How fortunate you are as you had a good surgery like this!”

She widened her eyes, clearly surprised by his unexpected act.

However, she also hugged him and stroked his back.

“How wonderful!”

The guardian could not help but smile naturally at that.

Is there another doctor like him? He is really a warm-hearted doctor who is just like a family member to them.

“Where are you heading for this time?”

“I’m seeing a patient who is being discharged today.”

“What kind of patient are they?”

“She is one who had acute appendicitis.”

Then Suhyuk stopped walking and opened his mouth again, “Often they say they have had appendix, but the correct term is acute appendicitis.”

The cameraman nodded his head.

The two arrived at the patient’s room, where the woman patient who seemed to be in her early 20s was packing her stuff.

Opening her round eyes, she alternately looked at Suhyuk and the cameraman.

Suhyuk approached her and smiled.

Of course, as he was wearing a mask, only his eyes were seen to her.

“The TV network is making a documentary here. If you don’t want your face to be seen, please tell me.”

Stunned, she began combing her hair.

Kim took a shot of her.

“You must feel good as you’re being discharged today. What are you going to do first thing when you go out?”

She stroked her face as if she felt rather awkward.

“Well, I think I have to finish up my backlogged homework... I also want to have some delicious food... May I, doctor?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Of course. Congrats on your discharge today! Don’t come back to the hospital!”

That’s the typical greeting Suhyuk says to a discharged patient.

“Do you have anything to say about Dr. Lee?”

At the cameraman’s asking, she made a smile and said, “He’s been so nice and kind to me while I’m here. Even at a late hour he would come and check my condition...”

One day she was about to sleep after tossing and turning, when Suhyuk stopped by and pulled the blanket over her quietly.

‘I wish I had a boyfriend like him.’

She would think like that several times whenever she looked at him walking out of the room quietly.

“Ah! And my friends say he saved a person’s life by applying CPR...”

“Hahahaha!”

Suddenly Suhyuk made a big laugh, and opened his mouth, “Congrats on your discharge today from the bottom of my heart!”

Astonished by his big laughing, Kim fixed his camera again at her.

“What did you say a moment ago?”

“CPR...”

“Hahaha! Come with me. Let me help you get discharged.”

“Oh, yes...”

With a blush on her face, she pushed back her long hair to her ears.

‘Dr. Lee is helping me with my discharge directly? Does he like me by any chance? Will he ask for my contact details’

She could have a little hope like that is what she thought, however, it never happened like that. All he did was help her with the discharge process.

“Thank you.”

After saying such and bowing her head, she left the lobby.

Though she wanted to see his face, he did not remove his mask even to the end.

“Huuuh...”

Suhyuk let out a sigh of relief. He could not lower his guard for even a moment.

“Oh, are you seeing a patient off like this?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk said shortly, “Yes.”

He usually accompanied the discharged patient to the lobby.

Of course, when he was busy, he could not.

Kim was thinking the opposite, though.

“By the way, if you don’t remove the mask, your face might not appear on TV.”

“I don’t care at all. I can’t pass on my cold to the patients.”

Kim nodded at Suhyuk’s reply.

He was supposed to follow him for the whole week.

He would certainly take off his mask during that period.

Thinking so, Kim followed Suhyuk.

Making the rounds of the patients, Suhyuk checked and recorded their condition one by one.

Dressing after disinfection was basic practice to him.

There was nothing particular and no emergency patients.

Kim's shooting continued into the afternoon.

While Suhyuk was turning over the chart, Kim paid attention to his stiff neck.

Even though he was not busy, Suhyuk never had a break time.

Was it because he was in front of the camera? Kim thought so.

Approaching Suhyuk, Kim said, putting his camera down on the chair, "Dr. Lee, would you like coffee? Let me treat you."

"It's still business hour."

Kim scratched his cheek, and felt embarrassed at Suhyuk's stern tone.

"Ok, sir. I won't shoot the film. So, take it easy. I'm afraid you'll be out of sorts if you keep working everyday."

Suhyuk smiled at his expression of concern.

"I'm fine. If you're tired, please take a break and come back later."

Shaking his head, Kim grabbed the camera again.

Then a phone placed before the PC buzzed. A nurse sitting nearby picked it up.

And she looked at Suhyuk.

"Sir, an emergency patient is being transported here."

"What kind of patient are they?"

"I hear that they fell down the stairs..."

"Got it."

Suhyuk raced toward the elevator and pressed all the buttons.

Still, the elevator was very slow.

Looking at the floor that the elevator stopped on, he called somewhere.

It was Prof. Han he called.

“Prof. Han, we’re having a heavy injury patient come in. Let me see him.”

Han quickly said, “Ok, let me come down in a minute. First, have him get the necessary tests.”

Suhyuk hung up the phone and moved.

Instead of waiting for the slow elevator, he was walking down the emergency exit stairs.

“Sir! Go with me!”

Walking down the stairs, Suhyuk moved more quickly.

He paid no attention to the cameraman, which was only natural.

For he did not feel it necessary to move with the cameraman.

The patient, who already arrived, was lying with pads on his chest.

A resident in his second year was checking the vital signs of the patient, when Suhyuk approached.

“I hurried here because of the call.”

“Good.”

Making a frown, the resident stepped back, and Suhyuk took his place.

The patient, moaning now, was bleeding.

His front teeth were broken. Besides, there were small and large bruises all over his body.

It was certain that he fell down the stairs.

Now he began to scream, “It hurts!”

His mouth smelled strongly of alcohol.

“Where do you feel hurt the most?”

“My chest hurts! My chest!”

Suhyuk cast his eyes at his chest. It was reddish as if his chest was

hit by some object while he was falling down the stairs. Fortunately he was normal mentally.

Then Kim Woojin came up to him.

“What kind of patient is he?”

Did he not hear Kim?

Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher carrying the patient to the heavy injury unit.

“This really drives me crazy..”

Steaming with sweat, Kim followed him quickly.

Suhyuk’s response was swift, as usual.

Still, it took him as much as 30 minutes to perform tests on the patient, even though he acted very quickly.

First he collected blood from the patient, and then other tests were done.

From head to toe the patient was scanned.

Looking at the monitor, Suhyuk murmured.

“Liver laceration.”

Kim Woojin, who was taking a shot of the patient’s CT of his chest, asked what that meant.

Someone replied from behind.

“It means his liver was ruptured.”

He was Prof. Han. When he approached, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “His vital sign isn’t improving, even with blood profusions. I think we need to start surgery.”

Han was looking at the CT carefully.

The black shade that should not be between the diaphragm and liver was caught in his eye.

It was a sign that there was internal bleeding.

“When did he begin receiving blood profusions?”

“More than 30 minutes ago.”

“Get ready for surgery.”

At Han’s order, the medical staff began moving the patient.

“I don’t want surgery! No.”

The patient, smelling strongly of alcohol, shouted suddenly.

The cameraman shooting Han asked, “Looks like he is an emergency patient.”

Han, nodding his head, opened his mouth,

“As for a patient with liver laceration, if their blood pressure and pulse can be maintained by appropriate conservative therapy, then you do not have to perform surgery. But I think he needs surgery.”

The blood was pooling in the diaphragm, and the pulse and blood pressure were dropping without improving for over 30 minutes.

Blood transfusion and medication would be enough.

There was no other choice but to open his belly and give a direct hemostasis.

Han headed for the operating room directly.

Han opened his mouth, washing his forearm with a disinfection brush, “Looks like the patient has plenty of go in him.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. Intoxication made him dumb.

“Let’s go.”

Nodding, Suhyuk changed into an operating gown.

He also wore a new mask, and he turned back quickly with an eerie feeling.

Chapter 106

The cameraman, who covered his camera with a disinfected germ-free sheet, also followed.

Though Suhyuk covered his face with a surgery cap and mask, he still could be identified.

For Kim was taking a shot of him.

Was it possible for his face to have been shot?

Perhaps not. Suhyuk changed his mask with his back to Kim.

Zeeeeing....

The automatic door opened and Suhyuk went in along with three cameramen.

Fortunately they did not get close to the operating bed. Perhaps they were instructed not to.

They just took a shot of various stuff in the room.

Kim, who was taking a shot of Suhyuk, walked to the side, and filmed the doctor looking squarely into the patient's eyes. He was standing there as still as a stone statue.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m keeping an eye on this patient who is under anesthesia, as he might fall from the bed if we aren’t careful.”

‘Is he an intern?’

An icy voice came into Kim’s ear, who had been thinking like that.

“Don’t move carelessly.”

It was Suhyuk’s voice.

Kim took wavering steps back before he knew it.

Though only one day passed since he started to follow Lee, it was

the first time Kim saw such an icy look.

‘Is it because of this?’

He heard that doctors tended to be very sensitive when they went into the operating room.

Kim Woojin took a little more distance from the operating table to take a shot of Suhyuk.

So, the three cameramen were intensively taking a shot of the doctors assigned to them.

And as they installed a camera on the ceiling, they did not have to move to take a speedy shot from a different angle.

The filmed material would be edited and then processed in black and white for broadcast purposes.

The medical staff, busy preparing the surgery, now went back to their place, and the patient closed his eyes under the influence of the anesthesia.

“Bobby.”

At Han’s words, the surgery began.

The patient’s belly was opened with the smell of burning flesh.

“Pull it!”

The two interns pulled the patient's abdominal wall on both sides using a retractor, and the heart stained with blood was seen pounding. And a reddish blood was coming out of the liver next to the heart.

“Irrigation!”

At the professor’s order, the surgical nurse handed the saline solution to him.

On such occasions, the organs surfaced as they were.

“Unexpectedly, the damage is not that severe. So, we can finish the surgery quickly. Suction!”

The intern, who was monitoring the anesthetized patient, inserted a suction device inside the belly. It sucked in the blood mixed with saline solution.

At that moment, the suction device made a fluttering noise as it it was pulling away something strange.

“Hey!”

Han shouted at him.

Stunned, the intern pulled out the suction device as if he was burnt by something.

Not knowing what he did wrong, he opened his mouth, “Sorry, sir.”

Gushing blood splattered over Han’s loupe suddenly.

The suction device directly touched the liver, which caused more bleeding to come from it.

Han stepped back without saying anything. The nurse wiped the blood off his loupe right away.

Suhyuk on the opposite side opened his mouth, “Irrigation.”

When Suhyuk held out his hand, the assistant gave him wash fluid.

He poured it into the belly, and held out his hand to Park Sungjae to signal that Park should hand over the suction device to him.

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Watch carefully.”

As an experienced hand, Suhyuk sucked in the blood, saying to him, “Next time, try to think you’re alone with the patient in the room.”

Suhyuk did not say anything after that.

Park was at a loss on how to understand what he said.

But Han was smiling as if he said that as the answer himself.

Instead of scolding and punishing him, that kind of talk was the best advice.

Of course, it would take some time for Park to fully understand it.

In no time the damaged organ began to reveal itself after Suhyuk repeatedly sucked in blood.

The liver was not crushed like a tofu, but ruptured, which meant it did not need any partial removal.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Let me do it, sir."

Han nodded his head. At his approval, the medical staff remained silent.

For they clearly knew his capabilities that they had witnessed several times.

Nothing new or strange to them, because it was Lee Suhyuk.

In sewing the ruptured liver as soft as a tofu with his blood-stained hands, Suhyuk did not show any hesitation.

Han, nodding his head, watched him quietly.

Then a cameraman spoke to him,

"Looks like the doctor has performed surgery many times before."

The professor said, shaking his head,

"Maybe five times?"

The cameraman was surprised a bit.

"Is this an easy surgery?"

"Not at all."

"How come he..."

"Well, he is a doctor who thinks the world of his patients, and

that's why he is so capable.”

The cameraman who has been taking a shot of Han gestured toward Kim.

That was a signal to him that he should take a good shot of Suhyuk.

After surgery the patient could open his eyes in the recovery room.

As the surgery did go well, just as planned, the medical staff laughed.

But the patient developed a dizzy symptom.

He grabbed Suhyuk's hair and made much ado of nothing, but the medical staff calmed him down quickly. After he took a good rest alone in the recovery room, the patient was transferred to the intensive care unit.

Confirming the patient was asleep, Suhyuk came out of the room, and he made a bitter smile, stroking his hair.

Fortunately he had thick hair.

“You must be stressed when you see a patient like him.”

Suhyuk shook his head when the cameraman asked that question.

“It's just dizzy symptom. As he had sudden surgery, he must have been very surprised and scared.”

Kim took a close-up shot of his eyes. That glittering eyes of his.

“Don't you feel stuffy if you wear a mask?”

“I'm alright. Let's go.”

Suhyuk's gown was fluttering.

While he was taking a shot of Suhyuk's appearance from behind,

Kim thought of what the director said a moment ago, “Don’t fail to take a shot of Dr. Lee Suhyuk’s face.”

“Looks like he wouldn’t take it off, giving the excuse that he has a cold.”

“You’ve got be ready to remove it if needed.”

Three days passed since they started shooting.

Kim Woojin felt he was going nuts because he could not see this masked doctor taking a break at all. Patient, patient, patient. Whenever he arrived at the hospital, he would make the rounds of patients. Did he sleep for only four hours a day?

Due to Suhyuk’s short sleep, Kim had to reduce his sleeping time.

Of course he could understand that, because doctors were normally busy, but of all doctors, only Suhyuk seemed so busy in his eyes.

That’s not the point, of course.

However he tried, Kim could not take a shot of his face.

Even when he had a meal, he put seaweed rolls into his mouth, with milk.

So Kim spent several days trying to shoot him in vain.

“Huuuuuuuh....”

Kim, sweeping up his hair, headed for the conference room.

He was not going there for a break, but he had a call from the director.

“Is everybody here?”

All the staff of the camera team gathered in the conference room.

Kim Woojin was one of them.

“Mansuk, did you finish the interviews with the nurses?”

“Yes, sir!”

The director called each one of the staff to double check if there was anything missing.

“Ok, nice job! Now we have one more day to go, so let’s cheer up! Don’t make any mistakes. Dismissed!”

The camera staff began to go out one by one, and so did Kim.

Then the director approached him and said, “Did you get a shot of his face?”

“Well...”

The director suddenly made a frown.

“Whenever he eats or drinks, he never removes his mask.”

“Did I ask you to report about it? Did you take the shot or not?”

“No, sir...”

He came up close to Kim with big strides, demanding, “Shoot it. Today is the last shooting day.”

“Looks like he doesn’t want to be seen on TV... what if he takes an issue of portraits right?”

“Didn’t you see the doctors sign the contract before we began the shooting? It’s all included there. So, just take a shot of him. And did you ever see anyone who didn’t want to appear on TV?”

The current documentary is to be aired as ‘Dr. Han Myungjin’s story.’

Such a famous doctor has extolled another doctor by the name of Lee Suhyuk.

Even in the operating room, Han quietly watched him performing the surgery with a proud look.

A doctor recognized by the famous doctor, Dr. Han Myungjin.

The figure of Lee Suhyuk was a very important character in the

current documentary.

“I’ll get you if I don’t find Dr. Lee’s face in your shots.”

“.....”

“Answer me!”

“Yes, sir. Got it!”

Tick. Tick.

The second hand pointed to 4am.

Exhausted with fatigue, Kim was sitting on the lobby bench.

At that moment Suhyuk came out of the patient’s room.

“You look very tired, so please go home and take a rest.”

“Were you done with checking the patients for the day?”

“I’ve got one more patient.”

Nodding his head slowly, Kim asked to shake hands with him.

“Ok, let me go home then. Thanks a lot for your work for the past seven days.”

Suhyuk held his hands.

“You, too, had lots of hard times, Mr. Kim.”

Suhyuk really felt relieved now. He would not do it never again.

“Though I feel it regrettable that I can’t see your face, there might be chance for me to see you on TV, or next time.”

At his words, Suhyuk nodded his head gently.

“Take care, then!”

Parting with him, Kim got on the elevator to go down, and Suhyuk was able to confirm it.

Only then could Suhyuk breathe a sigh of relief.

Still he did not remove his mask. Though he felt very stuffy because of the mask he was wearing for one week, he just put up with it with perseverance.

So, he saw the last patient of the day, and headed home.

An emergency staircase right beside the lodging that Suhyuk went into...

A door closed tightly opened slightly. And a guy came out from there quietly.

He checked the time on his cell phone.

4:20am.

When 30 minutes more passed, he turned off the power of his cell phone.

He grabbed the door latch cautiously, and turned it.

Jolt!

The door opened.

Chapter 107

The documentary ‘Noted Doctor Han Myungjin’ was broadcast nationwide.

And one day passed.

“You must be upset, sir.”

The nurses came up to Suhyuk with a blank face for words of comfort.

Other doctors appeared on the documentary, but Suhyuk was only seen sleeping.

“I’m alright...”

Letting out a long breath, Suhyuk moved to make the rounds.

Then Park Sungjae grabbed him and said, “Did you have a good sleep, sir?”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile. Did he sleep well enough?

“Let’s go, sir.”

When Suhyuk moved, Park followed him.

Per Im Gyongsu’s direction, he had Park take care of simple stuff such as blood collection, disinfection of a surgery area, dressing, etc.

Of course, Suhyuk watched Park carry out his duty quietly.

On such occasions, patients made some pitiful look at Suhyuk.

“What a pity he was seen only sleeping in the documentary!”

“Among other doctors Dr. Lee should have been seen most.”

Hearing such gossip, Suhyuk just came in and went out of the patient’s rooms.

But that was it. Nothing more happened.

All he could notice was another appreciation of his face by those

acquaintances of his at the hospital. Suhyuk felt his uneasiness was going away for some reason.

Was it a useless worry on his end?

Making the rounds of the patient's rooms, he gave Park the assignments of the day.

"Please get the consent for the CT from the patient with liver laceration, and let me know as soon as his CT is taken."

Nodding his head, Park opened his mouth,

"Sir, when you want to apply a needle in the belly..."

Park suddenly took his question back, when Suhyuk was turning around to see him.

"I didn't hear you well. Can you tell me again?"

"No, never mind it. Let me go and take the CT."

Then Park turned back quickly to head to the imaging room.

"Huuuuuuh..."

He let out a sigh of relief before he knew it.

If he had asked him his question, he would not have breathed well, digesting his vast knowledge of that specific question.

It would be much better for him to ask Im Gyungso, even if he got scolded.

Park's gait was much faster now because he was afraid he might be called back by Suhyuk.

It was the best policy for him not to be caught by Suhyuk as much as possible.

Suhyuk smiled at Park's appearance from behind.

Park had the right attitude to learn, and once given an order, he moved fast to handle it.

He felt Park would be a good doctor.

Of course, Suhyuk never knew what Park was really thinking.

Besides, he did not know either what was going on in the internet since the documentary was aired.

<I found out which hospital Dr. Lee was working at> <Oh! It was Dr. Lee Suhyuk who wore a mask. Even his sleeping face is cute!”

<How come ordinary citizens could recognize such a doctor? Looks like he might be called an entertainer soon> ***

Suhyuk was watching the monitor quietly.

He was the patient with liver laceration.

On the monitor there was no blood pool, no inflammation.

Depending on his condition over the next few days, he could get discharged if he regained energy.

Suhyuk talked to Park looking at it next to him, “What do you think about his condition?”

Park was looking into the monitor closely.

If he could not answer, he would get a good scolding.

“Looks like it’s normal, sir.”

Suhyuk smiled at his hesitant reply, saying,

“You’re right. But it’s important to keep an eye on it because...”

At that moment his cell phone buzzed.

Looking at it, he made a curious expression.

The call was from the hospital director.

“Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk, sir.”

“Long time no see. Are you busy now?”

“Not really, sir. What is it?”

“Can I see you for a moment? I’ve got a favor to ask of you.”

What could it be?

He could not figure out the reason however hard he thought of it.

“I’ll be right there, sir.”

He instantly moved, saying to Park, “Have a break here.”

Park did not respond. He waited until Suhyuk was gone, and then went to see Im.

Suhyuk headed straight to the hospital director’s office.

His secretary welcomed him, saying, “Hi, Dr. Lee. I saw you on TV.”

With a bitter smile he opened his mouth, “Is the director in?”

“Yes, wait a moment.”

She let him know Suhyuk was here.

A middle-aged man sitting against the background of the outside landscape through a wide window. Director Jang Kitaek offered him a seat.

“Have a seat. You want coffee or juice?”

Putting his cell phone down, Jang sat across him, saying, “How is your life here? Can you manage it?”

“It’s fine, sir.”

Jang smiled, shaking his head as if he could not believe him.

“You must be very busy. Doctors are short-handed all the time. They should take care of their health under that kind of situation, and they should know how to take a break sometimes...”

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly, asking him, “Any reason you brought me here?”

“Oh, you must be hot-tempered... Do you know how to treat patients?”

Suhyuk made a blank expression at Jang’s question out of nowhere.

“There are so many patients in the lobby waiting for your treatment.”

Actually the hospital lobby was crowded with patients who wanted to be treated by Suhyuk.

There was no way of knowing how many more would come.

The patients would not go back even if they heard that they could not see him.

Even a certain patient shouted back when he was rejected.

Almost 30 patients had to be turned back in the morning.

Jang was afraid that the hospital's image would get damaged because of that.

“Yes, I think I could treat them...”

Jang asked some doctors about him a moment ago, who all said Suhyuk was a competent doctor even though he was only a first-year resident.

Besides, there were lots of praises about him everywhere.

He could believe it because reliable doctors testified to it.

“After lunch, please take care of those patients.”

There took place a very unusual thing.

Daehan University Hospital belonged to the third category of places for treatment.

Without referrals from the first or second category places, it was difficult for patients to be treated at the third category place, because they did not do general practice.

Of course the patients could get the treatment there, but their paperwork is usually handled by the emergency team with no coverage of insurance.

But a special arrangement was made today so that Daehan Hospital could provide an ad hoc office for general practice. The office in the corner of the 2nd floor was emptied, with a nameplate hung in front of the door. <Dr. Lee Suhyuk> Inside Suhyuk looked around, scratching his head.

When he came there right after lunch, such an office for general practice was installed immediately.

The door opened, and a nurse put down lots of paper with simple personal information about the patients.

The paperwork of patients seeing him in order was piled up one by one on the table.

Looking at them blankly, Suhyuk asked, "What's all this?"

"They're all here to see Dr. Lee."

With a smile, the nurse opened her mouth, looking at him, "You must feel good as you have so many patients."

She meant it. It seems all those patients waiting came here to see him.

"As this is a makeshift office, we still can't work electronically. As soon as you're done treating patients, you can give it to the patient after filling out the prescription."

"Got it."

When she went out, Suhyuk let out a long breath, but soon brightened his expression.

Accepting new patients was always the same for him.

Then the first patient came in. Her name was Oh Jina, 20 years old.

Suhyuk said first, "How are you?"

"Wow! You look much better than on TV. You're really handsome!"

‘Isn’t it strange that she began with talking about my appearance? Isn’t it normal she mentions her symptom first?’

“Thanks. What brought you here?”

“Oh, I have stomach ache. I had a diarrhea. Yesterday I was ‘admitted into the restroom’ all day long.”

Smiling at her witty remarks, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Can I touch your belly?”

“Of course.”

Suhyuk took his stethoscope to her stomach. He heard something growling inside.

Then he pressed around her navel to check if she felt any pain there.

“Do you feel any pain here?”

She shook her head. Then he put his hand on her forehead, saying, “You’ve got a fever.”

“Right, doctor?”

With a smile he nodded his head, asking, “Do you see any bloody excrement or have any dizziness?”

“No, just diarrhea.”

Suhyuk smiled as she was fortunate.

“Looks like it’s simple enteritis.”

“If it’s simple, that means I can get treated quickly, right?”

Suhyuk nodded and said, “You don’t have to get a shot. Instead let me give you a prescription.”

Writing down a prescription, he handed it to her.

“Thank you, doctor.”

“Just give it to the nurse.”

After stealing another glance at him, she was about to turn back

when Suhyuk said, “I’m not done yet...”

She sat back on the chair.

Suhyuk explained to her about her disease, so she could understand easily.

“Most enteritis is caused by harmful bacteria from foods. It is in the same category as food poisoning. You said you've been ‘admitted into the bathroom’ because of enteritis, so you'll be careful next time, right?”

She nodded.

“For the time being, it is good to eat a meal that is good for digestion. Of course, you can have food with lactic acid bacteria. Lactic acid bacteria keeps down the growth of bad cells in the body. Please stay away from fatty foods, salty foods, milk, fruit and cold foods.”

Hearing his explanation, she made a big smile without realising it. She could understand exactly why he was so famous.

Even though she did not ask first or even if she was not curious enough, he initiated an explanation like this.

It was the first time she met a doctor like this.

“Thank you. Doctor.”

Rising from the seat, she cautiously opened her mouth, “Sir, can I take a picture with you?”

Suhyuk, scratching his head, posed with her for a picture.

Oh Jina went out and in came the next patient.

“Uh?”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wider.

An old woman holding a black bag.

She was that very woman who, living in the shanty town, had drunk milk mixed the seeds of Angel’s morning glory flowers at

the Hannul Park.

“Who is this? Our dear Dr. Lee, your cheeks are sunken in!”

That was just the beginning.

Chapter 108

The old woman rubbed his shoulders with her hands.

Her wrinkled eyes were as warm as ever as if she was greeting her own grandchild.

Offering her a seat, Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“How have you been?”

“I’m always doing well. Are you working without eating meals on time?”

“Oh, I’m eating well. Do you have any pain?”

“No, I don’t. I just came here to see you. I just wanted to come to see you someday, but completely forgot. Then you were suddenly on TV!”

Having said that, she offered a black bag.

“What is this?”

Looking inside it, he made a gentle smile. It was potatoes.

“If you boil it, it tastes so good. So, put it somewhere and eat it when you’re hungry.”

Suhyuk smiled brightly after accepting them without hesitation.

“You don’t grind the seeds to mix with milk, right?”

“No. As soon as I went home, I threw them all away. I was stupid enough to have made many people worried about me for that,” answered she, as if she was sick and tired of it.

Suhyuk wore a bitter expression. Even though she was good-hearted and generous, she had no family. Her children, who contacted her on and off, lost track of her at the end of the day.

Surely they would get punishment as they left behind such a good mother.

Suhyuk chuckled more brightly, saying, “Don’t you feel any pain on your shoulders or pins and needles on your legs?”

“No, I’m really fine.”

Then she held his hands and stroked them cautiously, saying, “Your hands are so cute.”

Looking down at his hands quietly, she raised her head and said, “Thanks, thanks.”

“Is everyone doing fine there?”

He was inquiring after those old men and women in the shanty town.

“Of course, they’re doing well. Oh, dear. I think I’m holding a busy doctor for too long...”

Standing up, she said again, “Don’t skip your meals, and you have to take care of your health first and foremost. If you are sick, everything will crumble. I’ll see you later, then.”

When she turned around, he stood up quickly and opened the door.

“Please take care. And I’ll stop by someday.”

Yes, he will do so surely.

“You don’t have to, seeing as you’re busy. It would be a waste of time! Get back to work now!”

‘I’ll come and see you.’

She went back, and in came the next patient.

His name was Choi Gilsup, a 42-year-old man, and strangely enough, his name was familiar to him.

Choi, his wife, and a daughter, all came into the office.

“Hello, sir?”

“Hi!”

With a smile, he cast his eyes toward the woman.

When he looked at Choi, he recalled who he was.

He was the very patient whose leg had been stuck when a newly built house collapsed.

“How have you been, doctor?”

At Choi’s asking, Suhyuk made a gentle smile, “Good, of course.”

Suhyuk looked at his wife and child, with Choi standing next to them.

Without succumbing to the accident, Choi stood up on his own to support his family.

He looked to be in good condition.

“We were not sure what you liked... but this is a gift we’ve prepared.”

It was an import alcohol that seemed very expensive.

“I thought you were here because you’re sick...”

“I’m very healthy thanks to you, sir.”

6pm.

The official consultation hours were over.

Though Suhyuk said he could see more patients, his supervisors stopped him.

The makeshift office was against the regulation, and this was supposed to make those involved run into trouble. Not only protests from other hospitals but a big fuss could come out of it.

So, the hospital set up a policy to run the makeshift office for general practice for three days only.

Though he was done with treating patients, Suhyuk was still staying in the office.

With his eyes fixed at one corner, he scratched his head.

A lot of gifts were piled up there.

Healthy foods ranging from potatoes and import alcohol, to ginseng and green vegetable juice.

What should I do with all these...

His parents naturally came to his mind, and he made a smile.

It was the third day that Daehan Hospital opened a general practice office. Time passed fast, and Suhyuk was hectically busy treating the patients.

Sometimes he would pose with patients, and he felt much relieved to think of it as an extra service to them.

“Thank you.”

When the patient stood up, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “For the time being, stay away from drinking alcohol.”

Another patient quickly came in. Park Chanhee, a 37-year-old man.

He was in a neat suit, and sat on the chair with a smile.

Suhyuk asked softly, “Are you here due to any pain?”

“Hello, Dr. Lee. I’m not here due to being sick. I’m from Cheil Hospital.”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider at his reply. Cheil Hospital was called a top hospital along with Daehan Hospital in Korea.

“Why are you here, by the way?”

“I just wanted to see you. Unless I come to see you like this, I was afraid I couldn’t meet you, as you’re quite busy.”

“Is that all you’re here for?”

Suhyuk’s tone changed. As he was not a patient, it’s better to get

him out of the office quickly.

For the next patient was waiting.

“Here’s my business card.”

Suhyuk looked at the card. He was a general surgeon.

When he looked at him again, Park opened his mouth.

“Frankly speaking, our hospital would like to scout you. Of course, we’ll pay you more than Daehan Hospital.”

Having said that, Park read his countenance.

Generally speaking, a hospital needs famous doctors.

For they bring in lots of patients, and the prestige of the hospital is supposed to go up.

So, Cheil Hospital staff conducted a secret investigation into Dr. Lee Suhyuk.

Thought he just became a resident, there was universal praise of him at Daehan Hospital.

In short, he was a doctor with immense potential.

That was enough.

Taking his eyes off the card, Lee said,

“Thanks for giving me such high praise.”

Park rose from his seat, saying, “You don’t have to reply right now. Please give it some thought and let us know.”

Park headed to the door, and when he grabbed the door latch, he turned back, “I want you to know this, though. If you come over to our hospital, we’ll offer you the best compensation in terms of benefits and pay. Goodbye, then.”

He soon went out of the hospital.

‘Cheil Hospital...’

When he was looking at the card, another patient came in.

Suhyuk smiled at the patient, “Come in!”

One more day passed and the temporary general practice was now over.

The hospital director let him take a day off, with words of appreciation.

As Suhyuk thought of taking a day off too, he felt good about it.

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk was moving some packages to a truck.

A one-ton truck was parked in front of Daehan Hospital.

All the packages were already loaded, which were the gifts he had received from the patients.

“This is the last package. Let’s go.”

Suhyuk got in the truck, along with the driver.

“What are all those packages?”

At his asking, Suhyuk just smiled, saying, “I just want to give them to my parents.”

“Wow! I’ve never seen such a huge number of gifts like this.”

The driver, feeling envious about his parents, thought of his son who went to college.

He did not have any expectations of him. The one thing he wished for, was for him to be a good doctor like Suhyuk sitting next to him.

He wanted to brag about his son proudly to others. Yes, bragging about his son.

The truck drove for about one hour, and arrived at his house.

His mother, who had a day off only one day of the week, came out to greet Suhyuk.

“Come on in, my son!”

When she reached out her hands, he hugged her with a smile.

She said, while hugging him, “What are all those things?”

“They’re gifts I received.”

The driver, who was watching the mother and son with a satisfactory look, smiled greatly.

“He is a devoted son. I envy you.”

Her warm smile brightened more. She said, stroking his shoulder, “You’re such a cute boy!”

“Let’s go in, mom.”

Suhyuk began moving the packages with the driver.

She also helped them, although Suhyuk asked her to stay away.

Soon all the packages were moved inside the house.

She began to lift the gift boxes one by one that were piled up high in the living room.

All sorts of gifts, ranging from ginseng and black onions, to wine, etc, which all were reputed to be good for the health.

“Who gave you all these gifts?”

“I received them from the patients.”

“All of them?”

He nodded his head.

“How thankful they are! This import alcohol seems to be very expensive. Let me give it to your daddy.”

Suhyuk smiled at that.

“Oh, do you want lunch? Did you have breakfast?”

He shook his head and said, “I’m hungry.”

Rising from the floor, he dusted off his hands.

“Wait a moment. Let me prepare lunch for you.”

Then his cell phone buzzed.

“Hey, Dongsu.”

“Oh, you take my call right away. Are you not busy now?”

“Looks like you’re not either.”

“Are you busy? I finish work a bit early today for the first time in a long time.”

“Well, I’m at home now as I have a day off today.”

“Great. How about soju with grilled pork belly at a nearby restaurant?”

“Ok, give me a call when you’re done.”

Hanging up the phone, he dined with his mother, and ate the delicious fruits that she peeled for him.

His happy time with his mom passed quickly, and it was already the evening.

His father was pop-eyed at the many gift boxes.

“What are all those boxes?”

Going out, Suhyuk moved to the place he was supposed to meet Dongsu.

The weather was good, and the occasional wind made him feel cool.

Soon, Suhyuk arrived at the restaurant and went inside.

As it was the weekend, it was crowded with customers.

He took a seat, when Dongsu opened the door.

“Hey, Lee Suhyuk!”

Suhyuk smiled at him. Though he saw Dongsu after such a long

time, he felt just congenial to him as if he was a friend he met only yesterday.

“Didn’t you order yet? Auntie!”

Soon, side dishes and grilled pork belly were served.

When the meat was getting cooked well, Dongsu raised his soju cup.

“Today, soju feels sweet.”

“Hey, slow down, man. You might completely black out.”

“You’re supposed to drink soju quick from the beginning, man.”

Their drinking time was not short. They consumed as many as six bottles of soju.

Dongsu rested his chin on his hands, which suggested he was drunk, given his drinking pattern.

He was murmuring incomprehensible words.

Suhyuk drank up some more soju.

“Huuuuuh...”

When he let out a little breath, Suhyuk thought of one thing on his mind.

“We’ll give you better compensation than Daehan Hospital.”

At the same time he thought of his mother preparing food in the kitchen and the dust on his father’s clothes after he returned home from work.

While Dongsu was murmuring alone, he refilled his own cup and drank it up.

Suhyuk took out the business card from his wallet and looked at it quietly.

How much time passed?

“Yes, this is Park Heechan.”

“Hi, this is Lee Suhyuk.”

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“Thanks for calling me. I’ve been waiting for your call.”

Suhyuk smiled at his bright voice.

“Hello? I can’t hear you well because it’s noisy around you there.”

“Wait a moment.”

Suhyuk went out of the restaurant.

Left alone, Dongsu was dozing off at the table and murmuring.

“Yes, it’s you, man... I’ve got this evidence against you. If you keep making excuses, I’ll get you...”

Though the grilled pork belly restaurant was crowded, Dongsu’s closed eyes would not open.

How long passed?

Suhyuk, coming back from outside, paid the bill and came back to the table.

And he filled his cup with soju. Looking at it quietly, he then drank it all up. He did so several times.

Wiping off his lips wet with soju, Suhyuk smiled at his friend, saying “Dongsu, let’s go home.”

But he would not move, with his face down on the table.

Then Suhyuk rose from the seat, but he tottered, as he was very drunk.

Putting his hand on the table, he barely regained his balance.

At the same time a bottle of soju fell onto the floor and broke.

The owner came up and said, “Are you okay?”

“Sorry, sir.”

Suhyuk lifted up Dongsu and said, “Dongsu, let’s go home. Stand

up.”

No response, just like before. After some effort, Suhyuk lifted him, holding his arm.

Only then did he half open his eyes.

“Okay, let me treat you at another place. Let’s go!”

Suhyuk took him out, feeling the cool air blowing toward him occasionally.

“Come to your senses, man!”

Still, he was tottering, leaning against Suhyuk. Suhyuk did, too.

He was just a bit less intoxicated than Dongsu.

Dongsu was closing his eyes, with his head down.

“Are you sleeping?”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk said again, “Dongsu, I’m not sure if what I said was good.”

Then, some sort of slurred words were coming out of his mouth, “Yes, you’re my friend, man. Good job, good job.”

Having said that, he became silent.

Suhyuk chuckled.

“Do you know Cheil Hospital?”

Of course, it’s impossible he could not know such a big hospital. But no answer came from him.

Suhyuk continued, “They say they would pay me a lot if I moved there. But I rejected their offer.”

For a moment silence prevailed.

Under the streetlights there were some people passing by occasionally.

“Was it a good decision?”

Still no reply came from Dongsu.

Letting out a long breath, he looked up at the night sky.

When was the last time he looked up at the stars?

As he gazed at them for quite a long time, the stars seemed to twinkle more brightly.

It was now almost 2am.

When Dongsu became sober, Suhyuk sent him home by taxi and silently opened the door of his house. He moved quietly so as not to wake his sleeping parents.

Then he heard noise from TV in the lobby.

His mother was asleep on the sofa, holding a remote control.

Obviously she fell asleep waiting for him. He cautiously took the remote control from her hand and turned off the TV, and he brought a blanket and covered it over her gently.

He sat on the floor, leaning against the sofa. He turned his head toward her and looked at her, saying to himself, "Mom. I'm sorry. Wait a little more... just a little more."

He still had a lot of things to do at Daehan Hospital.

Patients looking for him.

The old woman who had milk mixed with Angel's morning glory seeds, the little girl who he thought had been abused... He might not be able to see them again.

And when the day came when he had to leave Daehan Hospital, he would not go to Cheil Hospital. He wanted to go to a larger hospital, one which was his own decision to go to and not by someone else's will.

Suhyuk, who was murmuring as if he was whispering to his mother, rose up.

Then she showed a smile, tossing and turning.

Suhyuk, too, smiled.

It looked as if his mother was saying something with a smile, “Cheer up, my son!”

Ding dong!

Suhyuk opened his eyes at the sound of the doorbell.

Getting up from the bed slowly, he checked his cell phone.

Did Dongsu return home safely?

Then the doorbell rang again.

He went to the living room, with his buzzing cell phone left behind.

He could call Dongsu later.

“Who is it?”

Suhyuk opened the door to find that it was Dongsu.

Scrutinizing Suhyuk from head to toe, he shook his head, asking, “Were you sleeping until now, not knowing what time it was?”

“It’s 8am.”

“Is it okay for a doctor to be so lazy?”

Having said that, he came into the living room as if it was his own house.

“Mom, dad, it’s me Dongsu.”

“They’re out for work already.”

“I see...”

Dongsu put down a bag he was carrying on his shoulder, and sat on the sofa.

“What’s that?”

At his asking, Dongsu made an unbelievable look, “Don’t you

remember we agreed to go fishing today?”

No, he did not make that promise to him.

“Did you have a weird dream?”

Dongsu shook his head from side to side.

“You don’t remember anything as you were completely drunk yesterday.”

Suhyuk made a blank face because he never said anything about fishing.

“What’s this, anyway?”

Rising from the seat, he went to the kitchen, and took off a paper covering something.

“Wow...”

Dongsu swallowed his saliva from seeing lots of delicious side dishes there.

“Can I eat this?”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk brought spoons and chopsticks to the dining table.

“What the hell are you talking about fishing all of a sudden?”

Eating hurriedly, Dongsu said absent-mindedly, “Any particular thing to do today?”

Suhyuk had nothing particular because he had a day off during the weekend.

“Which fishing place are you going to?”

“Just follow me. Wow! Your mother really cooks delicious food!”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk began eating.

Going out, casually dressed, Suhyuk got in Dongsu’s car.

They left in no time, and the music from the car radio made him feel drowsy.

Looking out the car window quietly, Suhyuk closed his eyes before he knew it.

Dongsu, holding the steering wheel, glanced at him.

How long did they drive for?

“Wake up, man!”

Suhyuk woke up at his voice.

Before their eyes there was a cool reservoir surrounded by swinging reeds.

When they got out the car, the smell from the reservoir tickled their noses.

Stretching himself, Dongsu glanced at Suhyuk, saying, “How about it? It’s cool, right?”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Yeah, so cool.”

“Okay, take it.”

Dongsu gave him a fishing case, and he opened it. He took out some spring water, some ramen, a burner, etc.

“Let’s go, man.”

Dongsu walked ahead, followed by Suhyuk.

As they walked near the lake, Dongsu looked around here and there because he could not find a good place for fishing.

“How about the opposite side?” said Suhyuk.

Like he said, there were some people enjoying fishing on the other side.

Nobody was seen on their side.

“What a bother, man! Let’s fish here,” said Dongsu.

Dongsu began treading on the rough reeds.

Seeing him, Suhyuk shook his head.

Suhyuk also began moving like Dongsu, and they soon made a fishing spot.

They opened the trunk and took out a fishing rod.

“Can you do it for me?” said Dongsu, offering a styrofoam box to Suhyuk.

“What?”

Having said that, Suhyuk opened the box, and inside were lugworms wiggling in some dust.

Chuckling, Suhyuk asked, “Can’t you touch a lugworm?”

Dongsu made a frown, replying, “I hate it the most in this world.”

“Then you should have bought paste bait, man.”

“I heard that they catch a lot of fish using lugworms in this place though.”

“Give it to me.”

Dongsu moved his fishing rod to Suhyuk’s place. Suhyuk held a fish hook and put a lugworm on it carefully. Then, Dongsu threw it into the water, and so did Suhyuk.

Sitting on the chair, Suhyuk was looking at the float on the water. He has never done any fishing except for times when he followed Dongsu’s fishing trips.

Dongsu took a glance at Suhyuk. He could not find any trace of agony from Suhyuk’s face.

He thought he had done the right thing when he brought Suhyuk here.

Then Dongsu’s cell phone buzzed.

“Let me come back quickly after the phone call.”

Dongsu answered the phone at a distance from Suhyuk.

“Yes, this is prosecutor Kim Dongsu.”

“Hey, didn’t I tell you to report to work today?”

“Oh, I took a vacation leave today.”

“Do you think it’s just enough if you’ve submitted a vacation request? You should get the approval before taking leave. Don’t you know we’re busy today? Where are you now? Come back now!”

“Hello, hello, I can’t hear you. I’m now in a remote place where the cellphone reception doesn’t work well. I’ll call you back later.”

Dongsu cut off the phone, and even turned it off.

Poking it deep into his pocket, Dongsu went back to Suhyuk.

When he got back, Suhyuk was watching the bobber quietly.

Dongsu smiled at him, and thought to himself, ‘What would I be doing now if I had not met Suhyuk back then? Most likely I would have been doing manual labor or wielding my fists as a gangster. Maybe both. Lee Suhyuk, you’re really a man of blessing to me.’

Sitting on the chair, he asked like before.

“Isn’t it cool?”

Looking at the landscape slowly, he opened his mouth, “Yeah, it’s cool.”

Then Suhyuk’s eyes glittered because the bobber, which had no sign of moving up to now, began bouncing up and down, and then went inside the water.

Suhyuk rolled up the fishing reel quickly.

The fishing line became tense, and the hooked fish seemed to be pulling the fishing line, moving from left to right. It must be a big fish, given the heavy feel he had on his hands.

Suhyuk slowly wound the reel, when Dongsu grumbled, “Damn it...”

Turning to him, Suhyuk cast his eyes down.

He saw some bleeding on his calf, who rolled up his pants.

Suhyuk held the reel back, then looked back at him quickly.

A long, limp object was in his hand. It was a snake whose color paired with a magpie, called a Short-tailed Viper Snake.

Suhyuk threw away his fishing rod, took off his shirt and tightened his thigh with it.

“What are you doing, man?”

Dongsu opened his mouth, looking at the snake he was holding.

“Stay quiet!”

Suhyuk turned back his head quickly, and saw a black bag containing spring water and ramen.

Chapter 110

“Tighten it like that! Call 911 now.”

Suhyuk shouted.

Dongsu gripped his thigh tightly and pressed his cell phone button.

“What bad luck..”

Suhyuk quickly grabbed the bag, and splattered the spring water over his calf.

He put the vinyl bag on his calf, and sucked the blood.

As he had his tooth cavity treated as a child, he could not do it with his bare mouth now.

If his friend poisoned, there was no way he could not do anything.

“Am I dying?”

“What the hell are you talking about? I’m here to help you out.”

Suhyuk did not stop sucking the blood. When he did blow hard, blood came out through the vinyl bag on his calf. That was about all he could do in this situation.

“Hello, I was bitten by a viper snake. My location is...”

It seemed that about five minutes passed since Dongsu was bitten, but he showed no symptoms.

It was fortunate for him.

“I feel dizzy...” said Dongsu.

Suhyuk’s face hardened at Dongsu’s calm voice.

“Don’t make a joke,” said Suhyuk.

Looking at Suhyuk, he smiled. Then Dongsu opened his mouth, “Let’s wait up there as the ambulance is arriving here soon.”

“You had better stay here,” replied Suhyuk.

If he was moving, it would quicken the flow of blood containing the poison, which was not good for him.

Squatting on the ground, Dongsu said,

“What the heck are we doing here as we’re on an outing here after such a long time.”

Chuckling a bit, Dongsu looked up at the sky.

White clouds were drifting away peacefully.

He felt the pain, caused by the snake bite, was disappearing slowly.

Suhyuk put his hand on Dongsu’s chest to check his heartbeat.

Typically, a normal heart pulse for normal people is 66~85 beats per minute.

Dongsu’s pulse was must faster than that.

Though he made a comfortable look, it was the opposite in his mind.

Suhyuk put him at ease as best he could.

A cool wind was blowing through the reeds.

Dongsu said, “I feel much better now.”

Then they heard the sound of an ambulance in the distance.

Arriving at their place, the rescue crew got off.

“Here. We’re here!”

They rushed toward them.

“You said you were bitten by a snake?”

“Yes, please transport him to the nearest hospital.”

One of the crew checked his calf, and the other member asked Suhyuk.

“Did the snake flee?”

“Here it is.”

When Suhyuk moved, the crew member followed him.

There they found a limp snake on the grassy ground. Checking it, the crew member turned to Suhyuk, asking, “Didn’t you say he was bit by a short-tailed viper snake?”

“Yes, that’s what I said...”

The crew member wearing gloves tapped the snake lightly.

“Looks like you were confused because ashes were on it.”

The black and white ashes on the snake were dusted off.

“It’s possible that you were confused in an emergency situation. This is not a short-tailed viper snake, but a water snake which has no poison.

Suhyuk scratched his head, relieved.

When he looked at Dongsu, he was walking with difficulty, helped by a crew member.

Approaching Dongsu, he said, “I’m sorry, I was wrong.”

Dongsu made a curious look at his remarks.

“They say it’s not a viper snake.”

Dongsu blinked his eyes at his remarks, then turning to the crew member.

“Well, this is a water snake with no poison, called Mujachi.”

Dongsu said, “Well, I still feel dizzy.”

“Maybe it’s your own feeling.”

Then Suhyuk said, “Just disinfection, please!”

As Dongsu had a shot of tetanus about one year ago at Daehan Hospital, disinfection alone was more than enough.

So after, they resumed fishing again.

After a troublesome break at the fishing place, Suhyuk was now back home.

It was 5pm when he arrived home.

He had to come back quickly because Dongsu was busy.

As soon as he gave him a ride, Dongsu went back to the prosecutor's office right away.

After taking a shower, he went out. Then he met his mother who just got back from work.

“Son, did you eat?”

“Yes, I just came in after dining with Dongsu.”

“Good! Why did you wash the dishes? I told you not to.”

“Well, because I felt bored.”

With a smile, she gestured toward him to sit beside her.

“I want to donate some of the gifts you brought to an orphanage. What do you think?”

Suhyuk tilted his head because the gifts were all health foods.

They were not for children.

Reading his mind, she opened her mouth, “I hear the orphanage is opening a flea market. I hear many people are donating the kind of gifts you brought here, so they can sell them to help the orphanage...”

With a pleasant smile, he nodded his head.

“Did you put away some gifts for you and dad?”

“Sure, the very best of them.”

“Okay, mom, Just go ahead.”

Then, she called somewhere, saying, “Is this Hanmaum Orphanage? My son says he wants to donate some gifts. Yes, yes. By the way, the gifts we have are quite a few...”

Talking over the phone for a while, she hung up the phone, and patted him on the shoulder.

“How good-hearted you are, boy!”

Suhyuk felt once again how good-hearted she was.

“Son, let me come back in a minute. Take a break here.”

“Let me go with you, mom.”

In about 20 minutes, there arrived a small truck in front of the house.

There were lots of stuff on the truck, an indication that it was sent by the orphanage.

Suhyuk and his mother moved all the gifts for donation to the truck.

The driver also helped them, saying, “looks like you’re selling health foods.”

At his remarks, Suhyuk and his mother just smiled.

Soon the gifts were loaded onto the truck, and it took about 30 minutes to the orphanage.

Getting off the truck, Suhyuk looked at the open playing field of the orphanage.

Some of the children were playing soccer.

Dingdong, dingdong...

A bell resonated at the orphanage.

Holding a package, the driver asked, with a smile, “Did you have dinner?”

It was a bell ringing for dinner time.

“Son, shall we go for dinner?”

Guided by the driver, they headed for the dining room, walking along the winding hallway.

The hallway was clamorous with the voices of children playing and running to eat first.

Suhyuk found it lively, but at the same time he felt bitter.

These children had no families.

Then, a child fell down, and got up, rubbing his knee.

“Are you okay?” said Suhyuk, checking his knee.

“I’m alright, sir.”

The child got up suddenly, and ran again.

They soon arrived at the dining room.

“Don’t cut in line!”

“Oh, we have sausage on the menu today!”

Holding a metal tray, the children were lining up.

Suhyuk also took a tray and stood in the line.

His mother was at the office of the orphanage director.

The director wanted to treat her to coffee at her office.

Suhyuk looked around slowly.

The children varied in their ages, ranging from elementary school kids to high school students.

The whole dining room was full of children.

Soon, it was Suhyuk’s turn to get the food.

Getting rice, side dishes and soup, he took a seat.

“Who are you?” asked a boy on the opposite side.

Suhyuk said with a smile, “Oh, I’m here because I’m hungry.”

“Do you have no mommy and daddy, uncle?”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly. How can this boy with charming eyes utter such words calmly like that?

Was it because the child's emotion was dried up? No, he might have buried his pent-up yearning for his family deep in his heart.

Looking at the boy quietly, Suhyuk smiled at him.

The boy was looking squarely into his metal tray.

Suhyuk pushed it toward him gently.

“You can eat it, too.”

“Really?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The boy moved his fork, picking up the sausage only.

“What's wrong with your face?”

At his asking, the boy answered, rubbing his face with a scab on it.

“I fell over.”

“Don't you feel any pain?”

“No, sir. Thanks.”

Eating up sausage, the boy bowed his head and then disappeared.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk began eating.

When he stood up after eating, a girl looking like a high school student passed by him, with a frown.

‘Is she sick?’

The girl was rubbing her stomach.

Looking at her quietly, he looked around like before.

Then he moved to someone who distributed food to the children.

“Where is the director's office?”

“Go to the 3rd floor and turn left...”

He headed straight to the 3rd floor, and easily found it.

With a knock, he went into the office.

His mother was meeting face to face with a middle-aged woman.

“Oh, he’s my son.”

At her words, the director stood up with a bright smile.

“Thanks so much for the many gifts you’ve donated.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“I’m a doctor. Can I go see them?”

Chapter 111

“What do you mean?”

“Like I said, I’d like to see and check your children’s health conditions.”

His mother’s eyes became wide, but she made a smile in no time.

‘My son’s kind-heartedness never goes away!’

“Oh, you’re a doctor! You must be proud of your son, who’s tall and handsome,” The director said, smiling brightly, but her face soon became dark.

“What should I do? We don’t have a facility for you to do that. Though I appreciate the offer very much. How good-hearted you are!”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “ It’s okay. I can go to their rooms. Do you have first-aid kits?”

“Oh, you don’t have to... I really mean it.”

Suhyuk made a smile again.

“I noticed wounds on some of your children here and there. Even small wounds can cause tetanus by inflammation.”

Pondering over his suggestion, the director soon showed a smile, saying, “Hold on a minute.”

When the director went out of the office, Suhyuk’s mother asked, “Are you not tired?”

“I’m okay, mom. It’ll take some time, so you can go home first.”

“How can I go home alone when my son is taking great pains here.”

Suhyuk smiled gently. Knowing she would not go home despite his strong urge, he did not ask her anymore.

“Okay, you can take a break here then.”

At that moment the director came back, with a large first-aid kit.

“This is all I have right now.”

Handed over the kit, he opened it to find all kinds of ointments, dressings and disinfection medicines. That was enough.

What was lacking was only a first-aid room.

As the orphanage was small, they did not install such a room.

“How many children are there?”

“Thirty three in total.”

“Got it.”

Looking at his mother, Suhyuk smiled at her.

“Ok, work hard, son!”

Suhyuk headed to the second floor, and moved to the nearest room.

The room was not large, with three double-beds.

Six children who seemed to be elementary school students sat at their desks, moving their pencils. They seemed to be doing their homework.

“Hello!”

At his voice, they turned their heads to him.

One boy opened his eyes wide. He was the very boy who picked up Suhyuk’s sausage at the dining hall.

“You must have been doing homework.”

“Yes,” said the boy, and then he fixed his eyes on the workbook, with a frown.

Suhyuk came closer to him, and saw that it was a math workbook.

“What year are you in?” asked Suhyuk.

“1st year, sir.”

With a smile, he stroke his head, “You must be smart.”

“I have to be smart because I want to be a doctor.”

“Why do you want to be a doctor?”

“My mother and father were in a traffic accident, but died because the doctors could not treat them. When I grow up and become a doctor, I’d like to treat such people.”

Suhyuk let out a silent sigh.

“Where did you fall?”

At his soft voice, the boy touched his chin with a scab on its wound.

“Oh, while I was going down the slide, sir.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

Suhyuk looked at his chin here and there.

“No, it doesn’t hurt at all.”

As the boy said, the wound was not deep, just some light bruises.

Suhyuk took out an ointment from the first-aid kit and applied it on his chin.

Then someone coughed from behind.

Suhyuk turned back, and said to him, “Do you have a cold?”

“No, sir. I just coughed.”

“Ok, let me see.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, checking inside. His throat was not swollen, and there was no sign of dryness inside his mouth. Then he put his hand on the boy’s forehead.

No fever. He had only a light cold, and he needed no medicine in that case.

It was better for him not to do anything, so the boy can cure his cold naturally.

Then Suhyuk began moving around the rooms to check their health conditions.

Those in their late teens showed some annoyance, but Suhyuk did not care.

Fortunately, their condition was good enough overall.

Almost two hours passed since he started seeing the children.

Only one room was left, but it was closed firmly.

When he knocked on the door, someone opened, saying, “Who are you?”

A girl with short hair, who looked like a middle school girl, came out.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, “I’m here at the request of the director to check your health condition.”

Then the girl’s eyes became wider.

“Uh? Are you the doctor who appeared on TV?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Is this a kind of volunteer activity?”

At her question, he nodded.

The room was not that different from other rooms, but as it was for girls only, there was a smell of shampoo and cosmetics in the air.

There were five in total in the room, two girls who seemed to be elementary school students, two who were middle school students, and one high-school girl wearing earphones.

She was the girl he saw at the dining room.

Then, they all turned their eyes to Suhyuk.

“Uh? Dr. Lee Suhyuk?”

All, except for one girl, recognized his face.

“Hi, everyone?”

“Hi, sir.”

At their shy reply, Suhyuk waved his hands. Then a girl lying on top of the double-bed opened her eyes. After looking down at him, she closed her eyes again, as if she was not interested.

“The reason I am here is to check your health conditions.”

Suhyuk gave them an easy explanation, and the children nodded their heads.

Everyone was all healthy, and their expression was bright, and they were very positive, too.

“Okay. if you don’t eat for reasons of dieting, it might do damage to your health in the long run. It could lead to voracity. And as I told you, you have to do exercises regularly. Got it?”

“Yes, sir!”

Then, Suhyuk cast his eyes at the girl on the double-bed, who seemed not to move as if she were sleeping. No, she was stroking her stomach.

“What’s her name over there?”

“Oh, sister Heyjin. Lee Heyjin.”

Suhyuk turned around and came to her.

She was wearing a long sleeves top and long pants.

“Your name is pretty.”

No response from her. Suhyuk looked at her stomach.

When he saw her at the dining room, she was holding her stomach with her hand, making a frown. And even now...

“Heyjin?”

She knitted her brows, and opened her eyes.

“Why?”

“You seem to have pain in your stomach. Are you okay?”

“None of your business!”

She then put her earphones back into ear and closed her eyes.

“What a scary sister!”

The other girls were shaking their heads.

“She is a very good-hearted sister. She washes clothes for us sometimes, and buys delicious food with her own pocket money...”

Suhyuk looked at her again. She now turned her back, lying on the bed.

“Heyjin!”

“I’m fine, so would you just go away?”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile.

Then a girl said something from behind,

“She looks upset like this because she was scolded by the director.”

When he made a puzzling expression, the girl whispered to him, “She’s getting scolded by the director every day these days.”

Nodding his head, he turned her head a bit to his side.

“Heyjin, just a moment...”

“Oh my god...”

Lifting her upper body, she let out a long sigh. She then came down the bed and went out.

He shrugged his shoulder, and followed her.

He grabbed her hand, “Wait a moment, Heyjin!”

“Why are you doing this?”

She raised her hand to shake off his hand.

Then her long sleeves were rolled up to show some bruises.

Besides, there was a clear mark of a bruise on her neck.

Knitting his brows, he opened his mouth,

“What is all this?”

“Please let go of me! It’s none of your business.”

“Yes, it is. I’m a doctor.”

“I have these bruises because I fell over, so never mind!”

Shaking off his hand, she went to the restroom in the hallway.

Then, it came to his mind what the girl before had told him.

“She is getting scolded by the director everyday these days”

When he was leaning against the wall, he heard her suppressed sobbing inside the restroom.

His face was hardening gradually.

Suhyuk headed directly to the director’s office.

The director rose from her seat and grabbed his two hands.

“Thanks so much. Are our children all healthy?”

Looking at the director, he opened his mouth, “There is one patient student, who’s thoroughly hurt in body and soul.”

Aside from her body, Heyjin’s heart was wrecked deeply.

Her quiet sobbing from the restroom was telling him so.

With her eyes open wider, she asked, “What are you talking about?”

“Well, I see marks of violence all over her body.”

The director showed an embarrassed look, either that or she was astonished.

“Really, Heyjin?”

“Yes, she needs to be taken to a hospital right now for examination and necessary treatment. Do you agree?”

Suhyuk looked into her eyes squarely.

“I don’t get it... Is she in the classroom now?”

The director moved quickly, but Suhyuk grabbed her hand.

“I asked you whether you agreed?”

Suhyuk moved by taxi, and Heyjin was sitting next to him.

Though she did not listen to him, shutting her ears with earphones, she agreed to go to the hospital at the director’s simple direction.

They arrived at Daehan Hospital.

Suhyuk talked to her while they were entering the hospital, “We’re going to do some simple tests, including blood collection and X-rays. So, don’t be scared.”

She nodded her head without saying anything.

Then, intern Park bowed his waist as he was passing by.

“Did you have a good break, sir?”

Suhyuk passed him by with no words of response, just waving at him.

Suhyuk was looking through the whole window of the X-ray room.

On the spot Suhyuk fixed his eyes on, was a student lying there who was undergoing a bone scan. It was none other than Heyjin. Something glittering on her eyelids were running down.

That night was far from short.

Keeping silent until then, she broke down and let loose, telling

her story with tears in streaming down her face.

Her story was a very long one.

The morning was breaking gradually, and Suhyuk was looking at the main gate of a school.

Heyjin and the director were seen beside him.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Let’s go.”

Chapter 112

Passing through the gate, Suhyuk suddenly turned back.

The director was soothing Heyjin who was hesitant.

He felt some sort of hesitance from her attitude, as she seemingly did not want to move.

What kind of harassment did she go through?

There were marks of bruises all over her body. Even her belly, which doesn't normally get bruised, showed sign of ecchymosis.

"Heyjin."

At his voice, she slowly lifted her face.

"If you don't change now, nothing will change."

Suhyuk waited for her quietly.

Then his cell phone buzzed. It was a call from Im Gyungso.

Suhyuk took the phone at a distance from Heyjin.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

"Where are you now?"

"I'm off today."

"What the heck are you doing now? Are you seeing patients even when you're off? Why don't you bring the patient here?"

Im could hear from Prof. Han Myungjin that Suhyuk took vacation leave, telling him something.

"We can't treat her at the hospital..."

"Hey, Park Sungjae! Collect blood from patient Jung Bogyong..."

Heyjin looked at him, hearing the scolding voice from his cell phone.

She was a patient that they could not treat at the hospital. Her

condition was urgent enough that if she did not get treatment right now, her life could be put at danger.

A girl with a broken heart.

Like those harassed by violence at school, she might make an extreme decision.

‘Before she did so, I have to hold her hand, who’s now standing alone in the darkness.’

“Anyway, come back quickly. Do you think I should have to take care of this intern as a senior resident?”

“Yes, sir.”

Hanging up the phone, Suhyuk came to Heyjin, “Let’s go.”

She held her school bag tight and nodded her head slowly.

The hallway was crowded with students coming to school.

Some were staggering their way to the classrooms, rubbing their sleepy eyes, while others were greeting their friends, waving their hands.

Heyjin was walking among them with her head held down.

Then, three girls in the front were walking toward her.

They were pretty, with an air of being rich girls.

Seeing them, her pupils trembled.

They scrutinized Suhyuk and the director, as if they were asking who are these strangers.

Then, they said to Heyjin, “See you later.”

They left, but Heyjin’s shoulders were still trembling.

The director pressed on Heyjin to move, while soothing her.

“Let’s go, Heyjin.”

She moved again, and glanced at Suhyuk next to her.

‘Right...Unless I change, nothing will change.’

Sensing that she was looking at him, Suhyuk showed a smile at her.

It was a very reassuring smile.

They soon arrived at the staffroom of the school.

Looking inside, Suhyuk asked Heyjin, “Who is your homeroom teacher?”

“That man over there...”

He cast his eyes at the man pointed in the direction of her fingers.

A man in his late 40s was sitting on a chair.

Was his name Choi Jaechul?

Suhyuk came up to him and said, “How are you?”

Choi, working on something, turned his head, responding with, “Who are you...?”

Confirming his face, Suhyuk slowly nodded his head.

This was her homeroom teacher.

When Heyjin’s hair had milk poured over it, she plucked up the courage to visit the staffroom.

This Choi called those students responsible for that act, and got them together for reconciliation.

She said it was not the first time. Repeatedly they had done so.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I’d like to see the principal.”

“What do you want to see him for?”

Then Heyjin and the director came to him.

Choi said, rising from the seat, “How are you? Why did you come here suddenly without contacting me?”

“Because Heyjin was allegedly being harassed.”

Choi's eyes became wide, and he looked at Heyjin.

"I didn't hear that from her. Is it true? Why didn't you tell me about it?"

Suhyuk said again, "I want to see the principal."

Heyjin's teacher did not care enough about her. Of course, he might not have got a scent of it or felt her a confounded nuisance. Thinking the teacher is closer to the latter, Suhyuk could not let him take care of her matter.

"Can you talk first with me?"

"Do you want me to call the police?"

"You don't have to call the police on this kind of play among the students. Let's talk between us. Heyjin, come here and sit down."

"Did you say it was prank among the students? Looks they are playing even to the point of getting bruises all over their bodies these days. Do you want me to search for the principal by myself or do you want me to call the police?"

At Suhyuk's rising voice, other teachers cast their eyes at him.

Choi knitted his brows, because if the police came, it would make the school embroiled in trouble and the principal would blame him for it.

It would be better for him to escort him to see the principal.

"Please follow me."

The principal's office was not far. When they opened the door, a woman in her early 50s rose from her seat. Her expression was not good as she had been tipped off by Choi.

"Have a seat."

Suhyuk, the director and Heyjin sat on the sofa.

The principal said first, "I'm sorry. I'm just ashamed. Heyjin, you have gone through a lot of hardship, haven't you? I wish I had

found out about it sooner. I'm really sorry."

She could know her name because Choi tipped her off on it in advance.

Then, Suhyuk put down a piece of paper on the table.

"What is this?"

"It's a medical certificate for Heyjin. Bring the students here. I want them punished."

The reason he did not go to the police station first was to get their sincere apologies from them.

"Sure, absolutely. Heyjin, name those who harassed you."

She looked at Suhyuk, who then nodded to her.

"Lee Subin, Oh Yerim, Kim Mina."

The principal's eyes became a bit wider.

Subin's mother was the president of the school's Mothers' Association.

That meant she contributed a lot to the school. She had replaced the air conditioners in the staffroom, principal's office and the break room. And she gave the principal kickback money every month.

"Yes, it's natural you get apologies from them if they did you wrong."

When the principal picked up the phone, Suhyuk's calm voice came into her ears, "It's only natural that they should apologize. It's also natural for them to be punished."

What was she thinking? Showing a bit of hesitance, the principal called somewhere.

"Mr. Choi, please bring Lee Subin, Oh Yerim and Kim Mina to my office."

Sitting back on her chair, she made a regrettable expression.

“I’m sorry. As the principal, I should have...”

She continued to talk, but mostly focusing on her own responsibility.

Then the door opened, and in came the three students.

They were the very students who greeted Heyjin with a frown, in the hallway.

“Did you guys harass her?”

At the principal’s asking, the three made a puzzled expression.

Then Subin with her long straight hair opened her mouth, “We’ve never harassed her.”

The principal turned to Heyjin who was looking down at her feet.

“Heyjin.”

The reply came from Suhyuk who had been looking at them.

“Apologize to her.”

“What the heck is he talking about?”

“He sucks!”

The three students took a glance at him, murmuring among themselves. Though their voice was tiny, it still could be heard.

“Did you hear them? They have no manners at all.”

“Please call my mother.”

At Subin’s words, the principal took the phone.

After a short conversation with her mother, the principal opened her mouth, “I think you can understand that from the perspective of teachers, children can sometimes fight, and they get too close in the process. And it’s like growing pains.”

Then the principal looked at the students with a soft smile.

“Why don’t you apologize?”

Suhyuk stared at Heyjin, but made a smile soon after.

“I’m sorry, Heyjin.”

“Me, too.”

“Let’s be friends again.”

Suhyuk just made a contemptuous smile at them.

And he said to the principal, “Punishment. What are you going to do? I think expelling them is the right punishment.”

Actually that kind of punishment is rather light, compared to the harassment Heyjin had undergone, who thought the world of those at the orphanage.

“Please don’t focus on that kind of bad thing...”

The principal continued on and on.

And then a woman decorated with a famous handbag and other accessories appeared.

Looking around sharply, she opened her mouth,

“Who is it? Who slandered my daughter Subin?”

The orphanage director sprang to her feet, demanding, “Slander? Our Heyjin is such a good girl. Your daughter created an atmosphere to outcast Heyjin!”

“Are you this girl’s mother?”

Scrutinizing the director from head to toe, she opened her mouth again, “Tut, tut, tut. That’s why those with no proper education at home are making trouble!”

“What the heck are you talking about?”

They were raising their voices higher and higher.

Tears were dropping from Heyjin’s eyes, who sat with her head down.

“Calm down. Just take a seat first.”

Rising from the seat, the principal tried to mediate between them.

“Subin, come here. Looks like she was very surprised by this sudden situation. Let her take early leave, or whatever.”

The three students moved closer to her now.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth, “If you leave like this, you’ll regret a lot.”

Subin’s mother smiled contemptuously, and so did the three students.

“So, you’re going to report us to the police?”

Suhyuk said curtly, “Yes, I will.”

“Do whatever you want! I won’t sit idle, either. I’d sue you on charges of defamation. Do you know who my daughter is? She is the only daughter of the president of Mirae Electronics Co. Let’s go!”

Suhyuk looked at them quietly. Mirae Electronics, Mirae Electronics.

He heard it many times before. Was it a promising company?

It was not. Suddenly Suhyuk thought of one thing.

‘It’s called Mirae Electronics, which I’m putting a lot of investment into...’

A long time ago Mr. Kim Hyunwoo mentioned it to him.

Suhyuk approached Heyjin sitting on the sofa without moving at all.

Bending his knees, Suhyuk made his eyes meet hers, and wiped her tears with his thumb softly.

She was suppressing her crying, wiping tears with her both hands.

“Okay, you’re doing fine,” said Suhyuk.

It was not Heyjin who would shed tears, though.

Suhyuk rose from the sofa, and went to the window side.

The playing field and the school building came into his view.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone from his back pocket.

Can this school or the people here manage the upcoming misfortune?

He called somewhere. "It's me."

And then Suhyuk talked with three others over the phone.

And then they began to move.

Chapter 113

In the office of Mr. Kim Hyunwoo, the president.

Kim in a black suit took hold of a keyphone and called somewhere.

“Wow, it’s a great honor for you to give me a call first like this. Did you have lunch, sir?”

“Oh, yes. I ate until I’m full.”

“I think I have to treat you, but I’ve been in Philippines for one month.”

“As you say you’re busy, I feel good. Now all you have to do is to rake in the money.”

“Hahaha... I owe all this to president Kim Hyunwoo. I’m always thankful to you.”

Suddenly his glittering eyes full of greed came to Kim’s mind.

Lee Dongman, who assumed the power of president only one year ago. As the previous president passed away because of cardiac infarction, Lee took his place.

There flared some controversy over his taking over the position such as a behind-the-scene conspiracy or mobilization of gangsters, but Kim did not care.

Unlike the previous president, Lee Dongman’s way of doing business made him frown.

As he had found out, the kind of business he had been doing so far was wine and dine for his business partners, with boxes containing cash for them.

When Kim first met him, Lee’s flattering and walking on eggshells around him was an eyesore to him.

Kim had forgotten Lee for a long time, but Suhyuk’s call

suddenly reminded him of Lee.

Kim could make a judgment, namely, if such a figure is the president of Mirae Electronics, this company would not be able to grow under his leadership.

More than that, he would sue his nephew-like Suhyuk for defamation?

Lee's wife and daughter exactly resembled him in terms of their behavior.

While Lee continued to flatter Kim, he just smiled, saying, "You seem very busy, but I'm afraid I have to make you busier."

"Wow! Are you thinking of helping me more? I am just so, so thankful to you..."

"I think the company bonds' maturity comes to an end this month, right? "

"Oh, yes. Actually I was going to see you about that..."

"I'm going to collect on the debt without extending it. And the investment I mentioned to you separately is off!"

An urgent voice came out of the phone.

"President Kim, why are you saying that suddenly? Did I do anything wrong?"

"Well, because I feel bored."

Talking with him shortly like that, Kim Hyunwoo hung up the phone.

Twisting his long legs, Kim stroked his chin, when the phone rang.

It was a call from Lee Dongman.

Rejecting it, Kim contacted his driver Kim for some direction, "Mr. Kim, as for our 10% equity in Mirae Electronics, just sell them at the lowest price. And tip the press on it, okay?"

“Yes, sir.”

Rising from the seat, Kim stretched himself fully.

He was overlooking high-rise buildings outside the window.

“What a nice weather today!”

Dongsu, who was at the interrogation room of the detectives department, rose from his seat, and he patted Heyjin on the shoulder lightly, seated on the opposite side.

“Don’t worry about anything.”

Heyjin nodded her head.

“Detective Choi.”

At his voice, a detective came to him.

“Please escort her to her house safely.”

“Yes, sir.”

The detective opened the door, when she turned back suddenly to look at Dongsu.

“Why? Do you have anything else to say?”

Heyjin shook her head from left to right, and she bowed her head,”Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me at all. You can say thank you to that meddlesome doctor.”

Soon Heyjin went out with the detective, and Dongsu sat before the laptop, and he read carefully an affidavit that he wrote by himself.

Not only extorting money but also torture using water.

They took off her clothes and attempted to film her. Fortunately she could escape from them.

Dongsu knitted his brows.

School violence was turning nastier by the day and being developed sophisticatedly.

Beating, extortion, threatening, murder and even suicide.

It was much like an organized gang.

What would have happened to Heyjin if Suhyuk had not found her?

The detectives department was in clamours with a woman's voice.

"You guys are making a mistake. Don't you know who I am? The moment you recognize me, you'll have regrets."

Picking his ears, Dongsu approached her.

"Are you Subin's mother?"

She opened her mouth, scrutinizing him from head to toe, "Yes, who are you?"

"I'm the prosecutor in charge of this Lee Heyjin's case."

She made a frown suddenly, arguing,

"What did my daughter do wrong? Did you see her? Any evidence?"

Dongsu smiled slightly, and turned his eyes toward the other girls.

"You guys did harass her, right?"

Hearing no reply from them, Dongsu nodded his head.

"Yes, you're doing fine. You know how to exercise the right of silence, too. Most of the people here are doing it just like that. But they say the same thing at the end of the day, namely, 'I'm sorry.'"

Subin's mother had bloodshot in her eyes now,

"You! Who's your supervisor?"

Then a man came up to them. He was a lawyer she hired.

Soon the girls' hardened faces became relaxed, and they took a glance at Suhyuk.

Dongsu could not help but giggle at that.

The lawyer opened his mouth right away,

“How could you detain them without any warrant...”

Dongsu presented to him a piece of paper.

“It is still hot, isn't it? It's just been issued...”

The lawyer could not respond. Instead he let out a long sigh.

Dongsu was the very prosecutor who had two prosecutors involved in wrongdoing put in jail.

He was very famous even among lawyers. He would catch anyone who commits crimes.

When her lawyer became dumb as an oyster, she made a frown suddenly.

“Lawyer Kang! My daughter Subin...”

“Now I'm going to start interrogating her. If you make any further noise, I would assume it's an obstruction of justice. Do you understand?”

Dongsu's smile was gone already.

Sweeping up her long brown hair, a lady was sneaking into the school gate.

She went into the school along with a man holding a camera.

With a little whisper, reporter Han Jihye opened her mouth, “Looks like this is our own scoop, as there are no other reporters.”

“You're right. Daughter of Lee Dongman, president of Mirae Electronics, under investigation for harassment. What a big news story!”

“Shh! Your voice is too big, as the students are taking classes right now. Let’s sit here for a moment.”

She squatted on the stairs of the hallway, and the cameraman opened his eyes wider.

“Won’t you go and cover the principal and the homeroom teacher?”

Shaking her head, she opened her mouth, “How many years have you worked with me?”

“Two years.”

“You have a long way to go.”

“What do you mean?”

“Just come to think of it. If you go and tell the principal and the teacher that we’re here to cover school violence, do you think they would welcome you and grant an interview? If you were in their shoes, would you want to do that?”

He scratched his head, adding, “Maybe they’re going to expel us.”

“Yeah, as the image of the school is damaged, they would make a big fuss by threatening to call the police.”

“What would you do then?”

When she gestured with her chin, he turned his head.

2nd Year 3rd Classroom.

“Let’s interview the students first.”

She beamed brightly, thinking to herself, ‘What a lucky charm he is.’

What would the good luck charm Suhyuk be doing right now?

9pm that day.

News was coming out from the radio on the bus.

<Next news. As the stock of Mirae Electronics nosedived, its

president, Lee's daughter, is under investigation by police on charges of violence at school...> The bus came to a stop with a shrieking noise.

Listening to the radio, Suhyuk got off the stop.

The white vinyl bag he was holding contained various medicines such as ointments to apply to wounds, etc.

Arriving at the orphanage, he went to the director's office.

The noise of children resonated within the hallway.

Then a boy who just came out of the rest room noticed Suhyuk.

"Uh? Are you here again because you're hungry? The meal time is already past."

Suhyuk bent his knee and checked his face.

A scab on the wound fell off and new flesh was coming out in its place.

When Suhyuk smiled, the boy waved his hands, "Now I have to go to sleep. Come earlier next time."

The boy said he wanted to be a doctor when he grew up.

If his dream does not change, one day he could see the boy again.

The director's door was open.

Rising from the seat, she held Suhyuk's hands with a bright smile.

"Thanks so much. I don't know how to repay your help..."

Suhyuk handed her the medicine bag, saying,

"These are the essential medicines for daily life. And the ointments with the names on are for Hayon, Jongwook, and..."

Tears fell down from the director's eyes.

"How can I repay this... Thanks a million..."

Suhyuk made a bitter smile. When he saw the director at first,

Suhyuk doubted her for a moment, though she was also such a good-hearted woman.

The children would grow up well because they had a good director like her.

“Goodbye then.”

When he was about to go out, Heyjin was standing there.

“Hi!”

“Are you leaving now, sir?”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, “I’ve got many patients waiting for me...”

“You’ll come back, won’t you?”

“Sure, if you call me.”

When Suhyuk was going out the door, the director followed him.

“Don’t come out.”

The director, somewhat hesitant, told Heyjin, “Go and see him off.”

So, both of them walked through the hallway and went out into the playfield.

Suhyuk took a glance at her walking by his side.

There was no mention of her name on the internet or in the press.

She appeared only as a ‘victim’, because he arranged it as such.

“I hear that you’re being transferred to another school?”

“Yes...”

“You can study well there, right?”

“Yes, I’m determined to change.”

They arrived at the main gate of the school.

“Take care, then.”

“Goodbye, sir.”

Nodding his head, he turned back.

Heyjin was looking at him disappearing into the distance quietly, taking her two hands to her mouth, she shouted, “Uncle Dr. Lee!”

Suhyuk turned back.

“If our children get sick, can I take them to see you?”

He made a smile, but he was seen nodding his head only.

“How can I find you at the hospital?”

“Look for Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk was walking back, with his back against her, and Heyjin was repeating his name, “Uncle Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk...”

Chapter 114

Im Gyungso wore a bright look on his face.

For Suhyuk came back from the vacation he took from the previous weekend to the Monday.

His eyes turned to Park Sungjae from Suhyuk.

Park was sullen as if he was a puppy with its tail down.

“Lee Suhyuk.”

“Yes, sir.”

Im shook his head from side to side, complaining, “Teach him how to collect blood properly. He made as many as nine holes on a patient’s arm.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

Im disappeared, with Park lowering his head.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, “Looks like the blood vessel was not visible.”

“Yes...”

“Let’s go.”

Park followed him to an empty patient’s room where Suhyuk offered him cotton for disinfection and a syringe. Suhyuk perched on the bed, saying, “I think I saw you collecting blood several times.”

Park nodded his head, adding, “So far I have collected blood from patients whose blood vessels were clearly visible.”

That was true. Not only at the clinical practice but also at the emergency room, Park saw patients with visible blood vessels, and even at the neurosurgery department.

In that respect he was just lucky.

But this time he was not, making a big mistake of piercing the same spot several times as he could not locate the patients' delicate blood vessels.

The patient got irritated as much as he could, and Park got a good scolding from Im.

“Now I’m a patient. Please do it...”

When Suhyuk showed his arm, Park’s eyes became wide.

“How can I”

“I’m a patient.”

Suhyuk’s blood vessels were thick and bulging as if he was an athletic man.

Park could collect blood from him seeing his blood vessels, but felt burdensome about it.

When he was hesitating, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Because you are hesitating like that, you will make a mistake. When a doctor acts like that, the patient gets tired, and you too.”

Suhyuk, who was clenching his fist for blood collection, now opened his hand.

Now Park held out his hand and rolled up his white sleeves.

Suhyuk made a bitter smile because he saw several needle marks on Park’s forearm that he left while practicing on his own.

Changing his mind, Suhyuk fastened an engorgement bandage around his arm.

When he doubled his fist several times, the blood vessels became more visible than before.

He pierced a syringe into his arm without any hesitation.

The blood was flowing back into the chamber of the syringe, with the red blood slightly visible.

That meant blood was being collected correctly.

When he was done, Suhyuk released the engorgement bandage.

It is more difficult to find the blood vessels on the back of one's hand than that of one's arm.

“Just close your eyes, and try to find the blood vessels by the feel.”

Park nodded his head, and began touching Suhyuk's forearm.

“You have to feel it by only the fingertip.”

“Looks like it's here.”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly, saying, “No, that's a bone.”

Park once again tried to locate the blood vessels by feel.

“Now open your eyes.”

He was correctly locating the delicate blood vessels this time.

“Was the patient you failed to collect blood from plump?”

Park said, scratching his head, “Yes, very fatty...”

Suhyuk smiled, nodding his head.

Unless experienced, any intern would find it difficult to collect blood from such patients.

Unlike an experienced doctor or nurse, Park was only an intern who could make such a mistake.

“You had better find a spot located one third of the way up on the back of a child's hand or plump hands where the blood vessels are not visible, while assuming the blood vessels are there.

Suhyuk stopped talking for a moment, and then continued, “Sometimes the blood vessels are just not visible at all.”

“What should I do in such a case?”

“Experience is important, above all. Plus your own imagination. Trying to visualize the blood vessels in your head and find it...”

Suhyuk gave him a lot of additional advice.

Park was all eyes and ears when he explained.

The point was do it without any hesitation.

Standing up from the bed, Suhyuk patted him on the shoulder and went out.

Left alone in the patient's room, Park came to look at the syringe containing Suhyuk's blood.

And he thought of Suhyuk, while holding it tighter gradually.

There has never been any other doctor who went to the trouble of explaining something to him so kindly like Suhyuk. Even to the point of collecting his own blood.

"Thanks, Dr. Lee."

Then Park headed directly to the pathology laboratory.

It was now lunch time.

Finishing his work early, Suhyuk was standing before the elevator.

Then he heard a voice.

"Uh? He's the man who appeared on TV."

Suhyuk turned his head to the side.

He wondered if she was 6 years old.

A little girl in a patient's gown was pointing to him with her fingers.

Suhyuk smiled at her, "Hi!"

The child joined her two hands by her navel and greeted him by giving a bow.

Suhyuk approached her, asking, "What is your name?"

"Han Arum. Han, A, Rum."

“Oh, what a beautiful name it is.”

‘By the way, where is her guardian?’ Suddenly he thought of that, as this was not the pediatrics department.

“Where are your parents?”

“They’re out for work.”

“Work?”

“Yes, my mom will visit me in the evening.”

Maybe there might be some reason for that.

Suhyuk held out his hand to her, and the girl held it without any hesitation as he was familiar to her thanks to his appearance on TV.

She was a girl with clear pupil and pretty dimples.

“You came here from that building, right?”

She nodded her head, smiling innocently.

Suhyuk shook his head, surprised at the fact that she came as far as here.

“Let’s go.”

Suhyuk walked in step with the girl’s strides, and soon got on the elevator.

Growling.

Suhyuk looked down at her stomach. Arum was rubbing it.

“You haven’t eaten, right?”

“Well, I was not hungry a moment ago...”

“You have to eat a lot, so you can become strong and tall.”

“If I eat a lot and become strong, I don’t have to come to the hospital, right?”

The child looked up at Suhyuk with shining eyes.

“Of course.”

Then the elevator door opened, and they went out of it.

There was a bridge connecting the hospital buildings.

As the weather was fine, there were some people on the bridge chatting and enjoying the landscape out there.

Around about the middle of the bridge, Arum stopped and turned her head to the side.

A boy holding his mother’s hand was passing by, while enjoying a hamburger.

“You said your mother was coming in the evening. Is nobody in your room?”

“No...”

She could not take her eyes off the hamburger.

Rumbling...

Suhyuk, smiling, said, “Shall we go out for a hamburger?”

She opened her eyes wide, asking, “Really?”

“Of course.”

Suhyuk led her outside, and Arum followed him, overjoyed.

They arrived at a hamburger store in the lobby.

A hamburger set for children was placed on the table she sat at.

Arum tried to eat the burger in one gulp, stamping her feet in joy.

“Drink some coke, too.”

She drank it with through a straw, and was humming now.

Suhyuk began eating his own hamburger.

Soon she was done with her hamburger and french fries.

“Let’s go now.”

Suhyuk checked the time on the large clock on the wall in the lobby.

It was 12:40pm.

Though he was getting back to work a bit later than usual, he still had free time.

Then came out an announcement.

“6-year-old girl. We’re looking for Han Arum. 6-year-old girl, Han Arum...”

Suhyuk turned his head to her.

“Oh, it’s my name.”

When she was making a curious look, Suhyuk murmured, “Oops, I’m afraid I’ll get scolded.”

Suhyuk lifted her up and walked fast.

Some old men talked to each other, looking at his appearance from behind, “Looks like her father is a doctor.”

“Maybe her bill is free.”

Certainly, Suhyuk’s appearance gave the impression that he was her father.

“Hello!”

“Long time no see, Dr. Lee.”

The nurses of the pediatrics department recognized him and said hello.

On such occasions Suhyuk bowed his head slightly.

Then a nurse came up to him.

“Han Arum!”

When she came up, Arum hid behind Suhyuk’s back, and showed only her face.

Letting out a sigh of relief, the nurse opened her mouth, with her hand on her forehead, “I was looking for you so hard...”

After she greeted her, she held out her hand.

But Arum would not move a bit, hiding behind his back.

“You make me worried all the time.”

Suhyuk smiled a bit.

“Let’s go now.”

Only then did she move.

“Looks like she is a naughty girl.”

At Suhyuk’s words, the nurse answered in a miserable tone, “Yes, she is. Even today and yesterday, she pulled out her IV line and played hide-and-seek with me.”

Arum was touching the back of her hand at that moment.

“It hurts, sir.”

Soon they arrived in her room, and she got on the bed.

He noticed the name of her identified illness that was labelled on the bed.

Encephaloma, or brain tumor.

He suddenly turned his head to the girl.

Her pupils were so clear.

Chapter 115

The nurse was opening an intravenous catheter needle to connect an IV, and held Arum's arm.

"Please do it without causing any pain."

Arum closed her eyes, and then Suhyuk's voice came into her ears.

"Let me do it."

He held her hand gently. Her blood vessels were subtle, typical of children, but it was not a problem to him.

Making a frown, Arum, who was very much scared, let out a moaning sound even before he injected the needle.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, "You can draw pictures very well, right?"

At that moment she cast her eyes in the back, where there was a sketchbook on the bed.

"Yes, can I show you?"

When he nodded, she reached for the sketchbook in a cheerful mood.

At the moment, she cried, "Ouch!"

At the sharp pricking on her hand, she turned back her head instantly.

Already the needle was put in her hand before she knew it.

With a sulky look, she looked at him and said, "I dropped my guard..."

At her cute reply, he smiled before he knew it.

"Now, let me look at your sketchbook."

Stamping her feet, she opened the sketchbook.

There was a square-shaped house, with flowers in the garden, plus a pretty puppy.

“Good drawing. Whose house is it?”

“If I make a lot of money someday, I’m going to live with my mom here.”

Suhyuk stroked her hair gently, and observed her look.

If she had a brain tumor, she would feel headaches and pain, but she looked normal to him.

“Let me go to the restroom,” said Suhyuk.

There was no smile on his face when he was going out of the room.

Then a woman doctor greeted him, “What brought you here?”

She was Dr. Oh Jinhee, who was in charge of him when he was doing his internship at the pediatrics department.

“Hello, do you happen to know patient Han Arum?”

With a bitter smile, she looked at Arum’s nameplate placed next to her door.

“Yes, I know her.”

“Then, do you know why they are injecting tonic only?”

Oh knitted her brows at that because she felt his way of speaking was kind of reproaching.

“Hey, your way of speaking...”

“Please show me patient Han’s medical record, CT and MRI.”

Oh took off her horn-rimmed glasses hysterically and said, “Hey, do you think I don’t want to treat her?”

Scrutinizing him up and down, she opened up her mouth again, “Don’t be arrogant like that when you don’t know the reasons!”

She stared at him as if she was going to get at him, and so did he.

“Then, what is the reason that I don’t know?”

Then a nurse rushed to her, saying, “Dr. Oh, patient Migyung’s guardian is making a big fuss again...”

Oh, staring at him, let out a sigh and said, “You, see me later!”

When she disappeared, he went to the desk of the pediatrics department.

“I’d like to check patient Han Arum’s medical record.”

The nurse working on something, with her head lowered, recognized him and said, “Oh, I saw you on TV. By the way, what did you say a moment ago?”

“Well, I said I wanted to check patient Han Arum’s medical record.”

She wore an embarrassed look.

“Only the primary physician or the professor in charge has access to that...”

Suhyuk said with a gentle smile, “Please...”

A flush mounted her face. Stroking her face, she soon opened her mouth, “This way...”

She thought to herself she would not be in trouble because she showed it to him for a moment.

Guided by the nurse, Suhyuk moved.

He was looking at the monitor quietly.

In the image shots of the CT and MRI, there was a small tumor in her brain.

“It’s not malignant.”

Malignant tumors are complex junctions within the brain, which gradually divide the normal brain cells and spread malignant cells. This makes it difficult to remove through drugs, radiation therapy, or surgery. However, benign tumors are different. Tumors that are

isolated by themselves can be separated anatomically and cured if removed completely. However, if it can not be removed by surgery, it can not be cured, just like a malignant tumor.

Suhyuk checked Arum's medical record, filled with medical terms.

However, there was no mention of treatment of the brain tumor, just as he expected.

Left untreated, she would lose the chance for treatment at the right time.

Nobody could expect what would happen later.

"Sir."

The nursed whispered to him, looking around cautiously, for fear of being caught.

Rising from the seat, he opened his mouth, "What about her family?"

"Looks like she has a mother only."

"Her treatment was stopped for reasons of money, I think," said Suhyuk.

Wearing a regrettable look, she nodded.

At the same time a sigh came out of his mouth.

'What the heck is this money, money, money...'

"Any insurance?"

"No..."

Suhyuk momentarily thought of the pediatrician doctor.

Then he moved instantly.

"Sir, Dr. Lee Suhyuk wants to see you."

Putting down the phone, a secretary smiled at him.

“You can just go in.”

He went into the office right away.

“Come on in. Can you have a seat and wait for a minute?”

Suhyuk waited for him for about 10 minutes.

“So, why do you want to see me out of the blue?”

“One patient is hospitalized at the pediatrics department now. Though she has a brain tumor, she was getting only tonic injections.”

The director nodded his head.

“Because of money?”

“Yes, I came here to ask if there is anything we could do for her.”

The director made a bitter smile.

“I’m afraid we can’t, regrettably.”

“Do you remember that we went to the shanty town to give free treatment? I think the image of our hospital could be improved if we treat her for free...”

“You know one thing, but not two.”

With a little sigh, he opened his mouth again, “How many such patients do you think we have here? Very, very many. They are all paying for their bills by borrowing money. If we treat her for free, then other patients will ask for the same thing...”

In short, the point was that it was against the principle of equal treatment, and he said Daehan Hospital was not a charity hospital.

Listening to him quietly, he rose up and said, “Got it, sir. Goodbye.”

When he opened the door to leave, the director’s voice stopped him, “Don’t be too disappointed. Hope you can think of those who are working here for a living...”

He was referring to the medical staff.

Suhyuk went out of the office, and went to see Prof. Han Myungjin to seek his advice.

“What should I do, sir?”

“You should just go ahead and treat her. Why are you asking me?”

“Because I belong to the cardiothoracic surgery department, while the patient is hospitalized at the pediatrics department...”

“That’s what I mean. Why are you asking about it? If you have a will, you can treat her.”

Suhyuk let out a long sigh at his answer. Han was just making a smile that was generous and warm. Though he did not say anything, it looked like he was giving some kind of reply.

Then, Han said, “Go away, now!”

Rising from the seat, Suhyuk said with a smile, “Okay, then.”

“Hey! Leave your phone and pager here.”

“Why...”

“Don’t you know that there are many staff here looking for you. Just leave them here until you treat the patient. Let me take care of other things.”

Suhyuk put down his cell phone and pager on the table, and looked at Han.

‘Thanks, professor.’

“Let me come back later then.”

“Don’t be too late.”

Walking on the bridge leading to the pediatrics department, Suhyuk stopped.

Lots of people could be seen passing outside the hospital, chatting and smiling, showing bright looks.

Not a single person among them was aware of Han Arum's pain.

How can I be of any help to her? Paying out of my own pocket?

Even though he wants to do it, he cannot because he already gave his bank deposit to his parents, and the money was not enough, either.

"Huuuuuuuh...."

Looking down from the bridge quietly, Suhyuk moved again, and soon arrived at the pediatrics department. When he was about to enter Han's room, he ran into a woman.

He stopped her who was about to enter her daughter's room.

"Are you her guardian?"

She turned back. She was in her late 30s.

Given her carelessly tied hair, it seemed she just got back from work.

He could feel some sort of fatigue from her look.

"Did you ask me a question?"

"Hello, I'm Lee Suhyuk, a surgeon here."

"Oh, hello, Doctor."

"Can I talk with you a little bit?"

She nodded after looking at him for a moment.

He took her to a break area at the end of the hallway.

Taking out a canned coffee from a vending machine, he handed it to her.

Suhyuk opened his mouth then,

"Arum needs an immediate surgery."

Grabbing her coffee cup, she nodded and said, “Actually I am going around here and there. Looks like I need three million won for the surgery... Can you go ahead and perform surgery first? I’ll pay as soon as I get the money. Please...”

Putting down the canned coffee, Suhyuk held her hands.

She had tears welled in her eyes, but she still did not shed those tears.

She should not cry, because she was a mother.

Suhyuk nodded, holding her hands.

He now clearly knew her situation.

He opened his mouth, “Don’t worry.”

Chapter 116

Arum was drawing pictures in crayon in her sketchbook.

With the sleeves of a patient gown reaching the back of hand, she looked uncomfortable, but she moved her little hands very well.

Then, she turned her head to the door, sensing someone's presence.

"Mom!"

At her screaming, she made a hearty laugh.

The tears welled in her eyes a moment ago were gone.

Hugging her closely, she patted her on the back.

"You wanted to see me very much?"

"Yeah, very, very much."

Now she looked at her face to face, stroking her face.

Arum was all smiles, even without opening her eyes.

It looked as she was enjoying the sunlight, the warm sunlight of a mother.

Suhyuk, standing at the door, was just looking at them quietly.

Then, Arum, noticing him, said, "Oh, uncle doctor!"

With a smile, he approached them.

"Mom, this doctor put a needle here, but it didn't hurt at all."

"Really?"

"Yes, and he praised me for my pictures too..."

She was more excited now as her mother was with her.

"I drew some pictures today. I want to show you..."

Arum did not stop explaining about her pictures as if she wanted to boast.

Whenever she turned over the sketchbook with her little white hand, her mother took a picture of it with her cell phone.

Then, she turned it over again to show Suhyuk some pictures.

“Uncle, this is about...”

Then Arum stopped moving her hand suddenly, and turned her head to her mother.

It looked like she was about to cry at anytime.

“Mom, I have pain in my head again...”

“Come on, baby. Come on...”

She hugged Arum tightly, and patted her on the back and sung a lullaby.

There was nothing more she could do except hug and pat her like that.

‘My daughter Arum, I’m going to have you cured by all means.’

Then Arum, cuddled up in her arms, raised her head and said, “Mom, I don’t feel pain anymore now...”

Going out of the patient’s room, he headed toward Han Myungjin’s office.

And he was handed back his cell phone.

He turned it on, and found the notification sound ringing continuously.

Most of the messages were from Im Gyungso, which mainly was about the need for him to take care of Park Sungjae’s mistakes.

Im belatedly found out he was at the pediatrics department, but he sent him a final message saying, “Take care!”, and then nothing more.

Obviously Prof. Han took some action on his behalf.

Suhyuk kept on touching the cell phone display, and soon found a picture.

It was sent by Arum's mother.

Looking at it quietly, he quickly moved to his lodging.

As soon as he arrived, he turned on the PC and sat down.

In the heart of darkness only the light of the monitor was illuminating Suhyuk's face.

How long passed...

After sitting before the PC for about two hours, Suhyuk lay on the soft bed.

And he confirmed the time. It was 8:22pm.

Putting his cell phone on his bedside, he closed eyes.

He would have to put up with this kind miserable situation until tomorrow.

If things did not work out as he wished, he would have to have her get the surgery by all means.

Suhyuk again opened his eyes at the notification sounds on his cell phone.

And using his cellphone, he had access to the internet: <Oh my god...>

The notification sound kept ringing.

<How can she...>

<What a pity...>

<Only 300 won, as I'm jobless right now> ***

4am.

Going out of the lodging, Suhyuk headed to the hospital lobby, and he stood before the ATM machine.

He put in the card, and pressed the withdrawal button.

He had a deposit of 200,000 won in his bank account, but he pressed the number 300,000 won.

Inside the machine there was the sound of money counting.

Though he had only 200,000 won, he was withdrawing 300,000 won.

But he was not surprised because he expected this much.

At the same time he suddenly felt so moved as to almost shed tears when he noticed the balance on his account. It was 20,154,035 won in total.

Suppressing his emotion, Suhyuk murmured, “Thanks a million, from the bottom of my heart.”

Turning back, he went to Arum’s room, and cautiously opened it so as not to wake her up.

She was in sound sleep, and her mother was also asleep, crouching beside her.

“Arum’s mom...”

At his whispering voice, she stood up.

“Can I talk with you for a moment?”

Nodding her head, she followed him after tying up her hair.

Coming out of the room, Suhyuk told her, “Tomorrow she will get surgery.”

Her eyes opened wider.

A piece about a picture was introduced on the morning TV program.

<One drawing uploaded on a doctor’s Facebook is drawing lots of attention. This is for sale in the form of an auction. Looks like the caption by the doctor moved many people’s heart.> There was a close-up image of the message by Suhyuk.

<Hello, this is Dr. Lee Suhyuk at Daehan Hospital. Attached is a drawing done by a child with a brain tumor, and I want to auction it. I'm not good at appreciating a drawing, but I felt some kind of warmth in Han Arum's drawing, the patient with the brain tumor. Her dream is to live with her mother at this house in the drawing. It reflected her yearning for it, but she could not make it come true because she was not getting treatment as she had no money. Would you want to treat her with me? If you can help, I'll do my best, with the honor to my name. I'll treat her by all means. The auction will start at 100,000 won, given the practical cost for her treatment. I'll repay those who help in one way or another. I promise. And please send the money to the following account...even if it's just 10 won, 100 won... or more. And I will make public how your donation was spent. Let's cheer up our child Arum. Thank you.> The responses to this were in just one word, explosive.

And those who knew Suhyuk on the the internet or news media would ask about her disease and symptoms through Facebook. Whenever he had free time, Suhyuk posted his replies.

That kind of caring attitude shown by Suhyuk moved the hearts of lots of people.

10am.

Suhyuk was heading for Arum's room.

When he went in, he heard a child's weeping sound.

She had her hair shaven for the surgery.

"You look pretty even without any hair."

She wept more with emotion at his words.

Though her mother was soothing her, she kept crying.

"Can I see you outside for a moment?"

Outside the room he said, “She will be put into sedation in the room because she might be very surprised inside the operating room.”

She nodded, and asked with trembling eyes, “Isn’t it dangerous?”

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Don’t worry. The best doctor in this field will perform the surgery.”

The doctor was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

“Thanks so much.”

Though she never heard of that name, she felt Dr. Lee before her eyes was more dependable.

“Shall we begin?”

A nurse asked Suhyuk.

When he nodded, the nurse went into Arum’s room, holding sedation medicine.

“Hi, Arum? You look more cute with your hair shaven like that.”

“Don’t lie to me!”

“Really!”

The nurse hung the syringe onto the IV line, which lasted about for 10 minutes.

Cuddled in her mother’s arms, she soon fell into sleep with murmuring sounds, “Mom, I feel sleepy...”

Beep. Beep.

Arum was now lying on the operating bed.

Inside the room Prof. Lee continued to talk with other doctors, looking at her CT and MRI shots.

Even a little mistake would cost this little girl her life, who had yet to blossom her life.

And even a mere wrong touch of her brain would also cause not only speech defects but also countless other unpredictable defects.

Lee Mansuk tightened his gloves once more, and glanced at Suhyuk watching the patient.

This time he was determined to show him his skills, so that he would change his mind and switch to the neurosurgery department.

“Let’s start. Scalpel.”

He held her little head with one hand, holding a scalpel with the other hand.

“Drill.”

As originally planned, he would drill four holes into the skull in order to remove a rectangular piece of bone with a saw .

Weeeing, weeeing....

A ferocious sound of the machine was filling the otherwise quiet operating room.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Let me do it.”

Arum’s mother was anxiously waiting outside the operating room.

It had been already 6 hours since they started performing the surgery.

The red sign, ‘Surgery in Progress’ made her feel bad.

Then, the red light suddenly turned off, and then a blue sign, ‘Recovery Room’ was lit.

The automatic door opened, and a doctor in a surgical gown came out.

When he removed his mask, his face was revealed. It was Suhyuk.

“Dr. Lee! How did the surgery go? Is she okay?”

“In a little while she will wake up. Do you want to come with me?,” suggested Suhyuk.

She was still a little child. When she would open her eyes, she would see strange people, machines and the IV hung on her arms. That’s why she needed her mother beside her.

Of course, her mother would have to wear a disinfected cap and mask.

He headed to the recovery room with her nodding to his suggestion gladly.

Entering the operating room, she just became speechless at the sight of her daughter.

“Why won’t she open her eyes?”

Confirming the IV, the nurse said, “As she was injected with a medicine to recover from anesthesia, she should wake up soon.”

Then, she could see Arum’s pupils moving under her eyelids.

And her eyes were slowly opening as if to confirm it.

“Arum, Arum, can you recognize me. Mom is here.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “You can remove your mask now.”

As soon as he said that, she showed her face.

“Mom...”

“Yes, yes, your Mom is here. Can you see me?”

Then, Suhyuk waved his hand, saying, “Hi Arum.”

Arum slowly moved her pupils to the side, and saw him.

“Arum, did you have a good sleep? Do you know my name?”

“Yes, Uncle Lee Suhyuk.”

“She is okay, right? Right, doctor?”

Arum’s mother asked, alternately looking at Suhyuk and her daughter.

Suhyuk smiled, answering,

“Yes, the surgery did go well as planned. It’s perfect!”

Only then did she shed the tears she had been holding back up to now.

Chapter 117

Regrettably, Arum's drawing was not sold. Instead, donations for her kept coming in.

Suhyuk immediately closed the bank account.

For he did not need it anymore as his original purpose was already fulfilled.

Several days passed, and on the wall of the pediatrics building was hung a drawing.

It was the one drawn by Arum, which featured a big tree and a house.

Looking at it with Arum, he asked her, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Arum's eyes were glittering before her drawing.

"I want to be a painter."

Nodding his head, Suhyuk looked at the drawing. Though he did not know how to appreciate a painting, he could feel some sort of warmth from it.

"Arum!"

"Mom!"

Arum hugged her mother who just got back from work.

"What did you do today? Did you listen to the doctor well?"

"Yeah, mom. I got two shots, but didn't cry."

"Good job!"

Both of them stroked each other's faces while they were sticking together.

Then, Suhyuk said, "Can I talk with you?"

At his words, she nodded and looked at Arum, "Arum, I've got something to talk about with the doctor. Come inside first."

Looking at her entering the patient's room, Suhyuk said in no time, "She looks healthy, right?"

She bended herself with sincerity, saying, "Thanks. I just don't know how I can repay my debt to you... I won't forget. Later I'll..."

"Well, I just did my duty."

With a smile, he turned over her chart and said, "Even though her vital signs are normal, we have to check her condition for one week."

She took out a white envelope from the bag that she was carrying, and gave it to him, "This is not much, but please take this money..."

Suhyuk waved his hands, refusing to take it. The whole bill for her surgery and hospitalization was already paid for through the donations collected for Arum. Suhyuk was thinking of returning it to her when she was discharged.

"Please take this, such as it is..."

She continued to hand the envelop to him, but he refused it.

"You don't have to give it to me. Please use it to buy her sketchbooks and crayons..."

Then Suhyuk's eyes became wide, for she was suddenly moaning while offering the envelope.

Beads of sweat were formed on her forehead when she was looking down.

"Are you okay?"

At his voice, she raised her head, and tried to smile.

"I'm okay."

But she was not, in his eyes.

She was holding her stomach with one hand.

"Looks like it's menstrual pain. Have a seat here."

He had her sit on the bench in the hallway, saying, “Do you usually have severe cramps like this?”

“Not as severe as this...”

Once a month when that very day came, she normally walked and ate well, and she did not feel her cramps that much, but today she felt different.

She could put up with it until the morning, but not now.

“Excuse me!”

Suhyuk grabbed a nurse passing by at the moment.

“Looks like she needs blood collection.”

The nurse quickly disappeared, looking at her soaked with sweat.

“Are you okay now?”

At his words, she just nodded her head, but could not say anything.

The nurse reappeared with a syringe.

“Let me collect a bit of blood from you.”

Suhyuk put the needle right into her arm and drew some blood.

Then he gave it to the nurse.

“Please process it right away.”

“Yes, doctor.”

The nurse disappeared again with the syringe.

“Where do you feel uncomfortable?”

“On the lower part of my belly...”

She was grasping the lower right part of her belly.

“Let me touch it then.”

He put aside her hand and pressed it.

Knitting her brows, she was moaning.

Besides, when he took off his hand, her face was contorted with pain.

‘Appendicitis?’

“Doctor, her leukocyte value is above average!”

The nurse, who completed a simple test of the blood, appeared.

“Can you stand up?”

She stood up, helped by Suhyuk.

“It looks like appendicitis. But you need a CT for accurate diagnosis.”

“Mom?”

Arum who came into the patient’s room showed up.

“I’m okay, Arum. Stay inside.”

Did she feel her mother was lying?

Her eyes were welled up with tears.

“Are you sick, mom? “

She smiled as if she was relieving her anxiety, but could not disguise the pain.

“Uncle doctor! Please give my mom medicine. Medicine, quickly!”

Taking a short look at Arum, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Looks like we have to go together.”

It seemed impossible to separate Arum from her mother.

The CT scan showed that she had acute appendicitis.

It was swollen to the point that it needed urgent surgery.

The procedure for surgery was done quickly.

Suhyuk contacted the staff of the surgery department and the

anesthesia department.

Of course, the operating room was arranged.

Lying on the stretcher, with an IV hung on the back of her hand, she was soothing her daughter.

“I’ll be back soon. Okay?”

“Boohoo... Don’t go, Mom!”

Tears were running down her face, and her crying became louder as she came near the operating room.

Then Suhyuk held the stretcher to push it to the operating room and said to the nurse next to him, “Please take care of this child.”

“Mom!”

Arum was sitting on the bench, her face covered with tears.

She cried so much as to develop a hiccup, and now fixed her eyes on the red light sign: “In Operation.”

“Will my mom come out if the red sign is turned off? Boohoo...”

The nurse, who was rubbing her back gently, said with a smile, “Sure, the light will be turned off soon.”

As soon as she said that, Arum’s eyes became wide because the light was turned off.

“Is my mom coming out soon?”

The nurse nodded her head. Her mother would come out once she regains consciousness in the recovery room. The surgery was most likely easy too.

About 10 minutes passed.

Arum, expecting to see her mother, looked up at the nurse and asked, “Why is my mom not coming out?”

She gestured with her eyes toward the door.

The automatic door opened, and her mother lying on the

stretcher was coming out.

“Mom!”

She got close to her who lay with her eyes half-closed.

“Did you wait for me long, Arum?”

“Yes! Did it hurt a lot?”

She made a smile, “I’m okay now.”

Then Arum, holding her hand tightly, turned back sharply and looked at Suhyuk.

“You’re a bad uncle. Don’t let her have any more surgery!”

Arum tapped his thigh lightly with her little hand.

Suhyuk thought her act was so cute, and laughed heartily, “Hahaha...”

The woman and her daughter are both now very healthy.

After checking the post-surgery condition of Arum’s mother, Suhyuk was back to the cardiothoracic surgery department.

While he was walking through the hallway, he ran into Park Sungjae.

“How are you, sir?”

Park greeted, bending himself.

He looked down and out, and Suhyuk could figure out why.

A series of mistakes by Park and the text messages sent by Im Gyongsu testified to it.

“I hear you administered the anaesthetic incorrectly.”

It was not a typical anesthesia.

It was the spinal cord subarachnoid anesthesia performed before the extraction of cerebrospinal fluid. How much pain was the

patient in when Park administered the anesthetic in the wrong place and pierced a long needle into the waist?

Besides, Park wrongly touched the wound while he disinfected it, causing inflammation.

“I’m afraid I have to look for some other profession than a doctor...”

Park could realize why there were so few who applied for the cardiothoracic surgery department.

It was tough and exhaustive.

“You’re leaving tomorrow, right?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, Park’s eyes became wide.

“How did you know...”

Park was supposed to move from the cardiothoracic surgery department to the ob/gyn department tomorrow.

Nobody knew about it until Park said it by himself.

With a smile, Suhyuk checked the time. It was 9pm.

Coincidentally, the cardiothoracic surgery department was peaceful at the moment.

“Do you like meat?”

“Yes, sir...”

“Ok, let’s go. I know a restaurant behind the hospital known for delicious meat.”

Park followed Suhyuk.

When they arrived, the restaurant was crowded with customers.

They were clattering their glasses with happy looks after a day’s work.

Taking his seat, Suhyuk asked, “What would you like?”

“Any meat is okay with me, sir.”

“Please can we have pork neck for two, and a bottle of soju. Rolled omelet is sold separately, right?”

“Oh, are you talking about the omelet that’s 5000 won?”

“Yes, one omelet please.”

When the waiter disappeared, Park asked him with wide eyes, “How come pork neck for one person is 20,000 won? And the rolled omelet, too...”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Because it’s delicious...”

Soon thick pork neck was sizzling in front of them with a delicious smell permeating the air.

The waiter cut it into pieces so they could eat easily.

“Please help yourself!”

“Thanks for the meat, sir!”

Park began eating the meat hurriedly.

“Didn’t you have any lunch?”

“No, sir...”

“Hey, add another pork neck for two!”

How much time passed...

They drank four bottles of soju, and Park put into his mouth lettuce with the pork neck.

“You have had lots of hard times, right?”

Park nodded slowly, and then began crying, “Boohoo...”

Tears were coming down his cheeks, and soon he began weeping.

Suhyuk patted him on the back quietly.

Chapter 118

The morning broke.

Suhyuk left his lodging early in the morning and headed for the convenience store in the basement.

He opened a seaweed roll pack and milk for breakfast.

Suddenly he thought of what happened last night.

Park Sungjae, weeping at the restaurant.

He could understand why Park wept so sadly like a child: Too much difficult work.

The kind of work that deals with one's life carries hardship, and over time one becomes a doctor by helping patients one by one.

What kind of doctor would he be later?

Suhyuk smiled bitterly after throwing the wrap into a trash can.

Now the remaining balance on his bank account was 70,000 won.

That was for his own living expenses, separate from the bank account for Arum's donation.

If Arum's drawing had not been sold or the donation had not been enough, he would have donated it for her treatment. But he did not have to because things worked out well in the end.

"By the way, how can I manage my life with this money for the next three weeks..."

That's all he had left after he paid for the dinner he had with Park Sungjae the previous evening.

But he had no regrets.

Park vented out all the stress he had, for which the money was well spent.

And he still could get by because he could have free meals at the

hospital as well as free purified water. What more did he want?

In front of the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department were standing three people.

One was Dr. Im Gyungso, and the other two were women in white gowns.

After Park left, the two female interns filled the vacuum.

A female intern with long straight hair bent herself when Suhyuk approached them.

“Hello! My name is Kim Hanul, newly assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery department!”

And then the other female with short hair said, “Hello, sir, my name is Lee Heejung.”

‘This time there are two interns?’

When Suhyuk looked at Im, he directed him saying, “Lee Suhyuk, let them train under you just as before. Got it?”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk nodded. He just wanted to focus on the patients.

“Hello!”

When Suhyuk greeted them, they lowered their heads and responded, “Hello, sir!”

The two interns could not take their eyes off Suhyuk.

They knew about him already when they were freshmen. If anybody did not know about him, he or she could be regarded as a spy among medical students.

“Which department did you undertake your internship with last month?”

“Pediatrics Department!”

“Did you learn a lot there?”

The two interns suddenly wore sullen faces.

“Well... we did collect blood, assist in lumbar puncture...”

Looking back, they felt they did not do much. If they made a mere mistake, they were rarely given assignments by Dr. Oh Jinhee. They thought about the nickname of Dr. Oh, or her image as a witch.

“I think I have to show you around the cardiothoracic surgery department first.”

When Suhyuk turned back and walked, Kim Hanul quickly followed him, murmuring, “Does his shoulder look broader to me because his face is small? Looks like I’m now looking at an entertainer...”

“You’re right...”

Suhyuk first made the rounds of the department, and introduced them to the nurses and the other doctors. He also had them meet all the hospitalized patients.

In fact, it was very unusual to introduce interns to the patients, but Suhyuk took them to the patient’s rooms. Anyway they were interns destined to be doctors some day.

It was good for them to learn how to save a patient’s life, but he wanted to teach them how to interact with the patients first. So, he spent almost three hours with them.

On such occasions, he did not forget to check the condition of the patient when he made the rounds. Going out of the last patient’s room, he made a smile at them.

“So, what is your feeling after making the rounds today?”

Lee Jeejung opened her mouth, but Kim Hanul came forward first, sightly blocking Lee’s body.

“At the pediatrics department we heard only the sound of crying babies, but I feel good that it’s quiet here.”

“That’s because the patients are all adults here. They’re accustomed to patience. They just trust doctors and wait with patience. Then, what should we do?”

The two interns could not answer. Instead they just nodded their heads slowly.

Suhyuk checked the time. It was lunch time already.

“Come back after lunch then.”

Their eyes were twinkling. It was the first time they were given their lunch break on time during their internship all the way up to now. When the two interns hesitated, Suhyuk approved with smile.

“Just go ahead!”

“We’ll be back soon, sir.”

“Take your time.”

Bending themselves, they walked along.

Then his cell phone buzzed, signalling a text message.

“Have you had lunch yet, sir?”

It was Binna.

“No, not yet.”

The reply message came back fast.

“I’ve brought a lunch box for you. Can you have it with me?”

Looking at the phone, he smiled.

“Where shall we meet?”

“How about the Sky Park?”

“I’ll see you there.”

Suhyuk got on the elevator immediately to go to the Sky Park.

A cool wind blowing from the sky tossed Suhyuk’s hair.

As it happened to be lunch time, there were not many people at

the park.

Suhyuk was moving around to find a good spot for lunch, with his white gown fluttering in the air.

Seated on the bench, he raised his face to look at the sky.

When was the last time he looked up at the sky?

The sky was blue, and the clouds that looked like cotton candy were floating away.

Suhyuk closed his eyes calmly.

The sunlight pouring over him was warm, and the wind blowing over him on and off made him excited.

“Doctor...”

Binna, who came to him before he knew it, slurred her words.

Then Suhyuk opened his eyes, rising from the seat with greeting, “Hi!”

It seemed he last saw her more than two weeks ago.

During that period he was hectically busy outside the hospital.

When she lowered her head in a blush, Suhyuk said, “Have a seat!”

She sat beside him and began opening the lunch box.

There were many side dishes as well as desert.

“Please try this...” said she, giving him the chopsticks.

“Thanks for the food.”

Suhyuk enjoyed the food as usual, and Binna pecked at her food like a bird.

“I’m served food like this every time.”

Binna shook her head at Suhyuk who was eating baby tomatoes.

“Well, I just add a little more rice while I’m preparing lunch.”

“I’m going to treat you to a nice restaurant sooner or later.”

Suhyuk gulped down the spring water handed to him by Binna.

When he swallowed the water, his uvula moved up and down in her eyes.

Her face became red in a blush instantly, and she shook her head, casting down her eyes.

‘Han Binna, you’re being weird right now.’

“What’s the matter with you?”

“Oh, never mind! Look at your cell phone...”

Just then his phone buzzed. It was a call from Im Gyungso.

“Where are you now?”

“I’m having lunch.”

“Good for you! Lunch at the right time... Come back quickly!”

The phone was hung up like that.

Binna smiled at Suhyuk now looking at his cell phone.

“Go back quickly, doctor.”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk began cleaning up.

“Let me do it. Looks like you have to go back now. Please go.”

“I’m sorry.”

Binna nodded, with a smile, fixing her eyes on him now heading for the elevator.

She murmured, “I hear there is a really interesting movie that just came out. Would you go with me?”

When he disappeared, she was fiddling with two movie tickets in her hands.

“Is he an emergency patient?”

Im shook his head at his asking.

“Bacterial pleurisy, suspected empyema. Go check it out.”

Im, who handed a chart to Suhyuk as if he was throwing it, disappeared quickly.

Checking the test outcome on the chart, he murmured, “Black shade...”

It was most likely empyema if the shade looked like an inverted D, though only an accurate diagnosis could determine it.

“We’re back, sir!” said intern Kim Hanul and Lee Heejung.

“Let’s go.”

It would serve as a good learning opportunity for the two interns.

Suhyuk headed to the test room. Strangely enough, the nurse, who was supposed to be with the patient, was outside the test room.

When he approached, the nurse opened her mouth, in a crying tone, “Doctor, the patient seems to be a gangster...”

At the moment he could hear the rough voice of a man.

“Are you going to look away when in front of a sick person?”

When the man took off the patient’s gown, there was a tattoo on his upper body; a picture tattooed large enough to be seen all the way to the back of his hand.

Fixing his eyes on the test room, Suhyuk asked, “Did any other doctor come and see him?”

“I hear Im said he would come here, but...”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk went inside the test room.

“I’m sorry to have you kept waiting for so long.”

There inside was a man in his early 30s with a rough beard reaching to his cheek.

“Now you know it. Get it done quickly, quickly!”

“Take off your upper shirt, and raise your hands.”

Suhyuk directed him now sitting on the bed.

Several tattooed carps were swimming around his body. Besides that, there were some big scars from wounds apparently caused by scratches from somewhere.

“Like this?”

When the man raised his hands, and his rib bones were shown.

Holding cotton with a tweezer, Suhyuk opened his mouth, while disinfecting his side broadly, “You’ll be given anesthesia first.”

“You’re talking too much. Just get it done quickly.”

Then the man’s head turned to the side slightly, where Kim Hanul was standing.

“Wait a minute, doctor. Is she a doctor, too?”

“Yes, she is.”

“Then let me get the service from her.”

“They are interns. You had better get the service from me...”

“What do you mean by interns. Are they not the same as doctors? You guys with smart brains are always talking much.”

The man stared at Suhyuk as if he was about to get him, and said again, “Is there anything wrong when I pay my own money and request treatment by a doctor that I want?”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Of course, not. You can do so.”

Suhyuk handed the syringe to Kim Hanul quietly and asked, “Have you ever given anesthesia before?”

“Yes, but...”

“Please do anesthesia only.”

Handed a syringe with anesthetic, she walked to the patient

reluctantly.

She had no choice but to do as directed.

She knew how to, because she had seen it several times while doing her internship at other departments. And it seemed easy, too.

“Oh, this stuff makes me uncomfortable.”

Murmuring like that, he took out from his pocket a wallet, cigarettes and a car key on the table.

The man chuckled and looked up at Kim Hanul who came to him.

“What is your name?”

“Kim Hanul. Let me start the anesthesia.”

He nodded lightly, saying, “Okay. Good. You can take your time.”

The needle Kim was holding moved to his ribs, and Suhyuk was watching it calmly.

Soon the needle was piercing his skin.

“Ouch!”

Suhyuk smiled at that.

Chapter 119

After screaming, the guy cast his eyes towards Kim Hanul and even raised his hand.

Stunned by his act, Kim closed her eyes.

But nothing worrisome happened and she opened her eyes slightly.

The man was scratching his head with the hand he raised, saying, “Your hands look pretty. Does it cause stinging like this?”

Actually, it was more than stinging. He felt as if she rammed the needle into his skin roughly enough to recall his memory of his having been stabbed in the past.

But he could not show his pain to her because it would be shameful for him to do so as a male.

Kim opened her mouth, but at the moment Suhyuk said first, “You’ve been administered anesthesia, so you will feel a bit of stinging.”

The man nodded, asking, “Am I done now?”

Suhyuk said, shaking his head, “No, you need two more shots.”

He looked at the syringe the intern was holding.

It looked like the needle could be broken easily with a bit of force, but it sent chills down his spine instead.

The man, posturing firmly like before, said, “Do it quickly.”

Kim Hanul looked at Suhyuk slightly, who was nodding without saying anything.

Suhyuk now tipped her the wink to begin administering the anesthesia quickly.

“Let me begin the anesthesia again now.”

She held his shoulder to pierce the needle, saying, “Just relax.”

“Uh...?”

He put strength into his muscles before he knew it.

The needle she was holding now moved to his ribs.

He clenched his teeth.

“Uhhh.....”

A strange voice was coming out of his mouth. A stinging pain.

Suhyuk smiled, looking at the needle pierced into the guy's skin.

Kim Hanul seemed to have learned local anesthesia in the correct way.

The needle was neither too deep nor too short to break into parietal pleura.

But the needle did not go into the skin at the right angle.

Her hand was trembling subtly as if she was not sure of her skill or scared of the guy.

It was clear that the trembling needle was piercing into a wrong organ.

He might be agonizing over the pain, but over time it will go away soon enough.

For it would not cause inflammation or any other collateral disease even if the disinfected needle touches other organs.

Soon the needle was pulled away from his skin.

Beads of sweat ran down his face.

“One more shot, right?” said he.

“Oh, yes...”

Kim moved again, and finally she could finish administering the anesthesia.

Looking at her fellow intern, she made an expression as if she was asking for her opinion.

Lee Heejung gave a thumbs up, praising her skill.

The guy turned his hand on the side of his anesthetized ribs.

He felt it was becoming more and more numb.

“Now it’s time for surgery?” asked the man.

Suhyuk shook his head, saying,

“We need to collect the pleural fluid for examination. Because we have to collect it from the thoracic cavity where the lungs are, the lungs might be pierced by the needle.”

The man’s pupils trembled a bit, and then he looked at Kim. Can she do it well?

He had to endure the pain when she rammed the needle into his side.

“Do you have enough experience with this, miss?”

It was Suhyuk who replied to his question, “I’ll do it.”

Then the guy asked again, “You must have had many experiences, right?”

Suhyuk, nodding slightly, pierced the needle into his ribs without any hesitation.

“Now I’m collecting it.”

As soon as he said that, Suhyuk pulled the piston of the syringe.

Pleural fluid was absorbed into the syringe.

“It’s done now.”

The guy blinked his eyes. Was it because of the anesthesia? He just felt numb.

“Now, can I just wait for the test result?”

Suhyuk nodded, adding, “Yes, from now on, let me check if it is pleurisy or empyema by examining the blood sample. Depending on the test outcome, I’ll duly treat you.”

“I don’t need any surgery, right?”

“It depends on the test results. If it is not serious, you’ll be prescribed medication. If you need other treatment, though, I may have to get more pleural fluid from your ribs.”

The guy’s eyes became wider. Another anesthesia?

He cast his eyes at Kim Hanul automatically, who was smiling a bit.

Putting on his upper clothes, he asked Suhyuk, “You will do it for me, right?”

Suhyuk turned his head to Kim, saying, “If you want, I can have her do it instead of me.”

The guy grabbed his hand suddenly, “Please, you do it...”

The guy returned to the patient’s room, and Suhyuk handed the two interns blood samples taken from him.

“You know where the test room is, right?”

Suhyuk made the two interns move together, so they could understand by themselves how the cardiothoracic surgery department was running.

The interns disappeared, and Suhyuk began moving, when he heard some voice from behind.

“Dr. Lee!”

It was Park Sungjae.

Racing toward him while short of breath, he stopped right before Suhyuk, touching his knees with both hands “What brought you here when’re assigned to the ob/gyn department?”

Though his voice was icy, he smiled warmly.

“Well...”

He then took out a folded paper from his pocket.

“What is this?”

Handed the paper, Suhyuk opened it, where the test outcomes of his blood showed his health was normal.

‘When did I do the test?’

Suhyuk’s curiosity was satisfied when Park replied, “When you showed me how to collect blood last time, I took your blood collection to the pathology laboratory.”

Only then could Suhyuk recalled that he had his blood taken in the empty patient’s room.

“Thanks.”

Park scratched his head at his sincere appreciation.

When Park did so, he found a handful of hair was lost from his head.

“Ooops... my hair...”

Looking at the hair in his hand, Park smiled bitterly, saying, “Well I was assigned to a pregnant woman...”

It was a mistake that he had his hair caught by a pregnant woman, nearing her time.

“Looks like you’re working very hard. Aren’t you busy, by the way?”

Stroking his head, he suddenly came to his senses.

“Yes, sir. I’ll see you again then.”

Bowing his head, he ran to the elevator.

Looking at him, Suhyuk felt weird. More and more people are coming to see him.

Not only patients but also those who make his heart warm.

Park bowed his head again inside the elevator, and so did Suhyuk.

Children's laughter as well as babies' whining were heard in Suhyuk's ears.

He was now at the pediatrics department building to see Arum.

Now he was going everywhere in order to see patients.

Moving with a steady stride, Suhyuk stopped for a moment Arum was standing in the hallway, looking at her drawing on the wall with a smile.

And beside her was standing her mother who had acute appendicitis surgery.

"Hi, Arum's mother."

Turning her head to him, she was beaming.

The savior who saved her and her daughter.

Dressed in white gown, he was coming toward them.

"How are you doctor?" said she, bending her head.

"How are you feeling?"

"I feel so great thanks to you, sir. Thank you."

Bending his knee, Suhyuk's eyes met Arum's.

Arum opened her mouth, "Doctor, no more surgery for my mom and me, please."

Suhyuk pinkie-swears, with a smile, "Sure, I'll promise."

"You're serious, right?"

With a suspicious look, she pinkie-swears at him, too.

Standing up now, he handed her mother a white envelope.

It contained donations from those who chipped in for her surgery.

"What's this?"

"Is this for Arum?"

Getting the scent of it, she handed back the envelope.

“I can’t accept it. You know how much help I received. I really can’t accept this...”

Expecting she would do so, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Then, do I take it?”

Feeling sorry, she made a bright expression, saying, “Of course you should.”

“If I take this money, those who donated would not be happy, with a rumor going around that the doctor pocketed the money for Arum’s treatment. And they might report it, dubbing it as a fraud in the name of donation...”

Watching Arum quietly, Suhyuk offered the envelope again to her.

“Even if she’s discharged, she needs to be on constant watch for her condition.”

That meant she had to come to the hospital for treatment even after she was discharged.

Suhyuk said, “I guess she might need to buy a lot of sketchbooks, crayons, paints, etc.”

He continued, “Please take care of your daughter, so she can grow up to be a painter who can show great paintings later.”

“Thanks a lot,” said she, accepting the envelope. She shed tears before she knew it.

Looking at her drawing, Arum asked her mother, “Why are you crying, Mom?”

Wiping her tears immediately, she talked to her daughter, “Arum, say, ‘Thank you’ to the doctor.”

Then Suhyuk’s cell phone buzzed.

‘What’s the matter?’

It was a call from his mother, who would not call him at this time usually, because she did not want to disturb her son.

“Hi, mom.”

“Son, your father was injured...”

Chapter 120

Suhyuk's eyes immediately became wide.

“Are you listening to me, Suhyuk?”

“Was he injured?”

“Yes, we're now going to your hospital. Almost there.”

Coming to his senses suddenly, Suhyuk asked, “How was he injured?”

“I heard he was buried under bricks while working...”

“Come to the emergency room, mom!”

Suhyuk then moved. He ran now.

Looking at him with surprised look, Arum's mother murmured, “Thank you so much.”

Suhyuk raced to the emergency room like a mad man.

He pressed on all the buttons of the four elevators in the lobby.

None of the elevators were going up or down.

Suhyuk then turned back suddenly.

As the emergency room was located on the ground floor of the cardiothoracic surgery building, it was much faster for him to cross the bridge to get there.

While crossing the bridge, he thought of all the names of medical predicaments that his father could get with his injury. And he kept murmuring, “Please, no damage to his brain...”

‘Even if he has brain damage, I would treat it by all means.’

Suhyuk was crossed the bridge before he knew it, and arrived at the cardiothoracic surgery building.

There was a patient walking with a limp in the hallway, and another patient was carried on a stretcher.

Usually he would speak to them, but they were not in his eyes at this time.

Then the two interns and Im Gyungso noticed Suhyuk running toward them.

“Hey, the patient you collected blood from a while ago was diagnosed with empyema. Go and...”

Blinking his eyes, Im turned his head to the side.

Without even looking at him Suhyuk passed by.

Arriving at the emergency room, Suhyuk flung the door open and quickly looked around.

Had he arrived yet? Nowhere in the room was his father found .

“Suhyuk.”

A voice was heard from the side.

Suhyuk turned his head instantly at the voice.

Seated on the bed, his father was stroking his leg, and his mother was standing beside him.

Suhyuk, who almost ran into the room, failed to notice them right beside him.

Recognizing his father, Suhyuk found his legs tottering.

His father was looking at him with an embarrassed look.

He did not look injured, except for small bruises on his legs.

It was fortunate for him. Yes, it was.

Then he felt something warm around his eyelids all of a sudden.

‘Why?’

He confirmed his father was healthy first...

“Are you okay...” asked Suhyuk, clearing his throat.

When Suhyuk approached, he smiled bitterly.

“Yes, I’m okay. I just fell over.”

“Honey, don’t talk nonsense! You said you couldn’t move a while ago!”

Talking to him in scolding tone, she then looked at Suhyuk.

“Suhyuk, your father is talking nonsense now.”

“Honey, why did you bring me here to disturb Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk bent one of his knees without saying anything.

Then Oh Byungchul, resident at the emergency room, approached them.

“Are they your family members?”

“Yes, sir.”

Oh said hello to them.

“Hello. How were you injured...”

“Let me take care of him, sir,” said Suhyuk.

Oh nodded at his words, and left the scene after saying goodbye to his parents.

Suhyuk checked his shin carefully. There were some bruises caused by the blood being trapped under the skin from ruptured capillaries, and also some swelling.

“Were you buried under bricks, dad?”

“It’s alright. It’ll be okay after I apply a muscle relaxant patch. Just go and do your work.”

At his curt reply, Suhyuk grabbed his shin with some strength.

“Ooohh...”

Though he made a low moan, he did not change his facial expression at all as if he did not want to show it to his son.

Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. It seemed like his shin had a fracture.

He began disinfecting it without saying anything. If he did say anything, he felt he would shed tears all of a sudden.

When he was done, he barely opened his mouth, “You seem to have a fracture in your shin.”

“Fracture in my shin? Never mind...”

“Wait a minute,” said Suhyuk, who then brought a stretcher.

“Please get on it, dad.”

“Aren’t you busy?”

“Honey, listen to him!”

He then reluctantly got on the stretcher.

Suhyuk pushed it out of the emergency room.

“How did you get injured, by the way?”

“Nothing serious, son.”

Instead of his short reply, his mother now opened her mouth, “He was working near this place when he was buried under some piled-up bricks. He just insisted on going to another hospital instead of Daehan Hospital for treatment. You know how stubborn he is, right?”

He looked at his father lying on the stretcher. He could figure out why.

His father did not want to disturb his son.

Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher without any word, and soon arrived at the scanning room.

He moved to the opposite room overlooking the scanning room.

“Careful scanning, please.”

At Suhyuk’s words, the radiologist nodded his head, “Don’t worry, sir. As I know whose father he is...”

Weeeing...

At the sound of the scanning machine, Suhyuk fixed his eyes on his father.

What was he thinking?

Looking at his father quietly, Suhyuk wiped his eyelids with his sleeve.

Then he found his shoulder being patted by his mother gently.

Her soft voice came into his ears, "It's alright, it's alright."

Then the radiologist said, "Looks like he is normal, except for one crack in his shin."

Suhyuk looked at the monitor. He was right.

Checking the monitor carefully, he raised his head suddenly.

Suhyuk's father had his shin plastered in a cast, which was done by his son.

He used synthetic cast, which had more advantages compared to ordinary plaster bandages.

First of all, it was light and tight. Also its embedded ventilation made the patient feel less stuffy around the plastered area.

"Just listen to Suhyuk," said Suhyuk's mother.

At her angry scolding, he would have no choice but to be hospitalized for one day according to Suhyuk's wishes.

It was a room for two patients.

Suhyuk administered expensive tonic to him and went out for a moment.

And he went to the break room at the end of the hallway.

Looking at the sky, Suhyuk let out a long sigh.

He did not know his father was working right near Daehan Hospital.

‘How stupid I am.’

Though he paid lots of lip service to his parents with words, there was nothing he translated into action. All he did was to give them two thirds of his monthly salary.

Maybe they would deposit the money for him as the seed money for his marriage later.

Suhyuk’s deep sigh lasted a long time.

He had to look for some way to make them enjoy a happy life during their remaining years.

Returning to the patient’s room, Suhyuk was stunned.

Nobody was there.

The toilet as well as the water purifier were inside the room.

Suhyuk waited for a moment, seated on the bed.

Still, he did not sense that his father and mother were coming back. For as long as one hour he waited.

After that, he went out to look for them but it was in vain.

Did they go home?

There was little possibility of their returning home because they could not get discharged without paying the bill.

Suddenly he took out his cell phone, but it did not turn on because it ran out of battery.

Returning back to his lodging, he charged the phone, and when it was turned on, he called his mother.

“Suyuk, did your phone run out of battery?”

“Yes, mom. I’ve just charged it. Where are you now?”

“Oh, we’ve been transferred to another room. It’s so cool here. Honey, what did they call this room? Now I remember it. VIP?”
Suhyuk’s eyes became wide.

VIP rooms of Daehan Hospital were extraordinary rooms reserved usually for company presidents or National Assemblymen.

Its interior was designed like hotel rooms.

“I’ll be there now.”

Suhyuk went up to the top floor of Daehan Hospital.

Getting off the elevator, he ran into Profs. Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook unexpectedly.

Both of them were talking with each other in front of the room.

“Let me pay the bill,” said Prof. Lee.

At his words, Kim replied with a smile,

“I think I told you at the ginseng chicken soup restaurant last time that I owe them a nice treatment someday...”

It was a lie, of course.

“Yeah, I know, but treat them next time!”

“Why should I do?”

“Let me pay today, Prof. Kim.”

They did not yet give up on Suhyuk.

Unaware of it, Suhyuk approached them, saying, “Hi, sirs. Are my parents staying here?”

“Oh, Suhyuk. Yes, they’ve move here.”

“Suhyuk! This brother called you many, many times. Did your phone run out of battery?”

Did he not hear them well?

Suhyuk went into the room.

The first things that came into his eyes were a large TV set and luxurious sofa.

Even the refrigerator was expensive, and the room had a

veranda.

It was the first time ever that Suhyuk had entered a VIP room.

It was only natural that Suhyuk had no chance to visit it because those admitted to VIP rooms were taken care by the professors alone.

“Suhyuk!”

At his mother’s voice he turned his head to her.

Seated on a soft bed, his father was enjoying fruits peeled by her.

“When did you move here...”

“Prof. Lee Mansuk and Prof. Kim Jinwook insisted we move here, saying only one room is available here.”

The VIP room charge would be very expensive.

“They told us it was because they were treated to delicious ginseng chicken soup last time. Hohoho...”

Then the two professors’ conversation was heard slightly outside the room.

“Hey, why are you stopping me like this?”

“Well, I’m just heading for the elevator...”

Their sense of presence soon faded away.

“These apples here taste very delicious. Try one, Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk was handed one piece of apple that she offered.

It was very delicious.

He then took a glance at his father.

Slightly leaning on the bed, he was watching the TV news.

“How do you feel, dad?”

“I’m fine,” said he.

They talked with each other cheerfully. Of course his father was

reticent, while his mother talked most. She asked him how his work was going at the hospital.

“Well, it’s time for a soap opera for your father, ‘Great King Kwangge’ is on TV.”

The three cast their eyes at the TV.

How long passed? When the history drama was at an end, his mother made a regrettable look, because Suhyuk was asleep with his face down.

“His work must be very hard...”

His father then said, “That’s why I told you to go to another hospital.”

With a short sigh, she went to the restroom.

Then, his father stroked Suhyuk’s head with his hands with many small scars.

Has he ever stroked his son’s head like this before?

“I come to live high off the hog thanks to my son...”

Chapter 121

10:30pm.

After confirming his father was asleep, Suhyuk went out of the room. So did his mother.

He closed the door of the room quietly.

“Have a good sleep.”

Having said that, he turned back.

Im Gyungso called him when he came back to the cardiothoracic surgery department.

He looked at Suhyuk with half-closed eyes as if he had something against him.

“Where have you been...?”

“Sorry, my father has been hospitalized.”

“What?”

“He’s been hospitalized with injuries.”

Im was about to say some harsh words, but stopped, and then he was handed a patient’s chart from a nurse. It was the record about the patient who had surgery for pleural fluid.

“I took care of it.”

At his voice, Suhyuk just looked at him, who was stroking his chin with a bitter expression.

It was natural that Im showed such an expression.

After Suhyuk disappeared suddenly, he had to take care of the patient.

It was really uncomfortable for Im to deal with the patient looking like a gangster.

Besides, the patient really hated anesthesia.

“Where are you going?”

Im opened his mouth when Suhyuk began moving.

“To check the condition of the patient, sir.”

Im nodded his head.

It was part of Suhyuk’s daily work that he checked the patient’s condition before leaving the office. He never failed to do so. Sometimes he visited the patient’s room until the wee hours of the night.

“Take care of your father today instead of seeing the patients.”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at Im’s remarks.

Though he wanted to, his father was sleeping.

Bowing his head slightly, Suhyuk soon began making the rounds.

He checked the patients’ vital signs and IVs, and sometimes covered them with blankets.

Almost two hours passed by the time he was done.

Going out of the last patient’s room, Suhyuk’s gait looked feeble.

He headed to the elevator to go to the Sky Park on the rooftop.

As it was late, there were not many people there.

Sometimes some medical staff holding coffee passed by.

Holding onto the railing, he looked up at the sky.

His father’s image glimmered in his eyes when he made the rounds, and that of his mother sleeping on the bed next to him too.

He just thought himself so pathetic because he did not thank his parents enough for raising him.

He felt that he had been taking care of only patients, and only doing what he wanted.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

Then someone's voice was heard in the back.

He turned his head at the abrupt voice.

It was Han Binna, who saw him getting on the elevator.

She bought a canned coke from a vending machine for him.

And she was convinced that Suhyuk looked unusually down today.

He received the coke, saying, "Thanks."

He drank it down in a single gulp.

"You look like you're on call today," asked Suhyuk.

She nodded at his asking, and sat next to him.

"You look kind of tired..."

"Yes, a bit..."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

"Why don't you take vacation leave if you're stressed out? You had better take care of your own health first..."

Turning to her, he smiled at her.

She misunderstood him because that was not the point.

Binna went red in the face suddenly. It was not so easy for her to see face to face with someone she liked.

"Thanks," said Suhyuk with sincerity. She was always there to cheer him up.

"My father was hospitalized today, so I'm kind of down."

Her eyes became wide.

"Did he feel unwell?"

Suhyuk shook his head, replying, "Oh, he has a fracture in his shin."

"Oh my god... I hope he gets well soon."

Suhyuk beamed at her. Her words seemed to comfort him.

For a while they looked up at the sky without talking to each other.

7am.

Suhyuk visited his father's room.

"Son, did you eat breakfast?" asked his mother.

His father then said bluntly, "Why did you come when you're so busy?"

"I'm not really busy. Why did you change clothes?"

Taking off the patient's gown, he was already dressed in the clothes he had on when he was taken into the emergency room.

"Looks like I don't fit well with this place. I feel like I might get sick if I stay longer here."

His mother shook her head, saying, "Who is going to stop him?"

"Still, please have breakfast before you go."

His father shook his head and said, "Well, I don't have any appetite."

After all, his father, who insisted on going back home, was ready to go out.

Suhyuk helped him walk, and watched him using crutches quietly.

Fortunately he was good at using crutches.

"You have to take a rest for the time being, dad."

"How long does it take to remove this cast?"

"At least 5 weeks..."

He made a bitter smile at Suhyuk's words. He seemed to be thinking about his job.

As the bill was already paid by Prof. Lee Mansuk, his parents wanted to offer thanks to him, but could not because he was out on a trip to attend an academic seminar.

“Get in, please!”

Suhyuk called a taxi, and opened the rear door.

If he had not done so, his father would obviously have used public transportation like the bus to get home.

“Okay, don’t skip meals before going to work.”

His father got in the taxi first.

“If anything happens, give me a call, son. Thanks for what you’ve done for your father.”

She tidied up his gown, saying, “I’m leaving now.”

When they got in, Suhyuk opened the front door and gave the driver a fee.

“Suhyuk, I’ve got money.”

Suhyuk smiled gently, saying, “I’ve got the money too. Good driving, please.”

When he closed the door, the taxi drove immediately.

Then his phone buzzed. It was a call from the hospital director.

“Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk, sir.”

“Can I see you for a moment?”

When the taxi disappeared out of his sight, Suhyuk began moving.

Knock, knock, knock.

“Come in.”

Suhyuk bowed his head, and the director, sitting before a PC, offered him a seat.

When he sat on the sofa, his secretary put down coffee and left.

Taking a sip of coffee, the director said, “Is there anything you find uncomfortable about working here?”

“No, it’s very good here.”

The director nodded his head at that.

“Why did you want to see me, sir?”

Savouring the coffee, he put down his cup and said, “Okay, let me say it briefly. Won’t you go on TV? It’s a TV program about medical common sense...”

The director continued on and on. According to him, it’s a program hosted by an entertainer, with a doctor examining and explaining about diseases. And the director thought he was the right candidate for such a TV program. For Suhyuk was tall and handsome, with his vast knowledge of medical science that even the professors praised. Besides, Suhyuk could promote Daehan Hospital indirectly by participating in the program.

As soon as he said that however, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I’m sorry I don’t want to.”

Appearance on TV was the last thing he wanted.

“You don’t like it? If you appear on TV, your recognition among the people will go up, too.”

“Sorry, sir.”

The director could not help but give a hollow smile at his unhesitant reply.

“Got it.”

“Goodbye, then.”

“Why are you in such a hurry? Just drink the coffee before going.”

“Actually I’ve got to see a patient.”

It was a lie. To him, talking with a patient was better than staying here in the director's office.

The director nodded his head, "Okay, then."

Is there anybody who does not want to be on TV? If Lee Suhyuk starts his own clinic, his appearance as a TV guest would be an advantage to him.

Scratching his head with one of his fingers, he asked himself, "Does he hate me?"

Coming out of the office, Suhyuk picked up the phone.

This time it was a call from Prof. Han Myungjin.

"Yes, professor."

"Are you available now?"

"What's up, sir?"

"Come to my office. I've got something to say..."

"Yes, sir."

Suhyuk headed to Han's office directly.

Was he going to bring up the topic of the TV program?

If he did, Suhyuk thought he would reject it like before.

Arriving at the office, he knocked on the door and went in.

"Oh, you're here already."

Combing through a medical book, Han smiled at him.

"If you're going to talk about the TV program..."

"What are you talking about? TV?"

"No, sir. Never mind."

"Alright. You want me to cut to the point, right?"

With an embarrassed look, Suhyuk nodded.

“Do you know how to speak English?”

“Just a little bit...”

“That is not enough. You should have enough of a command of English to be able to speak with Americans.”

Suhyuk made a curious look.

“Actually I’m going to the US on a working trip. For about one year.”

Strictly speaking, he was invited by a hospital in the US.

Han opened his mouth again, “Don’t you want to go with me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wide.

“It would do you good if you go. Your value as a doctor will go up too.”

The images of his parents came to his mind.

“Can I make money there while taking care of the patients?”

Han was surprised a bit because he thought Suhyuk would go anywhere for money.

“Of course. Just think that you’re working in the US for one year.”

“When are you leaving, sir?”

“One week later.”

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

There was silence between them, while Han waited for him to reply.

About 10 minutes passed.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “If I go with you, I’m afraid the cardiothoracic surgery department will be short staffed.”

Actually there were not many interns at the department, let alone the persistent lack of doctors.

“You don’t have to worry about it. Doctors are everywhere, and somebody else will take our place soon.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. There were many doctors who wanted to work at Daehan Hospital.

“I think I need some time to think it over.”

“Sure. I understand as I’ve brought it up suddenly. But don’t keep me waiting too long. I’ve been thinking of someone else if you say no.”

“Yes, sir.”

He went out of the office, thinking of the patients who he had taken care of up to now, including his parents.

‘What is the right choice?’

He could not stay away from that thought.

Suhyuk arrived at the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Im approached and asked, “Why did the hospital director call you?”

Shrouded in thoughts, Suhyuk suddenly came to his senses, and said, “I think I’m going to the United States.”

Chapter 122

That night.

Suhyuk made the rounds for each patient's room, checking their conditions as usual.

Inside one room was a 32-year-old man.

With an IV on the back of his hand, he was snoring heavily on the bed.

Smiling gently, Suhyuk looked down at him.

He was a patient who underwent laparoscopic cholecystectomy.

"You'll get better soon."

Then he moved to another patient's room.

She was suffering from a traumatic diaphragmatic hernia due to an accident caused by falling.

She was also fast asleep, with her eyes closed.

She could have had a chest wall incision caused by the fall, but she was very lucky.

If she had arrived at the hospital a bit later, she might have been in a dangerous condition.

"Stay healthy."

Adjusting the IV fluid hung on her arm, he soon went out of the room.

Suhyuk kept taking care of patients like that, and soon he was done with the day's work.

Walking through the hallway, he took out his cell phone.

He leaned against the wall. The cool feeling of the wall he had on his spine seemed to cool off his head.

Suhyuk then called someone.

“Looks like you’ve made your decision.”

“Yes, professor.”

“Ok, then. What do you want to do? I’m not forcing you to do this.”

“I’d love to go to the United States.”

There are many patients over there who are in need of a doctors’ care.

In his mind he thought of his father getting into a taxi, moving with a limp, and his mother who tidied up his gown.

“I thought you would say that. You had better get a passport first. You have to go directly to the Immigration Office. You have to prepare many things. Therefore, you don’t have to come to the hospital starting tomorrow. Let me tell the hospital director in advance.”

“Thank you.”

After calling him, he went back to the lodging.

Arriving there, he touched the door knob all of a sudden.

It was a resting place for him where he could take a nap.

When he entered, he saw the double bed first.

His room mate was not there. Most likely he would still be taking care of the patients.

Suhyuk perched on the bed, and touched the mattress as if he was caressing it.

It was soft. Once he lay on the bed, he fell into sound sleep just like a log.

Everything in the room seemed afresh to him.

One single gown hung on the hanger, and the stethoscope before the bookshelf, and a pen next to that.

With these accessories, he met a lot of patients.

Suhyuk smiled at that. He would not be leaving for forever.

He would come back in one year, which in of itself, was not that long a time.

Suhyuk began putting his stuff into a box.

As for his things, he had only a few.

One box was enough for his stuff.

The next morning he left his lodging.

Holding a box, he went to the cardiothoracic surgery department.

“I already heard about it. One year?”

“Yes, sir. Thanks so much for your help.”

Im patted him on the shoulder.

“It was me who felt thankful to you. Don’t hate me too much.”

Actually Im found it troublesome to deal with difficult patients. So, he let Suhyuk take care of them instead.

Though he was worried about Suhyuk, since he was in his first year of residence, he did his job so well.

“As you know, I’m not leaving this place forever...”

“Well, I will miss you from time to time.”

During his absence, Im would have to do all the unpleasant work.

And the two interns said, “Goodbye, doctor. Please come back when you’re done over there.”

They bent their heads, and so did the nurses.

Suhyuk was going around the buildings to say goodbye to the medical staff.

And then he headed to the elevator to move to other buildings.

At that moment, someone called him, “Sir!”

Suhyuk turned his head at that voice.

It was Park Sungjae, who ran up to him, short of breath.

“I heard that you’re going to the United States.”

With a smile, he nodded.

“When are you coming back?”

“I’m not sure, but I’ll stay there for about one year.”

“Ah...”

“By the time I come back, I guess you will have become a good doctor.”

The elevator arrived, and Suhyuk got on it.

“Goodbye then!”

“I’m going to apply for the cardiothoracic surgery department, sir.”

Suhyuk’s smile was no more seen when the elevator door closed.

“Hah...Hah...”

Binna, gasping for breath, was pacing around in the lobby.

He was seen nowhere.

Her eyelids were red.

She kept moving her head to look for him.

“I might not see him...”

Binna now moved out of the lobby further and further away.

She could not find him there, either.

Was he on the bus now that just departed from the bus stop? Or was he inside the taxi disappearing in the distance?

She took out her cell phone to find a text message.

<Are you available on Wednesday evening?> Today is Monday, so

it's the day after tomorrow.

Looking at the phone, she nodded her head.

Her tears dropped onto the LCD of the phone.

<Sure, I am. Yes, I am>

When Suhyuk opened the door of his house, his father's eyes became wide.

He should be very busy at this time of the day.

And what about the box in his hands?

It seemed as if he was fired.

Suhyuk crossed over the porch, saying, "I'm going to take a rest for several days."

His father, who was lying slantly on the bed with one of his legs plastered with cast, lifted his upper body and said, "Why? Did you make any trouble?"

Suhyuk smiled, saying, "No, daddy..."

Suhyuk explained to him about his plan.

His father made a quiet smile.

He could not help but be happy when his son was going to a large hospital in the US.

Though he was usually brusque, he did not hid his joy this time.

"Yes, how nice! Come on in, and take a rest."

Suhyuk looked at his cast.

"How do you feel now?"

"Well, I wonder if the bone fracture has been healed already. I feel like I can already walk..."

"You have to stay like that for four weeks without moving," said

Suhyuk.

“Ok, got it. Did you eat?”

Shaking his head, he looked at the wall clock. It was already 2pm. He did not eat breakfast, either.

“How about you, dad?”

“Oh, I have to eat, too. Let me check if there are any side dishes...”

When he was trying to move, Suhyuk quickly rose from the seat.

“Let me do it, dad.”

“Suhyuk, let’s boil ramen.”

“You don’t like it...”

“Well, I’d like to eat for once after such a long time.”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

He poured water into a kettle, and took out two ramen packets from the kitchen cabinet, and kimchi cabbage from the refrigerator, too.

When the water was boiling, he put in some chopped kimchi cabbage for better tasting soup.

Then he put in ramen, along with some hot peppers for a spicy taste.

When he put the boiled ramen on the dining table, his father sat uncomfortably and said, “Just sit and let’s have it together. You don’t have to take out any side dish except for Kimchi.”

Suhyuk put on the table roasted potatoes, along with some kimchi.

The mysterious mix of the aroma of the ramen soup and kimchi stimulated their appetite.

“Let’s eat then.”

Though his father did not enjoy ramen usually, he enjoyed it this time.

Was it because his son made it?

8pm.

Suhyuk was heading for somewhere after he went out of the house.

He got out of a taxi in a main street. It was crowded with people.

Suhyuk moved to a restaurant where a yellow light was coming out.

The restaurant specialized in stir-fried beef tripe.

When he came in, Dongsu smiled at him.

“Hello?”

Kim Hana was there too, and said, “Long time, no see!”

The three met like this after such a long time.

Suhyuk had contacted them in advance for this get-together as he was leaving soon.

As he sat at the table, Dongsu offered him a soju cup and said, “Are you now going to get some experience in a foreign country?”

“When are you coming back?”

At Hana’s asking, he smiled.

She was really beautiful whenever he saw her. Even other customers drinking alcohol at other tables took a glance at her from time to time.

“I think I have to stay there for about one year.”

Nodding her head, Hana drank a cup of soju in one gulp.

“Hey, slow down.”

Suhyuk turned to the side at Dongsu's words.

There were already two empty bottles of soju next to him.

They drank that much even while the stir-fried beef tripe was tenderising.

Suhyuk asked, looking at Hana, "When did you get here?"

"About 30 minutes ago."

And she refilled some soju into her own cup.

"Hey, you're going to be blackout drunk if you drink like that. Anything bad happened to you at the company?"

"Don't you know that I'm a good drinker to being with?"

"I know your drinking capacity is one bottle of soju. I'm going to take you two to other places for drinks. So stay sober."

"You had better not fall asleep at the table"

While Dongsu and Hana were squabbling like that, the beef tripe was becoming nice and tender.

And the atmosphere was getting more and more ripe for drinking.

Emptying his cup, Dongsu knitted his brows.

"Yeah, soju is the perfect match with stir-fried beef tripe. By the way, introduce me to a nice girl at your company. I'm lonely these days."

With her face in a blush from drinking, Hana shook her head, saying, "As you're a prosecutor, there must be lots of girls following you, right?"

"Nope. Such girls are not pure in their motivations..."

Hana nodded as if she agreed with him.

"Yeah, it might be hard to find a girl like me who is pretty and pure."

“What the heck... hey, you’re already drunk, Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk shook his head at their conversation.

Then Dongsu cast his eyes at Suhyuk, asking, “If you leave, who should I play with?”

Suhyuk offered a cup without saying anything.

They touched their cups in the air.

They soon could hear the sound of it raining outside.

“Was there any weather forecast saying it would rain today?”

Dongsu’s voice scattered into the air, when Suhyuk suddenly came to think of what his mother had said to him, namely that on rainy days she wants to have mung bean pancakes.

Suhyuk checked the time. It was 10:52pm.

As his mother usually went to sleep after 12 am, it was not too late.

“Let me go home early.”

With wide eyes Hana looked at him, and so did Dongsu.

“Hey, it’s still too early for you to leave like that. Where are you going?”

“Sorry, sorry. Suddenly I’ve got something to do.”

He was going to buy some mung bean pancakes as he never bought it before for his mother.

“Let me contact you once more before I leave for the United States.”

After paying the bill, he went out of the restaurant, and he bought an umbrella at the convenience store nearby.

When he was about to pass by the stir-fried beef tripe place again, someone dashed toward him.

He dropped the umbrella. It was Hana who was hugging him.

“Hana...”

She did not answer when Suhyuk called her name.

She just buried her face into his chest like that.

Raindrops soaked both of them.

While others were running around to avoid the rain, it seemed like the time was stopped for Suhyuk and Hana. A soft light coming out of the restaurant was illuminating them.

“You won’t stay there long, right?”

He stroked her small shoulder, saying, “Only a short time...”

Nothing was heard in his ears except for the sound of falling rain... No, he could not hear nor see her weeping and tears at that moment, though she did cry.

Dongsu, looking at them from inside the restaurant, downed his cup of soju and murmured, “You guys look great together.”

He smiled at them.

Chapter 123

Times passed by fast.

Suhyuk finished all the preparations in one week for his trip to the United States.

As he promised, he met Binna. She wept until her eyes were swollen, which made him very much embarrassed. She did not say anything other than to express her wishes for his health and well-being. She said that while crying.

“Suhyuk,” called his mother.

Suhyuk, who was packing his suitcase, turned back his head at her voice.

With an apron, she was helping him with his packing after taking a day off.

He would leave for the United States tomorrow.

“Pack this too.”

She was holding daily necessities such as ointments and headache pills. All sorts of things besides insect spray.

It seemed she took out all the stuff from the first-aid kit.

Though he did not need them since he worked at the hospital, Suhyuk did not refuse.

That would make his mother feel at ease.

“Don’t you need anything else?”

“Well, I can buy other stuff there.”

“Don’t you think you need more money?”

Suhyuk shook his head, and showed her his bankbook.

There was deposit of exactly 1,000,000 won in it, which was actually the remainder his parents deposited after deducting some of his monthly salary that he used to give them.

She wanted to withdraw all the money from the savings account to give to Suhyuk, but he was opposed to the end.

She looked at him packing his suitcase quietly.

Though she was worried, she was proud of him at the same time.

That evening Suhyuk's family had dinner together after such a long time.

His mother often wiped off tears, but his father cheered him up with encouragement.

The next day.

Suhyuk was leaving home with his carrier bag. He was alone now, as he discouraged his parents from seeing him off.

They were waving their hands at him from in front of the door.

"I'll be back soon," said Suhyuk with a smile.

He was determined that when he would return, he would serve them really well as a devoted son.

He then moved to the taxi stop because he felt his large carrier bag would cause inconvenience to customers on the bus.

About 10 people were forming a line to wait for taxis.

Waiting in the back, Suhyuk checked the time.

7:37 am.

It would be okay for him to arrive at Daehan Hospital by 9am, so he had plenty of time.

It would take only 20 minutes to get there.

Whenever a taxi arrived, those in the line dwindled.

Was it 10 minutes he waited for?

Finally Suhyuk could get in a taxi.

"Hi, please take me to Daehan Hospital."

“Daehan Hospital... Okay.”

A weather forecast was sounding out from the car radio, <There will be rain accompanied by thunder, with rain expected across the country...> ‘Can the plane take off safely in this weather?’

As Suhyuk would take the plane for the first time ever, he was a bit worried even though he knew a plane was safer than a car.

“Are you going there because you’re sick?”

“No, I’m a doctor.”

“Wow, you’ve got a good profession. You must have lots of girls following you seeing as you’re handsome and tall.”

“Thanks.”

Suhyuk looked out the car window slightly.

Cars were moving so slowly because of a traffic jam.

He wanted to arrive well in advance, but it seemed he could barely arrive there by 9am.

“Oh, this is the rush hour as you know. There is traffic congestion around this time in the morning. Are you busy?”

“Well, not necessarily, but I have to be there by 9am.”

The taxi driver nodded his head, saying,

“I think that as you’re a doctor who saves people’s lives, you should not be late.”

Having said that, the driver changed lane after checking the side mirror.

Now his taxi moved a bit faster than other cars.

“You don’t have to go to the trouble of doing this...”

Whenever the driver changed lane, he heard noisy cruxions in the back.

“I think I have to drive like this because you’re a doctor. I guess

lots of sick people would come to the hospital even at this hour. So you had better get there quickly to save them.”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly.

Though the driver was right, Suhyuk would not see patients today.

When Suhyuk was about to say that, the driver moaned, “Oops...”

He could not drive to onto the hard shoulder because of a large bus in front of his taxi.

To make matters worse, a one-ton truck was also blocking them.

The truck was loaded with bundles of long steel poles as if it was heading to a construction site.

“You can drive slowly.”

Given the pace of the taxi moving, he felt he could arrive there around 20 minutes to 9am.

The driver wore a regrettable expression.

The taxi slowly moved, and the driver was murmuring, “I could drive faster if it wasn’t for the driver ahead of me...”

The truck driver was driving slowly for fear that the steel poles piled up high might fall down.

Then, the tail lights of the truck came on suddenly, which meant that the driver put on the brake pedal. At that moment, the steel poles shaking dangerously came falling down.

Some of them directly fell down on the front body of the taxi.

Thump!

One of the steel poles hit against the front window of the taxi, causing cracks in it like a web and it pierced through the window into the driver’s seat.

“Ow!!!”

When the driver screamed like that, Suhyuk glared at the scene.

A sharp steel pole was clearly flying toward him. The black hole of the pole could be seen clearly.

The pole passed beyond his hair narrowly, sticking into his seat directly.

Then he heard the driver's moaning, who was holding his right shoulder with his arm.

His long white sleeve was becoming stained with blood.

"Are you okay?"

The driver, pushed on the side brake, and made a frown.

Suhyuk checked his condition. Though he could not see the wounds, the driver was bleeding a lot.

"Let me have a look at the wounds."

Suhyuk bit his clothes to tear it apart.

The wounds were laid bare when he removed the clothes. Fortunately the bone was not seen yet, but a lot of bleeding was coming out.

Suhyuk fastened his shoulder with the torn clothes.

"Don't worry. Your injury is not that serious."

Once he reassured the driver, he checked the situation outside.

All the cars stopped because of the traffic accident.

And the people began getting out of their cars one by one.

The driver opened his mouth, looking at his granddaughter's picture hung inside the car, "Am I all right?"

"Don't worry."

Suhyuk called 911 quickly.

An ambulance arrived at Daehan Hospital urgently.

It stopped and Suhyuk got out first, followed by the taxi driver carried on a stretcher.

When he was about to head directly to the emergency room, someone called him, “Lee Suhyuk.”

He was Prof. Han Myungjin. He happened to be waiting outside as Suhyuk did not contact him.

“Where are you going?”

Han was just dumbfounded when he looked at Suhyuk, as he just got off the ambulance.

“There was an accident in a taxi I was in...”

“In the taxi you were in?”

“Yes, I’m all right, but it looks like the driver’s bleeding needs to be stopped now.”

Suhyuk turned back, when Han said, “We have to leave now.”

They could get on board the plane only if they were leaving now.

It was already 9am.

Suhyuk could not take his eyes off the patient on the stretcher.

Han approached him and said, “Do you think the patient would die without you?”

Suhyuk shook his head slowly.

If his bleeding were stopped, he would get better.

“I told you this before, but there are many doctors, and not to underestimate their capabilities.”

Suhyuk nodded his head while looking at the door of the emergency room.

Actually he did not underestimate them. He just wanted to take care of the patient by himself.

“We have to leave right now.”

They soon got in a taxi on standby.

The taxi left in no time, and Han opened his mouth, “Hey, you don’t have any baggage?”

“Ooops, I left it in the taxi...”

Actually his baggage was in the taxi trunk. He searched in his back pocket.

Fortunately he could find the wallet and the passport.

Han nodded, with a smile.

“You’ll have to buy several clothes there. As for your baggage, you can call the shipping company to have it shipped to you later.”

Suhyuk had to smile bitterly.

Incheon International Airport was crowded with passengers and other people alike.

The boarding time was fast approaching.

Suhyuk turned back momentarily while he was showing his ticket and passport.

“...”

It was only for a brief moment.

“What are you doing now?”

At Han’s calling, Suhyuk instantly followed him, and got on board the plane.

He looked around after taking his seat, at which Han smiled and said, “Is this the first time you’re on a plane?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You don’t have to feel strained. Just take a nap, and you’ll be there by the time you wake up.”

Nodding his head, he fastened his seat belt and turned off his

cellphone according to the in-flight announcement.

As the air pressure goes up with the plane flying high in the sky, he felt his ears becoming deafened.

Suhyuk looked out the window, seeing a tiny land below.

‘Can I find my house somewhere down there?’

For a while Suhyuk could not take his eyes off the window.

After going through the immigration checkpoint, Suhyuk came out.

White and black people came into his eyes.

He now fully realized that he had arrived in the United States.

Many people were holding placards at the picket line in front of the exit gate.

One of them, a white man, drew his attention because he was holding a placard with awkward Korean characters written on.

Han Myungjin written in Korean. It was none other than the name Han Myungjin.

“Hey! Michael! How are you?”

Speaking alternately in English and Korean, Prof. Han approached him gladly.

Dragging his carrier bag, Suhyuk followed Han quietly.

“Welcome to USA.”

Han grabbed his hands. Prof. Han’s English was fluent.

Then a lady with blonde hair pointed her finger at Suhyuk and approached him, “Are you Lee Suhyuk??”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider slightly.

When he nodded, she was more surprised.

“Oh my god! I’m a big fan of yours!”

Chapter 124

The white woman, covering her mouth a moment ago, spoke a barrage of words, “I came to know about you through the internet. I was moved by the stories about you depicted as a white-robed angel over there.”

She was very interested in Korea.

Naturally she began googling for information about Korea on the internet and came to know about him.

Suhyuk scratched his head, and said, “Well I did what I was supposed to to.”

She held out a notebook for his autograph.

“Can I ask you for your signature here?”

“I’m not an entertainer...”

“Please sign here, I’m truly your fan.”

Suhyuk wrote his name on it, appreciating her genuine personality.

“Be happy!” she said.

Having said that, she gave him a light hug and left.

Han wore a surprised look at that.

“You’re even popular over here.”

With a smile Han then introduced Michael to him.

“This is the surgeon Michael.”

He was a tall guy with a rough beard reaching down his cheek.

“My name is Suhyuk Lee.”

“Welcome to New York. You’re in good hands.”

Then they got in a taxi, and Michael and Han started talking about various topics.

Suhyuk was gazing at the passing landscape outside.

It was clearly different from that of Korea.

He felt some sort of more liberal atmosphere here, and the people looked more relaxed.

How long did the taxi drive for?

Soon they arrived at an apartment building.

Getting out of the taxi, Suhyuk looked up at the apartment building.

“This is the place where we’re going to stay while we’re in the United States...”

“Dr. Han, see you tomorrow then.”

Waving his hands, Michael was driven away in the taxi.

They were already handed the room keys.

“Let’s go.”

Their room was on the 5th floor.

Stepping inside the porch, Han looked around, whistling.

“The people here don’t take off their shoes even inside the house.”

Suhyuk, taking off his shoes at that moment, went into the living room with a perplexed look.

Most of the furniture, including the sofa and TV set, were covered with white linen.

There were two rooms.

“Which one do you want to use?”

Suhyuk move to the room on the left.

“I want to take this one, sir.”

His room was smaller than the other one.

“I think we have to clean first.”

So both of them briskly moved here and there, cleaning up the rooms and the white linens.

They were able to finish all the cleaning in about two hours.

As the two bedroom apartment was well taken care of from the beginning, there was not much they needed to do.

“Shall we eat?”

Suhyuk nodded at his words. Actually it was almost dinner time.

In Korea they could order food over the phone, but not here.

They had to go out for dinner.

After taking a shower, both of them went out of the apartment.

As the apartment was near the main street, it was easy for them to move out and go find a restaurant.

“What kind of food should we order?”

“Any food is fine with me, sir.”

“Well, I already miss the spicy kimchi stew soup.”

They certainly will miss the Korean food as they’re going to stay here for one year.

Of course, they could find a Korean restaurant if they really wanted, but they would not feel the same taste of food that they are used to back in Korea.

“How about that restaurant over there?”

Han looked over at one place. It was a fast food restaurant serving all kinds of hot dogs.

A long line showed that it was quite a popular place.

Just like the customers waiting in the line, Han and Suhyuk stood behind them.

“When do we start reporting to work, sir?”

“Starting tomorrow.”

Suhyuk could have made a frown as he had wanted to report to work as soon as he arrived here, but Suhyuk did not. Actually working right away was what he wanted.

He wondered how the working atmosphere or the medical staff would be different from that of Korea.

Looking at the menu, Han ordered a hog dog mixed with lettuce and tomato.

Unlike Han, Suhyuk chose a spicy hot dog studded with slices of bacon and pork.

They sat on a bench nearby.

“Well, I think this is the first time I am eating with you like this.”

Suhyuk agreed. Though he dined with other professors at Daehan Hospital, he never ate with Han before. For both of them were very busy.

“Thanks for the food, sir.”

He took a bite out of the hot dog. Though he felt it a bit greasy, he could enjoy it anyway with its salty flavor. There were many other people eating hot dogs just like them here and there.

They were eating in a relaxed mood on benches, enjoying conversation with each other, and some of them were openly kissing. It all looked so natural.

Suhyuk made a little smile at them.

At that moment, Han said, “I feel that this sort of food is too greasy. We need to go shopping to buy some food. Can you cook?”

Suhyuk shook his head, “Not really sir...”

Han said, with a smile, “Well, you can learn how to cook during this time. I can cook spicy soup very well. Just learn how to cook. Girls will like you for it. I seduced my wife with cooking.”

Suhyuk smiled at his remarks. It was the first time he saw Han cracking a light joke like that.

Back at their apartment, Suhyuk put down several paper bags on the floor.

Han bought several clothes for him.

Tidying up the new clothes in the closet, he opened the window to look out.

Various neon signs from the street lights and cars left long tails, which created some sort of fantastic atmosphere in the evening.

Then Suhyuk's cell phone buzzed. It was a call from Dongsu.

"Hey, did you arrive there safely?"

"Of course, I did."

"Do you see many pretty girls there?"

Suhyuk shook his head as he was talking about girls day and night.

"Stay alert man! I hear that they are shooting at people at their own sweet will."

The problem with Dongsu was that he watched American movies way too much.

"Don't worry..."

After he had a short call with Dongsu, he called his parents to tell them that he safely arrived, and then he lay on the bed. His heart was throbbing.

He wished tomorrow would come quickly.

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk and Han had a light breakfast with cereal and milk, and finally they went out of the apartment.

They did not ride a taxi or use the public transportation.

For Michael was already waiting for them.

“Good morning! Get in!”

They got into Michael’s car.

The traffic jam here during the morning rush hour was the same as Korea.

As they left early, taking into consideration the traffic congestion, they could arrive at the hospital earlier than the regular time.

Suhyuk, now standing before the main gate of the hospital, looked up at the building.

<Saint Hopkins Hospital>

It was a huge building, which looked much, much larger than Daehan Hospital.

Han glanced at him, saying, “You might be very busy moving around the building.”

Like Han, he smiled. No matter how large it was, it did not matter to him because he could go anywhere with his two feet.

“Let’s go,” said Michael, who escorted them into the hospital lobby.

Suhyuk’s eyes became wide once he stepped into the lobby.

There were so many people in white gowns moving around.

“Lots of doctors, right?”

Suhyuk nodded his head at Han’s words.

“This is what they at Daehan Hospital should learn.”

The three of them got on the elevator to go to the 3rd floor.

It was a general surgery building.

They soon arrived at the conference room along the hallway, and several doctors sitting there stood up to greet them.

It was a white man in his late 40s who came to greet Han first.

“Long time, no see! Welcome!”

He was Dr. Daman, a surgeon.

Han held his hands with a smile. Actually both of them were very close friends.

Three years ago, when Han was here as a guest professor, he saved Daman’s life.

Han found his affliction and performed surgery, saving him.

“Welcome, welcome!”

While he was welcoming Han, Daman turned to Suhyuk, asking, “Who is this...?”

Han replied immediately, “Well, he’s a very promising doctor, a rising star at my hospital in Korea. I’ve brought him here because he’s going to get good experience here. He’s better than me too, you know.”

With a smile Daman looked at him, and he cast an incredulous look at him.

In his eyes, Suhyuk looked young and inexperienced.

“How are you, sir? I am Suhyuk Lee.”

Nodding his head, Daman held out his hands for shaking.

“Welcome, Mr. Lee!”

Han smiled at his speaking like that.

In time, he will change the title ‘Mr. Lee’ before Suhyuk to Dr. Lee.

Han could be sure of that...

Soon, all the surgeons gathered in the conference room.

Suhyuk was a bit surprised.

Except for some newly hired doctors, the other doctors all knew

Han, but their surprise was instantly subdued because Prof. Han was such a capable doctor recognized by them all.

Suhyuk said hello to them one by one.

Then Daman brought one young man, who was a white man in his late 20s.

Daman said, introducing him, “He’s a promising guy at our surgery department. He is a genius who understands one thousand things when he learns just one.”

He was a very handsome guy, whose blue eyes were crystal clear and deep like a lake.

“How are you, sir? My name is Phillip. Nice to meet you.”

Nodding his head, Han grabbed his hands and introduced Suhyuk.

“This is Suhyuk Lee. Looks like you’re about the same age. Hope you two can get along well.”

Suhyuk held out his hands, and Phillip grabbed them lightly.

Phillip’s eyes looking at him were kind of strange at that moment.

Only Suhyuk could catch it as he was looking squarely at him.

‘Is it because I’m an Asian?’

“I hope I’m in good hands,” said Suhyuk.

With that greeting, Phillip cast a mysterious gaze at him.

And Suhyuk smiled back at him.

Chapter 125

Daman escorted Suhyuk and Han around the building and introduced them to the medical staff there. Some of them already knew Han, and some did not because of change in the medical faculty.

Suhyuk said hello to them, with the greeting, “I hope I’ll be in good hands.”

He did not know how many times he exchanged greetings like that with the staff, because there were so many medical staff, especially compared with Daehan Hospital.

Surely this was a good hospital.

While escorting them around the building, Daman suddenly stopped before a patient’s room, casting a mystical eye at Han.

“What’s the matter?”

At Han’s asking Daman smiled, and looked at the patient’s nameplate on the door.

“He was taken here one week ago. I accepted him.”

Then a nurse came over to hand him the chart.

Daman glanced at Suhyuk, thinking to himself,

“Did Han say he was very good? Better than my disciple Philip?”
Daman went into the patient’s room after he cast a curious look at Suhyuk, and Philip also followed him automatically.

Han turned his head to Suhyuk, standing outside, “What are you doing there? Come on in!”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk moved.

It was a one-bed patients room, where there lay a 42-year-old man on the bed.

Daman went to him, saying, “You’ll be okay. Your condition has

gotten much better. Your lung is also getting better naturally...”

Phillip and Suhyuk were looking at the patient quietly.

“When you feel unwell, please give me a call immediately.”

“Thanks, Daman. Cough, cough.”

Checking the patient’s condition lightly, he went out of the room.

He asked Phillip who also came out, “He is a patient who had one of his ribs broken.”

And he handed Phillip a chart.

“Why do you think he had it broken?”

Phillip kept silent a moment at his asking.

On the chart, there was information that the ribs punctured the lungs, and that the patient had taken medication.

Phillip did not think for too long.

“It looks like the rupture has been caused by cardiopulmonary resuscitation or bruising.”

Nodding his head, Daman was handed back the chart, and then gave it to Suhyuk.

“How about your opinion, Mr. Lee?”

Suhyuk examined the chart at a glance, saying,

“Looks like it’s been caused by his coughing.”

Looking at Daman, he wore an expression as if to ask him why he’s throwing him such a question.

Han made an awkward smile at that.

Han expected Suhyuk would easily answer it, but his reply was far from what he thought he would give.

Suddenly it came to his mind that the patient was coughing several times while he was talking with Daman. It was possible the

rib could be ruptured even by coughing.

Actually there was a case where that happened before.

“Great answer!”

Daman indicated that Suhyuk was right, and Han opened his mouth, with a smile, “I told you, man. He’s better than me. I think he’s quick in visual learning, too.”

Suhyuk, Han Myungjin, Daman and Philip were heading for the food court of the hospital.

They were supposed to have lunch on time.

Suhyuk could understand Daman’s behavior in no time.

There were many other doctors besides him, who could see the patients.

When the primary physician is away, another doctor subs for him or her. As there were so many patients at St. Hopkins Hospital, the doctors could not take their eyes off them.

This kind of work in rotation could free the doctors from their physical toil.

It looked as if they were like ordinary men going to work.

On the contrary doctors were forced to work and work and work in Korea.

It was inevitable in some respect because there were a limited number of doctors who could treat those patients taken into the emergency room.

Suhyuk had no choice but to laugh bitterly.

“Do they serve good food at the cafeteria at your place?” asked Daman.

At his asking, Han nodded. Daman liked Korean food very much, in particular bibimbap (rice mixed with beef, vegetable and red

pepper paste).

When he was staying in Korea, he used to enjoy bibimbap as one of his meals every day.

Soon they arrived at the food court in the basement.

Suhyuk's eyes became wider. He was expecting them to wait in a line with a tray.

He was wrong because it was buffet style, full of different kinds of food.

And there was the sound of classical music playing out from somewhere.

Just like how the patients were cared for highly, it seemed the doctors here were given the best possible compensation too.

“Very good, right?”

At Han's words, Suhyuk nodded his head naturally.

“When you make a lot of money, why don't you start a hospital like this one?”

Cracking a joke like that, Han and Daman began putting food on their trays.

Then Phillip slurred while passing by, “Looks like the foods you might like are over there.”

Suhyuk cast his eyes toward where Phillip pointed out, and over there were various salads.

Suhyuk moved to the salad bar, with a grin at Phillip.

He put tomato and spaghetti first on his tray, and some nicely chopped barquette.

There were also some sushi rolls, but he did not feel like it.

Suhyuk sat next to Han, while Philip sat beside Daman.

While eating, Suhyuk thought of the doctors at Daehan Hospital.

A man in his mid 30s was taking his seat at that moment.

When was about to eat again, Suhyuk turned to him.

He was holding a Korean book.

Suhyuk murmured before he knew it, “Dongui Medical Encyclopedia...”

The man looked at Suhyuk as if he heard his soft voice.

He spoke in clumsy Korean, “Are you Korean?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Oh, my name is William,” said the guy in English now.

When he did not show any reaction, the guy smiled bitterly, guessing Suhyuk could not speak English.

However, Suhyuk replied at that moment, “My name is Suhyuk Lee.”

“Are you the doctor who just arrived here?”

“Well, I came here at the invitation of”

“Oh, you came here on invitation? Nice to meet you. Welcome to our hospital!”

“Well, what I mean is...”

“I’m very much interested in Korea. I hope to see you more in the future.”

Suhyuk looked at the book, scratching his head.

Han spoke to him in Korean, with a smile, “You had better get along with him.”

“Looks like you speak Korean well since you’re reading the Dongui Medical Encyclopedia.”

William shook his head, adding,

“Well, I am learning Korean, but I am very much limited in my Korean. May I ask which department you’re associated with?”

“I think we’re working at the general surgery department.”

William made a regrettable expression.

Then Han, who was eating, asked Daman about who William was.

“Well, he’s someone who’s come to the neurosurgery department this time. He is quite capable, but he actually has a speciality in some other area.”

“What area is that?”

“Stem cells. He’s authored many papers and received several awards, too.”

Nodding his head, Han began eating again.

Though he was not old, William was a great doctor.

“Can I call you Dr. Lee?”

“You can call me whatever you feel comfortable.”

With a smile, William nodded and then opened up the book again, as if he had just thought of something.

“If you don’t mind, can you tell me what this means? I can’t understand with my limited Korean.”

Suhyuk gladly took the book.

“It is about the curcuma herb. Curcuma powder is good for arthritis...”

When Suhyuk continued to explain, William shook his head, surprised at the contents of the book.

“Huh, Jun? How come he, who lived several hundred years ago, was able to find out that curcuma had this Tumeric ingredient? I am just amazed and deeply respect him,” said William.

The tumeric component extracted from curcuma are used to treat arthritis. Plus the selenium component that protects cells from harmful oxygen.

William, staring at the Dongui Medical Encyclopedia, continued

to express surprise, “Dr. Lee, then this word means...”

William suddenly shut up his mouth, because Suhyuk’s tray was full of salads.

“I’m so sorry. You couldn’t eat because of me...”

“Oh, never mind! Please feel free to ask me anything anytime when you’re in doubt.”

William nodded his head, and began eating.

While he was chewing with his mouth closed, he could not take his eyes off the Dongui book.

After lunch, Suhyuk was walking up the stairs to the lobby.

“Looks like I can digest food better if I press here,” said William, pressing his palm with his thumb hard.

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Do you really feel that way?”

“I think the medical methods of the Orient are really great.”

“I agree.”

“Dr. Lee, are you available this evening?”

“I don’t think I’m busy...”

“How about a glass of beer then? I know a good beer bar near the hospital. I’d like to repay you for your teaching today.”

When he was about to reply, Han spoke in Korean, “You’re not busy this evening, right? Go and get along with him over a drink.”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Okay, sir.”

William’s face became bright.

“7pm. Let’s meet in the lobby.”

“Sure.”

Both of them exchanged their contact numbers. Looking at them, Phillip chuckled.

Their first day at St. Hopkins Hospital passed quickly.

They stopped by the surgery building and other nearby buildings, meeting the hospital director too.

It was approaching 7pm.

Han, who came down to the lobby to return to the apartment, waved his hands at Suhyuk.

“Don’t drink too much. Have a good time!”

Suhyuk checked the time. It was 6:30pm.

He still had 30 minutes to go until the appointed time.

Sitting on the waiting benches, Suhyuk looked around the lobby.

Though he felt awkward in every way, it seemed to him that there were many patients regardless of whether it was the US or Korea.

While he was checking his surroundings, his cellphone buzzed.

It was a call from William.

“Yes, this is Suhyuk Lee.”

“Dr. Lee, I’m afraid I’ll be late a bit. Can you wait... or come to my office, if you don’t mind?”

“Sure. Where is your office?”

“Okay.”

Suhyuk headed to the elevator to go to his office, which he could easily find.

Knock, knock, knock.

When he knocked on the door, William in a white gown opened the door.

“Sorry. Please come in.”

Once he stepped into the office, Suhyuk’s eyes became larger

gradually.

And he murmured before he knew it, “Wow...”

Chapter 126

The walls of William's office were papered with stuck up pieces of A4 paper, and Suhyuk was murmuring while looking at one of them.

“Embryonic stem cells have the ability to differentiate, but the differentiation is not done on their own, so they are classified as undifferentiated cells. So I'm going to be able to resolve the ethical issues...”

“Dr. Lee.”

Suhyuk turned his head back at William's voice.

He was looking at the computer closely, and said, “Sorry. Please wait a little more, I'll be done soon.”

“I'm okay. Just take your time.”

Suhyuk slowly looked around the table.

Among the piled-up A4 papers could be seen an award carelessly placed down, which William received for his contributions to the field of stem cell research.

Suhyuk once again began reading carefully what was written on the paper.

As time passed, his eyes were becoming larger and larger.

It seemed as if what he had missed in the past was striking his head with a hammer.

“I'm done. Shall we go?”

Suhyuk, who had been thinking about something deeply, came to his senses, saying, “You're great, William.”

At his remarks, he examined various papers and other stuff in his office with a smile.

They were the results of his continuing research since he became

a doctor. Moreover, it was still going on. Beaming widely, William escorted him out of the office.

“Let’s go.”

Leaving the office, Suhyuk was fixing his eyes at something in his office until the end.

As William said, the bar was not far from the hospital.

It took about 10 minutes of walking to get to from the hospital.

When they opened the door, a little bell rang crisply.

Inside the bar there was coming out the sound of smooth jazz, but there were not many customers, which made the atmosphere even more moody.

Sitting on the barstool, William asked Suhyuk, “Any favorite drink?”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk sat.

“Can I recommend one for you then?”

“Please, thank you.”

William asked the bartender for two bottles of Red Dog.

With a pleasant smile, the lady bartender brought the beer right away.

On the surface of the bottle was a drawing of a red-faced bulldog.

It looked like it was a very strong drink, given the bulldog picture on the label.

Though he wanted to ask how strong it was, he did not, because it might be discourteous to William.

“Cheers!”

Clinking the glasses together, Suhyuk drank some.

The beer was cool and had a fantastic taste.

“How do you like it?”

“I love it.”

“I’m glad to hear that. By the way, Dr. Lee.”

“You can just casually call me Suhyuk.”

With a smile, William opened up his mouth again,

“If you look at the Dongui Medical Encyclopedia...”

He began asking Suhyuk about the effects of herbs and some words he could not understand.

Suhyuk tried to explain to him as easily as possible.

William instantly understood them as he was smart.

“I’d like to learn about apuncture next time.”

He felt William was unique because he had never seen anyone studying modern medicine showing such an interest in Oriental medicine like William.

Suddenly he recalled what Daman had said to Han over lunch, “He’s a freak! Freak!”

Well, he also looked like that to Suhyuk.

“Cheers!”

At William’s raising the glass, Suhyuk also raised his and smiled.

The two drank the beer in one a gulp.

“William.”

“Go ahead!”

‘Will he accept my proposal?’

Suhyuk had been agonizing over it since the moment he visited his office.

Finally he opened his mouth cautiously,

“I happened to look at your research work in the office.”

William just drank beer, asking him not to bother being cautious.

“You have suggested various conditions for the differentiation of undifferentiated cells, but in my opinion...”

Listening to Suhyuk’s explanation, William’s expression began to change every minute.

Sometimes he opened his eyes larger, with a strange look.

When Suhyuk was done, William cast an incredulous eye at him.

“Have you always been a researcher on stem cells?”

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “Actually I found a hint in your office.”

William was spreading the puzzle pieces about stem cells, which were the A4 papers covering the walls of his office.

Though the papers were strange to him, Suhyuk pondered over the contents of the papers deeply and finally could complete the puzzles.

If he had not seen them in William’s office, he could not have seen them for the rest of his life.

Or he might have spent a considerable amount of time and research in understanding stem cells himself.

William made a bitter smile, saying,

“My mother once received a limp. When I was a child, I was almost run over by a car, but she was injured heavily in order to save me. Multiple fractures as well as nerve damage. She still has a limp. From that time I was determined to be a doctor, and have been studying stem cells up to now.”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

William wet his lips again with beer, and said, looking at Suhyuk, “Suhyuk, would you like to conduct research on stem cells with me?”

It was around 1am when Suhyuk returned to the apartment.

He spent quite a lot of time talking with William, and they mostly talked about stem cells.

Suhyuk cautiously opened the door so as not to wake up the professor.

Then he heard Prof. Han's voice, "You're back!"

The lights inside the living room were on.

Han, who was watching TV, drinking beer, smiled at him.

"Why didn't you spend more time with him?"

Suhyuk said with a smile, "Well, that was more than enough. Let me buy some snacks."

He felt sorry for Han because he had been drinking beer without any snacks.

"You don't have to. I'm done now."

Like Han said, he was putting several empty beer cans into a bag.

"Won't you take a shower?"

"Oh, I will."

Suhyuk headed to go shower immediately.

While he was closing his eyes in the bathroom, he felt as if he was hearing William's voice.

"Won't you conduct research on stem cells with me?"

Suhyuk smiled at that. He thought his decision to come to the United States was right.

He found a hint on stem cells after running into a person unexpectedly.

After taking a shower, he went out to the living room, but Han was already asleep in his room.

Turning off the lights, he closed the door quietly, and went back

to his room.

He lay on the bed, which was soft. Looking out the window, he fell into sleep in no time.

‘Yea, it’s really fortunate I came here.’

Suhyuk’s smile did not disappear until he fell asleep.

The sun rose the next morning without fail again.

Taking a shower, Suhyuk ate cereal with milk for his breakfast.

Han and Suhyuk went out, but Suhyuk looked at Han with a curious look.

Han was going somewhere else instead of walking to the main gate of the apartment.

“Where are you going, sir...?”

Han turned to Suhyuk, and waved a car key he took out from his pocket.

“Rental car.”

He was offered a rental car by the hospital to use on a long term basis.

Of course, it was for free.

“What are you doing? Get in!”

Suhyuk got into the passenger’s seat.

As it was a semi-large sedan, it was spacious inside.

Suhyuk felt clearly how the hospital was treating Prof. Han.

Not only his annual salary but also the apartment and a car.

“Let’s go.”

Han was driving the car skillfully along the roads.

Though there was some traffic along the way, it looked like they would arrive at the hospital in time.

Getting out of the car in the parking garage in the basement, they got on the elevator.

“What should I do, sir?”

Han said with a smile, “Just do what I instruct you to.”

Suhyuk did not know what kind of instruction he would give.

Arriving at the general surgery building, Han was welcomed by the medical staff.

Greeting them by waving his hand, Han went to the conference room.

There were four doctors sitting there.

Given their age, it seemed their years of practice as doctors were not long.

Han stood before the podium, and Suhyuk took his seat among them.

Some more doctors joined later, who began talking amongst themselves about Han.

“I hear Han saved more than one hundred patients here.”

“The number of surgeries he has performed so far is countless...”

Suhyuk felt greatly satisfied, hearing them whispering like that.

Then Han checked his wrist watch. 10am sharp.

The beam projector was turned on, and the screen became bright.

“I’m going to start lecturing on severe trauma.”

Han slowly looked at the doctors, walking slowly on the platform.

“Do you know what causes heavy trauma?”

Phillip, seated in the back, giggled.

Here and there they came up with answers of their own.

“Usually there are many patients involved in heavy falls, have gunshot wounds, etc.”

Han nodded his head lightly.

“We have to first stabilize the breathing and blood pressure of such patients, right?”

“Yes.”

“The main cause of death in severe trauma patients is head injury, lung collapse, hemorrhagic shock...”

The doctors began taking notes in their notebooks so as not to miss any single word Han spoke.

Fixing his eyes on Han, Suhyuk slowly and continuously nodded his head.

Everything he said was right.

Explaining through a projector screen, Han suddenly turned his head to a doctor, asking, “One question. A person whose belly was full of ascites due to other illnesses was involved in a traffic accident. When I checked the shot images, I became suspicious of spleen and liver damage. What should I do first?”

Nobody answered. They were murmuring to themselves because they were not confident in what to answer.

Then Han looked at Phillip, who Daman praised a lot, saying he’s a promising doctor.

“Phillip, what would you do in such a situation?”

He opened his mouth without any hesitation.

“Well, I would remove the ascites first and reduce the pressure in the abdominal cavity before surgery.”

Han nodded his head at his reply. It was not wrong, but a standard reply as written in the textbook.

“Any other answers?”

Han was trying to draw a reply from the doctors by meeting his eye at theirs one by one, but they would not answer.

Then Han's eyes moved toward Suhyuk.

“How about you, Dr. Lee?”

He then opened his mouth.

And Phillip too looked at him. Other doctors also focused their attention on him simultaneously.

Chapter 127

“I would start surgery with the incision of the patient’s stomach.”

What Suhyuk meant was that he would not care about the patient’s ascites.

Han nodded his head.

“If the liver and spleen of a patient are damaged, they are an emergency patient. As the time lags, bleeding becomes worse and a heart arrest is accompanied. Before that happens, doctors should cope flexibly with the situation by starting with the incision...”

Phillip knitted his brows. Does Han take sides with Suhyuk because they’re both Asians?

He instantly turned his head to the window.

Han’s lecture was extended by one more hour.

The medical faculty gathered there said goodbye to Han before leaving the room.

Suhyuk approached Han who was sorting out his lecture material.

“How was it?” asked Han.

“It was great, sir,” said Suhyuk with a smile.

“That’s good to hear. Let’s go out to eat.”

The two went to the cafeteria in the hospital, where Suhyuk was surprised once more.

Almost half of the foods there were different from those served yesterday.

He felt that the hospital management was taking care of the doctors very well.

After eating for about 30 minutes, Han asked Suhyuk, rising from

the seat, “Do you want coffee?”

Though Suhyuk did not have coffee usually, it was okay for him to have it anytime if he could have coffee with Han during a break.

Prof. Han looked tired everyday back in Korea, but he was much more relaxed here, which Suhyuk liked.

They bought coffee at the cafe in the lobby and went out of the building.

They sat on a bench.

Taking a sip of coffee, Han suddenly said, “You want to see the patients soon, right?”

At his remarks, Suhyuk made an awkward smile and nodded his head.

However, there were many other doctors who could see the patients even if he were not available.

When Suhyuk was thinking of that, Han rose from the seat.

“Shall we go back?”

Arriving at the general surgery department, Han met Daman.

“Can I make the rounds of your patients?”

Daman nodded his head, thinking Han’s suggestion was more than welcome.

Han did not come here just to teach the doctors at Hopkins’.

During his one year of stay here, he was also supposed to work as a doctor.

“Thanks.”

Han and Suhyuk began visiting the patient’s rooms.

Whenever Suhyuk looked at patients, his eyes were glittering.

Suhyuk actively checked their condition, while Han was looking on in the back.

They cast strange eyes at Suhyuk because he was an Asian.

But Suhyuk did not show any emotional reaction despite that.

‘I’m a doctor, nothing more, nothing less.’

Even though they made the rounds for three hours, they could only see half of the patients here.

When Han was walking through the hallway in a leisurely way, he heard a bell ringing in his middle pocket. It was a call from Daman.

“It’s me, Dr. Han.”

“Can I ask you a favor? I was going to see a patient just taken into the emergency room, but I’m afraid I have to take care of a patient I’ve been treating, who got worse just now. Can you see the emergency patient instead of me? Let me contact them about this.”

“What kind of patient is he?”

“He’s complaining about vomiting and abdominal pain.”

“Got it.”

“Let me send over Phillip too, so teach him something, please.”

After the call, Han and Suhyuk visited the surgery desk, where Phillip was waiting for them.

“Let’s go.”

Nodding his head, Phillip followed him. Walking ahead, he pressed the buttons on the elevator.

Phillip held the elevator until Han and Suhyuk got on.

“Thanks.”

When they stepped out of the elevator while Phillip was pressing the open button, he looked at their appearance from behind with a frown.

They soon arrived at the emergency room in no time at all.

Some sort of moaning was heard from the room. Phillip, passing by the patients in beds, stopped before one patient. The white patient, who looked to be in his 50s, was lying in bed with a frown.

Then an intern approached Phillip.

“The patient’s pulse and blood pressure are normal.”

Nodding his head, Phillip asked the patient, “My name is Phillip. May I have your name?”

“Jason. I have so much pain in my stomach...”

Phillip said, checking his stomach, “What did you have for dinner yesterday?”

“Spaghetti only...”

Jason knitted his brows all the more, and he felt a pressure and ache at Phillip’s touching.

“It may be food poisoning or appendicitis...”

Then Han said suddenly, “I don’t think so. Wait a moment...”

Han, looking at Phillip quietly from behind, approached the patient and touched his forehead.

“It seems you don’t have fever. Are you feeling very much uncomfortable?”

The patient nodded, with a frown, and looked at Phillip.

It seemed as if the patient was asking if this Asian man was a doctor.

At that moment Phillip told Han, “Can I treat this patient, sir?” With a smile, Han nodded and stepped back.

Then Suhyuk approached the patient first. He already put on surgical gloves from the cart nearby.

“These are disinfected and sterilized gloves. Can I touch your stomach for a moment?”

When Suhyuk gently pressed the right side of his stomach, the

patient made a moan.

At the same time Suhyuk could think of one disease, because he felt something like a lump at his fingertip.

“This one...”

Phillip cut in his own remarks, with a frown,

“I’m sorry, Jason. I think you need a blood test first for an accurate diagnosis.”

“Rather than that I think he needs a CT shot first.”

Left untreated like this, the patient’s pain will grow more.

Phillip made a curious look when Suhyuk said that.

“Looks like he’s got intussusceptions.”

“How could you prove it?”

“Well, from his lower stomach...”

“Why don’t you have the patient go through a blood test and CT simultaneously?” said Han.

Han looked at both Phillip and Suhyuk. Who could be right?

The shot was done immediately, and the three were monitoring the screen.

They noticed some sort of dark area under the right side of the patient’s stomach.

It looked like a target with multi-layered circles.

Phillip made a frown, which disappeared instantly.

“You’re right, intussusceptions.”

Suhyuk cautiously opened his mouth so as not to offend Phillip’s feelings.

“Fortunately I could recall the name of the illness.”

Phillip said, while looking at the monitor, “I think the patient does not have to be admitted.”

That kind of symptom could go away while the patient fasted for a couple of days.

But Suhyuk thought differently.

Looking at Phillip, he hesitated a bit at first, but then opened his mouth, “I think he needs to have this intussusceptions cured right away. As you see, it won’t naturally go back to normal as there are many layers of intussusceptions.”

Phillip nodded his head slowly, saying, “Let me reserve an operating room for him.”

He left the imaging room, and murmured, “What a terrific guy...”

In the operating room the medical staff were moving busily.

Phillip, who was monitoring the patient under anesthesia, turned his head to Suhyuk and said, “Looks like we have to incise his belly.”

“Don’t you think it’s going to be a big burden on the patient? What do you think about laparoscopic surgery?”

Suhyuk completely ignored Phillip’s opinion. Han agreed with Suhyuk.

Phillip could not refute because he was a guest doctor here.

When the patient went into deep sleep, the medical staff gathered at the operating bed.

And they alternately looked at Han and the monitor installed on the side.

It was a good opportunity for them to learn from the guest doctor’s surgical skill.

“Let’s wait for ten minutes like this.”

Suhyuk nodded his head at Han’s words.

When the patient falls asleep under anesthesia, the body loosens. The same is true for the large and small intestine.

It could be possible that the intussusceptions could go back to normal naturally.

When Suhyuk was making a bitter smile, 10 minutes passed already.

They took another CT of the patient's belly right away and looked at the images.

"We need to incize it."

As Han said, the intussusceptions were still there.

Approaching the patient, Han said, putting on the surgical gloves, "Scalpel."

A black nurse handed him a sharp scalpel.

"I'm going to incise the side of the belly only, so that the laparoscope can enter."

As soon as the scalpel touched it, there was a line of blood on it.

"I'm putting in gas."

At Han's words, the nurse gave him a thin and long hose.

He was going to blow in some carbon dioxide gas through the hose to protect the organs and secure some space for surgery.

As soon as the carbon dioxide gas was put in the belly, the visceral peritoneum widened.

Even with the naked eye, the patient's belly bulging up was clearly seen.

Taking out the hose, Han said, "Give me the laparoscope now."

An intern gave it to him.

Han turned his head, while putting in the laparoscope.

He could see the images of the red large and small intestines.

The large intestine, which should have been stretched in a straight line, was swollen as if it had eaten up the small intestine.

Han looked at Phillip, saying “Can you make some room to allow for the use of forceps?”

Han wanted to teach him how to do that, at Daman’s request.

Han did not know how many times Phillip had done this before, but the more experience he had, the more it would help him later.

Nodding his head, Phillip took the scalpel to the patient’s belly.

Red blood spilled down the bulging belly, and Phillip moved the scalpel twice.

“Thanks,” said Han.

Phillip made the incision exactly as big as was needed for forceps to enter.

Then he hesitated a moment.

As he was in his first year of residency, he had never done it before.

Though he entered the operating room with Daman many times, had touched the heart of a patient, and even done the incision of the liver, he had never done any laparoscopic surgery before.

If he made any mistakes, he would have to take all the responsibility, and his present label as a promising doctor would disappear in a moment.

Though it would hurt his pride, he felt it would be better to reject Han’s suggestion.

Though he would not not completely feel that way, because he was a resident while Han a professor.

And the medical staff here would not blame him for that.

When Phillip shook his head, Han looked at Suhyuk.

“Do you want to try?”

Handed a forceps, Suhyuk put it in the patient's belly slowly, carefully watching the monitor.

When it was put in deeply, Suhyuk took it out again.

It was less than 20 seconds that Suhyuk did that for.

“All done. Thanks for the work, everybody.

The medical staff watching him blinked their eyes.

Chapter 128

The medical staff's eyes, initially fixed on Suhyuk, now shifted to the monitor showing the images projected by the laparoscope.

The organs were seen straightened out on the monitor.

Suhyuk could finish the surgery in such a short time.

He first put in the forceps in the patient's belly, grabbing the large and small intestines, and then he pulled the organs as if he were unravelling twisted ribbons.

That was it.

Even though his motion looked simple, it was a skill that required him to maintain a delicate control of force in order to avoid any possible damage to the surrounding organs.

In addition, not only the colon and small intestine caught by the forceps could be destroyed by mistake, but complications could be caused by touching the surrounding organs.

The medical staff murmured when they saw Suhyuk already starting to suture the place that they had put in the laparoscope.

“Would it be okay for him to finish it like this?”

“Looks like his surgery procedure took less than 1 minute.”

They were just watching Suhyuk pulling the surgical thread.

The patient soon opened his eyes in the recovery room.

The first person that came into his view was Suhyuk.

“Have you come to your senses now?”

The patient nodded with a frown, because he felt a slight pain in the belly.

It was only natural he felt pain, as his skin was cut and then

sutured.

There was a method of injecting contrast material or air into the anus and releasing the overlapped bowel with the pressure, but after all, he had to do a laparoscopic surgery. Intestinal obstruction was progressing and it was in a state of weakening. In such a situation, it was possible that puncture could occur in the intestines due to pressure during the attempt of duplication.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, looking at him, “How do you feel now?”

“Much better now.”

The extreme pain he felt disappeared unbelievably, but he felt a bit of stinging in the area where the surgery was completed.

Still the pain now was nothing compared with the pain he felt when he was taken into the emergency room.

“I’m glad to hear that.”

While the medical staff were checking the patient’s condition, Suhyuk turned back and began moving.

The doctor with black hair was reflected in the patient’s eyes.

He suddenly asked the nurse beside him,

“Who is the doctor who performed the surgery on me?”

Turning her head, the nurse looked over at Suhyuk, “Dr. Lee.”

He could see the appearance of Suhyuk when the door of the recovery room was closed.

Was the doctor looking at him?

The patient murmured to himself before he knew it.

“Thank you.”

The stereotypical image of an Asian that was fixed in his head disappeared in a moment.

Only Phillip was wrinkling his brows.

Suhyuk and Han made the rounds of the patients steadily.

And the medical staff whispered amongst themselves, looking at Suhyuk's appearance from behind.

"I heard that that doctor finished a laparoscopic surgery in less than 10 minutes."

"No, he did it in a second."

"Wow! He's great. As a guest doctor, he must be different from others."

Suhyuk's name began to be passed on slowly to others by those medical staff present during the operation, slowly gaining recognition.

Another day was closing peacefully without any emergency or serious patients coming.

When it was time to leave the office, Suhyuk and Han got on the elevator.

Then Suhyuk said to Han,

"Professor, I'm afraid that I'll go back to the apartment a bit late today as I have an appointment."

"For drinks? You've made many friends already."

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "Well, I'm seeing William who I just saw yesterday."

With a smile, Han waved at him, getting on the elevator.

"Don't be too late."

"Yes, sir."

Soon Suhyuk headed to William's office.

He accepted his suggestion to work together on stem cell research.

Rather, Suhyuk expressed thanks to him because he found in it

some research puzzles he had to solve by all means.

When he knocked on the door, William greeted him gladly.

“Suhyuk, let’s work together well!”

“Sure, my service to you.”

“Hahaha, It’s me who has to say that.”

Then the door was closed, and nobody knew what was going on inside.

Nobody except Suhyuk and William.

It was the 4th day since Suhyuk arrived at St. Hopkins Hospital.

They visited the hospital even on a Sunday, but their schedule was monotonous.

In the morning Han gave a lecture, and then had Q&A sessions after.

After lunch he made the rounds, and in between rounds, some primary physicians came to see him to get advice.

When one primary physician showed him a chart, there was an image shot along with it as if it was just printed.

“In my eyes, it looks like stomach cancer...”

Han looked at the chart quietly.

“In my opinion it looks like a GIST(gastrointestinal stromal tumor).”

Han opened his mouth again.

“Stomach cancer is seen within the mucosal layer, whereas gastrointestinal stromal tumors appear in the submucosal layer and muscle layer.”

Han pointed his finger to the chart.

“This is the border line of the inside and outside of the liver.”

The doctor with yellow hair nodded his head.

“Where do you think the lump is attached?”

The doctor, who was looking at the chart seriously amid Han’s kind explanation, now brightened his face.

“Oh, it’s attached to the outside. Yeah, it’s GIST.”

Nodding lightly, Han opened his mouth,

“Fortunately it’s not stomach cancer.”

GIST could be removed with surgery, and that was all that was needed.

“Thanks, Dr. Han.”

“You’re welcome.”

The white doctor disappeared in just a moment as if he wanted to reserve an operating room immediately.

Suhyuk felt very much satisfied with Han’s act like that.

Even here in the USA he was recognized for his skill.

Then Han asked Suhyuk,

“What kind of surgery is wise for a GIST?”

“I think we could do it with laparoscopic surgery.”

Nodding his head, Han walked ahead.

It was already 5pm.

Ding dong.

<The door opens>

Han got off the elevator first, followed by Suhyuk.

“Run!”

At Han’s words, Suhyuk moved faster.

A victim on a stretcher was taken into the emergency room.

She was a woman with grey hairs, even though she was in her late 50s.

Bruises all over her body, she could not open her closed eyes.

She was laid on a bed by the 911 crew.

“She was injured after falling down.”

“She did not notice the missing cover of a manhole and fell into it as if she took a nosedive.”

Suhyuk approached her fast.

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, Han assigned Suhyuk to give treatment to any patients with serious injuries, because he was the best in the field at it.

Suhyuk opened her eyelids.

“No reaction.”

Then Suhyuk moved fast, checking the patient’s vital signs.

He said to the nurse beside him, “Please check her blood type quickly!”

Within a few minutes, the patient arrived at a serious trauma center, with blood packs and an IV drip on her body.

There were many more medical devices here than at Daehan Hospital.

Thanks to that, they could save the time it took to have the patient scanned.

Instantly, the picture was displayed on the view screen right above the patient.

Han and Suhyuk got close to the viewer, and so did the medical staff.

“The tibia was broken and the liver seems to have been damaged.”

The bleeding was so severe that it was necessary to transfuse the blood.

“We are going into operation room right away. Be ready.”

At Han’s voice, the other doctors began preparing in unison.

Then Daman came to observe Han’s surgery.

At that moment the patient’s eyes opened with a tremble.

Moaning with pain, she barely said, “Where am I now?”

“In the hospital.”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile because the patient, who opened her eyes with difficulty, had to go to sleep again under anesthesia.

A gentleman stood in a nice suit.

This blond-haired man was standing before a nice restaurant.

He took to his nose the bundle of flowers that he was holding.

The sweet fragrance of flowers made him smile.

Then he checked his wrist watch suddenly and looked around.

Though the appointed time already passed by 30 minutes, the other party did not yet arrive.

He called with his cell phone, but there was no response.

He then looked at his phone again quietly.

At that moment, his phone buzzed. It was from St. Hopkins Hospital.

“Hey, it’s the weekend. Why did they call me?”

With a frown, he took the phone.

“Yes, this is Phillip.”

“Sir, there’s big trouble! Phillip, your mother is now...”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your mother is now undergoing surgery!”

Phillip made a blank expression.

He could not understand what the nurse was talking about.

He was going to have dinner with his mother for the first time in a long time.

‘How could this happen...’

“Come quickly!”

Phillip, moving slowly, now began to run.

Despite the medical staff’s detaining him by the sleeve, he was rushing into the operating room.

As he was going nearer to the room, the red sign came into his eyes: In Operation.

‘I should save her life, wait a minute!’

Then the red light was turned off.

With wide open eyes, he now headed to the recovery room.

Beep... Beep...

The machine sounded out a quiet alarm.

All sorts of pads and an IV drip were pasted on the body of the patient, who also had a respirator put on.

The surrounding medical staff monitored the condition of the patient closely.

Her eyes began to open slowly.

“How are you?”

The first person that came into her eyes was an Asian man with a black pupil.

“Where am I...”

“In the hospital. Your surgery went well.”

Fortunately, her liver was not severely damaged, so a bit of incision was all she needed.

And just a cast for her broken leg.

“Am I in the hospital?”

“St. Hopkins Hospital.”

When she opened her mouth, her respirator got fogged up inside.

“My son, where is my son Phillip...”

Then someone called from the outside,

“Mom!”

The medical staff turned their heads instantly, where Phillip was rushing toward them absentmindedly.

“Are you okay, mom?”

She nodded her head with difficulty, and Phillip scrutinized the devices connected to her body.

And Daman opened his mouth, “Phillip, the surgery went well.”

“Phillip, I’m okay now.”

Her wrinkled hands touched her son’s face.

“Boohoo...”

Tears streaked down Phillips’s face, who now felt relaxed.

Then the medical staff’s murmuring came into his ears, “He’s really great. I’ve never seen anybody doing such a nice and skillful surgery before.”

“I hear that the doctor was actually still just a resident...”

Feeling his mother’s warmth, Phillip turned his head to the side slowly.

He could know instantly who they were referring to.

The Asian guy, Lee Suhyuk.

He was looking at him calmly.

“She will be alright,” said Suhyuk.

At that moment Phillip dropped to his knees, and tears spilled down his cheeks quietly.

The medical staff were stunned.

Phillip, a man of great self-respect, kneeled down? Why?

And even tears...

“Sorry, sorry. And I’m really thankful to you, Dr. Lee.”

Chapter 129

Suhyuk raised Phillip up and whispered,

“Your mother is right here, so try to show her that you’re a reliable and great son.”

Phillip, who was lowering his head, looked at him.

There was something different about him.

Suhyuk was far from being arrogant.

Maybe he was a man like that from the beginning.

“Thanks so much...”

Then Suhyuk turned back with a smile.

Suhyuk thought that seeing as her son was here, he was not needed here anymore.

When Phillip grabbed his mother’s hands again, Daman fixed his eyes on Suhyuk who was leaving the room. He felt that Suhyuk was just like Han when he first saw him.

“Let me go now, Phillip,” said Daman, tapping him on the shoulder as he left.

Daman said to Han, walking side by side with him, “What a terrific guy!”

Actually he was stunned when he heard from Han that he would put Suhyuk in charge of the surgery.

How could he let a junior doctor take care of severe trauma patients?

Daman could not believe his ears everytime he had heard Han say, “He is at least as good, or better than me.”

As soon as Han gave the go-ahead, Suhyuk moved briskly like a fish in water.

His fast handling of the surgery along with the incision of the belly, partial incision of the liver and the ensuing smooth anastomosis.

It was as if he had been thinking of all that in his head prior to the surgery.

Han smiled at Daman's praise of Suhyuk,

"Actually I'm surprised myself from time to time about him."

"You're great, Dr. Han."

Obviously Han must have taught Suhyuk.

Han just smiled. Of course he had never taught him before.

The one thing he taught him was about caring about the patient's feelings.

That made Suhyuk what he was today.

The next day, Suhyuk was in the room of the patient who underwent intussusceptions.

As he performed the surgery, he was just like the head surgeon.

Of course, other medical staff thought so too.

"Hi, Dr. Lee," said the patient, welcoming him.

Though he had the surgery only 3 days ago, he was already up and running.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm feel quite normal now. I owe it to you, Dr. Lee! Thanks a million."

Suhyuk showed the chart to him, adding,

"This is your blood pressure, pulse, and this..."

He heard Suhyuk's step-by-step explanation, and glanced at him.

He was such a queer doctor in his eyes.

‘Why is he showing me a chart with such a kind explanation?’

It was the first time he’d seen a doctor like this.

However, the patient was beaming brightly, with his questions like that left behind in his thoughts.

He was moved by the doctor’s behavior.

“Then you can just go ahead and get discharged, if that’s what you want.”

Nodding his head, the patient memorised the name on his gown.

That day passed quickly.

Suhyuk was heading for the elevator to go to William’s office just like he did the day before.

Then his cell phone buzzed.

It was a call from intern Park Sungjae.

When he touched the display of his phone, Park’s face appeared on it.

“How are you, sir?” asked Park, bending his head.

“How are you?” asked Suhyuk back.

Given his rugged and tangled hair, it was obvious that he worked day and night.

“I sent you the package you mentioned. Looks like it will be delivered tomorrow.”

Before he left for the USA, he had asked Park to find the package he left behind in the taxi and ship it to his address in the USA.

As soon as he heard Suhyuk’s request, he instantly put it into action.

“Thanks, Mr. Park.”

“I miss you, sir”

At Park’s flattering words, Suhyuk just smiled.

“Other doctors also miss you, and there are many patients looking for you.”

That was true.

Since Suhyuk moved to the USA, the cardiothoracic surgery department was simply just too busy.

The vacuum he left behind was too big.

“Are you on call tonight, sir?” asked Suhyuk.

“I think so. Oops, my primary doctor wants me now. Let me give you a call again later.”

And Park added, “By the way I applied for the cardiothoracic surgery department, sir!

By the time you come back, I’ll have turned into a resident.”

If there was any department that the interns hated the most, it was the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Suhyuk was just proud of him, though he did not sense that Park had been affected by him so much.

Soon Suhyuk hung up the phone, and pressed the elevator button.

Ding dong.

The door opened, and Suhyuk went in.

Then he heard some calling from behind suddenly, “Dr. Lee!”

It was none other than Phillip.

“Are you available this evening?”

“I have an appointment. What’s up?”

“Well, I wanted to dine with you. It’s regrettable...”

Strangely enough, their conversation seemed rigid, but their look toward each other was different from before.

“Though it’s regrettable we cannot, then...”

Phillip walked with his back to him.

“How is your mother, Phillip?”

Though he performed the surgery, he was not the main surgeon.

At his words, Phillip nodded his head indicating that she was doing well.

“I’m glad to hear that.”

Soon Suhyuk disappeared into the elevator, and Phillip looked at the door quietly.

And he made a smile of thankfulness.

Day by day there happened to be some dramatic event.

And those events were mainly happening around Suhyuk.

Suhyuk looked at the picture on the viewer, and the medical staff gathered around him.

They were interns and first-year residents.

Suhyuk, looking at the CT, opened his mouth,

“Usually gas is not formed in the small intestine, but this patient is different. It’s full of gas. Do you see an increase in the size of intestine on CT? It is a case of typical intestinal obstruction.”

The medical staff nodded.

This time another picture was shown on the viewer.

“At this angle, a part of the abdominal wall is widened, and the bowel is pushed into it. So movement in the intestine was blocked, and it had to be stopped.”

The small intestine was swollen and at the same time the abdomen was swollen with it.

“Spigelian Hernia. In this case, the patient may go into a state of shock without urinating. Immediate surgery is required.”

Suhyuk only gave a brief explanation about the CT, because the patient was an emergency case.

Surgery was scheduled immediately, and the medical staff gathered around Suhyuk.

Suhyuk took a scalpel to the patient's belly.

As small as possible, he made an incision of about 8cm.

Then the red intestine came out.

As seen on the CT, the bowel was stuck between the muscle defects.

The medical staff stood on tiptoes to take a look at it.

"Pull it!"

At Suhyuk's instruction, an intern pulled it with a retractor.

A snake-like organ was clearly visible before their eyes.

Suhyuk examined the small intestine carefully, and opened his mouth, "I think we had better put it back in its original position as it's not as damaged as we thought."

In this situation a doctor might ask them about the next step, but Suhyuk did not.

The sooner the surgery was done, the pain the patient would feel would be much less.

"Before we closed the belly, the part where the intestine was stuck was stitched. A patient with a hernia should undergo surgery at the moment of its confirmation. Otherwise, as you saw in this patient, intestinal obstruction may occur and the patient may go into shock. Despite having a hernia, the patient put up with it as the best he could. After all, when he could not bear the pain any longer, he was brought to the emergency room."

Suhyuk looked at the medical staff slowly.

"I don't know how well the hospital operates here, but I hope I

could be of help to the patients.”

The patient was worried about the bill even when he was brought into the emergency room.

And the surgery lasted about 30 minutes.

Suhyuk was very busy everywhere like a fish that had met water.

How frustrated had he been back in Daehan Hospital where he could not see the patients as much as he wanted? Han thought such questions to himself like that.

Daman had the same thought.

“Dr. Han, I think you created a monster!”

It was so spectacular to see resident Suhyuk teaching the residents here.

Regardless of position or title, any doctor was given the best treatment and compensation at St. Hopkins Hospital as long as he or she was capable enough.

Going out of William’s office, Suhyuk walked through the hallway, sweeping back his hair.

It was already past 10pm.

He let out a little breath.

“Huuuuh...”

He felt that he had quite a busy day, performing surgery after surgery.

He was hectically busy, but felt good about it because the patients could laugh thanks to his service.

Suhyuk smiled, thinking like that.

Ding dong.

Going out of the elevator, Suhyuk went out past the lobby.

Then his cell phone buzzed.

It was a call from Han who arrived back at the apartment first.

“Can you buy some beer when you come back?”

“Of course.”

Suhyuk took the bus to the apartment.

It took about 30 minutes for him to get to the bus stop near the apartment.

Wasn't there any convenience store nearby from the beginning?

He could not find one no matter where he looked around.

He then saw a black guy coming out of an alley with a convenience store bag, and left for that direction. A bell rang when he went into the store, signaling the entrance of a customer.

Suhyuk looked around. It was quiet inside.

He could not see the owner, either.

Then he heard some sort of moaning from a man from somewhere inside.

Suhyuk turned his head to the counter, where he saw some sticky blood coming out of the white tiles on the floor.

Suhyuk rushed toward the counter.

“Please report to the police! I was shot by a gun...”

Chapter 130

Suhyuk's pupil expanded when he saw a fatty white man in his mid-30s, his upper clothes stained with lots of blood, which flew onto the floor.

Coming to his senses, Suhyuk jumped the counter and tore off his shirt.

Suhyuk noticed blood coming out from the man's chest, and that it came from the left side where his heart was located.

"Please help me...Cough, cough..."

Fortunately when he coughed from his mouth, blood did not come out of his mouth.

Suhyuk pressed the man's chest hard with his clothes, which became instantly stained with blood as if it were a sponge.

There might be some towels for sale at this convenient store to use instead, but he had to stop the bleeding first.

"What is your blood type?"

At Suhyuk's urgent asking, the man said with difficulty, "B-type...B"

Suhyuk called 911 immediately.

"I have here a patient who was wounded by gunshot, and is now bleeding severely. His blood type is B. Urgent. Come quickly to this place. The address is..."

After the phone call, Suhyuk made a frown because the blood was spreading from his back and to the floor.

'Penetrating wound.'

"Please press it for a moment."

Suhyuk lifted his hand and had him press it.

Then he jumped the counter, picking up a towel that was inside

the store and returned back to the man.

He put the towel on the part of his back where the blood was coming out.

Suhyuk was clearly aware of what he was supposed to do in such a situation.

Actually he had experience with opening many patient's bellies for surgery.

He was far from embarrassed. He was only concerned about the man's safety.

The man's face, who was looking at the ceiling blankly, became pale gradually.

"Am I dying now... I should not die..."

Tears rained down from his eyelids, because his mother living alone was glimmering in his eyes.

'What is she doing now?'

She had one of her legs lost because of a traffic accident.

Even now she might be waiting for him, not sleeping at this late hour.

Her face smiling at him came to his mind, but it became darker and darker now.

At that moment Suhyuk lifted his eyelids, saying,

"Come to your senses! You're not dying! Don't worry. I'm a doctor."

At his words, the man cast his languid eyes toward him and said, "Really...? Please save my life. I have to survive because my mother is sick..."

If he dies, there is nobody who can take care of his mother.

"Don't worry. What is your name?"

“Milion...”

“Okay. Milion. How old are you...”

Suhyuk kept encouraging him to talk, and on such occasions he replied without fail.

Soon people began gathering at the convenience store, and looked at Suhyuk and the man with a worried look.

At that moment the 911 crew came in.

“We’re here!”

“Gunshot wound?”

“Yes, penetrated through his chest. Please stop the bleeding first.”

Milion was taken to the ambulance quickly.

Pads designed to monitor the oxygen respirator and the patient were attached on his body, along with blood packs.

“Huuuuuuh... huuuuh...”

Every time he breathed, a pure white steam fogged up in the oxygen mask.

“Please don’t tell my mother about me...”

Milion was carried into the trauma treatment center immediately, and the doctors examined the viewer showing his X-ray shots.

There was no bullet seen anywhere in his body.

As expected, the bullet penetrated clean through his chest.

While he was being given fluids and blood transfusions, he had all sorts of examinations.

And the doctors were inevitably surprised.

Daman murmured, “The bullet penetrated beyond all the

organs...”

Despite that, the patient was far from safe.

There was some damage to his scapula and ribs. The lungs were the same. The bullet moved beyond the organs, but the lungs were damaged by the shock.

Incisional suturing was urgent.

“Be ready for surgery.”

At Daman’s direction, the medical staff moved ferociously.

Without any word Suhyuk disinfected his hands and wore a surgical gown.

When Milon was going under anesthesia, Suhyuk approached him, showing his face to him by removing his mask, and said, “You’ll be better when you wake up from a good sleep.”

Nodding his head, Milon said in murmuring tone, “Please... I feel sleepy now.”

“We’re going to start with incising the lungs and then penetration suturing...”

At Daman’s voice the medical staff nodded.

Whenever he held out his hand, the assistants gave him several tools.

Suhyuk fixed his eyes on them from behind.

Daman shook his head before he knew it because he felt he was being monitored by someone else as if he was a beginner resident. He even felt that if he made even a small mistake, Suhyuk would find fault with it. He noticed Suhyuk’s sharply glittering eyes.

“Heart...”

At Daman’s saying, an assistant pulled the heart so he could get a view of it.

When he touched the bobby on the lungs, a white smog came out,

pouring out blood.

Without caring at all, he cut into the anastomosis. It required a partial, not complete incision of the wounded area.

“Huuuuuh....”

Wrestling with the suturing for a while, Daman turned his head to the side, when a nurse wiped off beads of sweat from his forehead.

Two hours had already passed since the operation started.

It would be perfect if the operation was done within the next 30 minutes.

But the operation lasted about 3 hours.

As soon as he was done with the anastomosis, Daman washed the organs and bones where the bullet passed beyond. Otherwise there was a chance of inflammation developing.

After he was done performing the surgery, Daman stepped back.

“Finishing touches, please.”

Then, Suhyuk said, “Wait a moment!”

The medical staff turned their eyes toward Suhyuk.

“Looks like the patient has lipoma.”

Daman looked back at the patient’s belly, and widened his eyes.

As Suhyuk pointed out, there was some sort of bulging on his belly, 10 cm away from the navel.

Was it because he focused only on the incision of the lungs? Daman could find it only when Dr. Lee mentioned it.

Already Daman’s hand was on it. He felt something like a rubber ball at his fingertip.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth again, “Looks like you had better remove it.”

It seemed a small lipoma between 2 and 3 cm.

There would be nothing damaging to the body even if it was left unremoved, because the patient wouldn't feel any pain from it.

However, if left unremoved, it could grow into a giant lipoma of more than 10 cm over time.

Then the lipoma, grown as large as it could get, would cause pain by touching its surrounding tissues, and directly affect the function and movement of the body.

"We can't do anything without the guardian's consent. We can wait until the patient recovers and talks."

At Daman's words, Suhyuk knitted his brows because the patient would have to go through another surgery.

"Okay, let me get the guardian's consent then. Wait a moment."

Suhyuk looked at the patient, whose chest was already opened up, with his heart wiggling and beating hard.

It looked as if the patient was saying he is okay.

'Please be patient a little longer.'

After a quick look at the patient's face, Suhyuk went out of the operating room. When he came out, he found an electric wheelchair moving toward him quickly.

She was in her early 60s, in long pants with her right leg lost.

She was Milions' guardian, who just got here after she was contacted by the hospital.

"Doctor! My son... Is my son alive?"

Suhyuk smiled at her as brightly as he could.

"As planned, the surgery was done well. And your son will get well soon."

Tears dropped from her wrinkled eyelids, and Suhyuk bent his knees to meet his eyes with hers, saying, "You filled out the

consent form a while ago, right? Now the doctor found a lipoma during operation. Though it's nothing particular, he might get sick later if it is not removed..."

Suhyuk explained to her as easily as possible, and she nodded quickly.

"Boohoo... yes, please go ahead!"

"Yes, will do."

Standing up again, he moved to the automatic door of the operating room, and he turned his head to her back. One of her pants drooped down.

He smiled at her, adding, "Let me come back with your son very soon."

When he came back to the operating room, Milion's chest was closed, with the suturing done with just a moment ago.

"I've got the consent for the lipoma removal."

Daman shook his head, saying, "I've never seen a doctor like you before."

"Can I do it?"

At his words, Daman nodded his head because he already knew Suhyuk was quite capable.

"Okay, thanks for your efforts then."

Holding a scalpel, Suhyuk walked up to the patient.

And he checked the location of the lipoma.

When he found it, he moved the scalpel without any hesitation.

He pressed the incised area as if to squeeze out something. At the same time, some yellow fat came up. It was the lipoma in question. It looked like mashed tofu.

When he checked it with his naked eye, it was about 3 cm bigger

than expected.

Suhyuk pulled it out to the root by hand.

The lipoma was dropped onto the metal tray, and he stitched it up right away.

He could finish it with only a few stitches as it had been only a small incision.

“Done. Thanks.”

“Oh, my god...”

The medical staff murmured to themselves, watching him agog.

As soon as he grabbed the scalpel, he made an incision and then he was suturing.

All this was done instantly before their eyes.

‘Without any mistake, let me do it in the shortest time,’ Suhyuk thought to himself.

Of course, the medical staff were unaware of Suhyuk’s thought like that.

In the meantime, Daman, with his mask removed, shook his head, saying, “How wonderful...”

Dr. Han really created a spectacular monster, he thought.

Soon the patient was moved to the recovery room.

All the vital signs on the machine were indicating that he was normal.

Though his blood pressure was a bit low, it would get better gradually.

Daman, waiting for the patient to wake up, tapped Suhyuk on the shoulder.

“Good job!”

As soon as he said that, the other medical staff who participated

in the operation said in unison, “Dr. Lee, nice job!”

Watching the vital signs of the patient, Suhyuk smiled at them, and said, “Just call me Suhyuk. Lee Suhyuk.”

Chapter 131

Milion's condition was getting better so quickly that anybody could hardly think that he had just been shot. For the bullet went completely through without hitting his organs.

There was no other way to explain it than to say that he was just that lucky.

Another day passed like that.

Even though only 24 hours passed since he had undergone surgery, he could chat with a smile on his face, but it was still too much for him to get out of the bed and walk.

Turning over the chart before Milion in bed, Daman opened his mouth with a smile, "Post-surgery condition is really good. You can be discharged in one month."

His mother in the electric wheelchair expressed words of thanks continuously, "Thanks so much, doctors. Thanks a million..."

When she offered her thanks like that, Daman turned his head to look at Suhyuk, who was smiling in the back.

The very doctor who saved his life.

Without his help, his mother would have sit up all through the night everyday, his picture soaked with her tears.

At that moment a man holding a camera around his neck came into the room.

"Excuse me, sir."

Everybody turned their heads back. Nobody knew him.

But the man was indifferent. Looking at the doctors, he cast his eyes at Suhyuk.

"Oh!"

Taking out a pen and notebook, he approached Suhyuk quickly.

“Hello, my name is Robert, a reporter with CNO. You are the doctor!”

Suhyuk stepped back before he knew it.

“Yes... yes....”

“Can I ask you how you’re related to the patient? I heard the surgery went well...”

Suhyuk pointed to Daman, saying, “He performed the surgery.”

Daman said with a smile, “Fortunately the bullet...”

Glancing at the professor, Robert looked back at Suhyuk and asked, “Did you see the suspect’s face?”

What the reporter was interested in was not the doctor who performed the surgery.

It was instead the Asian doctor who took care of the victim with gunshot wounds.

Ordinary people were more interested in this Asian doctor.

How dramatic the report would be!

When Robert held out the recorder, Suhyuk suddenly spoke in Korean, “Well... I don’t speak English well. I didn’t see the suspect. The police...”

Suhyuk could not continue because some sort of awkward Korean was being spoken by Robert.

“Oh...were you Korean? I could speak Korean a bit as I learned it...”

What happened?

How could he speak Korean, such as it is?

When Suhyuk was about to sneak out of the room, he saw some other reporters coming toward him.

“Isn’t he the person we’re looking for?”

“Looks like he is. Wasn’t he a doctor?”

Suhyuk was surprised all of a sudden, as they were taking out recorders, and holding cameras like Robert.

Suhyuk slipped out of the room without hesitation.

“Wait a moment!”

Without looking back, he quickened his stride, and went straight to the restroom.

Then he changed his mind and changed his direction.

The restroom was a closed place, and open to the public. Accordingly, once he went in, he would be confined there, surrounded by the reporters.

“Doctor!”

Suhyuk moved around here and there as if he was playing hide-and-seek with them.

The reporters were chasing him like ticks.

In the end, Suhyuk chose a place only he had access to. An operating room.

He quickened his pace to the operating room.

Despite their desperate calls, Suhyuk went into the room.

And the reporters swept up their hairs, gasping for breath after following him in vain.

After catching their breath, some of them sat on the hallway bench.

Once he went inside the room, Suhyuk caught his breath.

Then a masked man came out of the operating room.

“Dr. Lee, what are you doing here?”

The man, taking off his mask, was Phillip who just came out after serving as an assistant.

“Let me go out after I take a breather here.”

“What’s the matter?”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile, telling him about the situation about the patient with gunshot wounds and the reporters chasing after him.

Phillip nodded lightly. He felt Dr. Lee didn’t want to be known to the public.

“Okay, let me go first.”

Phillip went out when the automatic door opened.

As Suhyuk said, the reporters camped out on the hallway.

Watching them quietly, Phillip told them,

“You shouldn’t do this. You might get punishment for obstruction of justice if you go on like this.”

Then Robert stood up and said with a smile,

“Don’t you think the prestige of St. Hopkins Hospital will go up if the people know about this?”

“As you know, St. Hopkins Hospital is the best in New York. Please go back. If you don’t, I have no choice but...”

Phillip’s warning was very icy, and the reporters had no choice but to leave.

Phillip was standing there until they left the building to the end.

When they all left, he looked at the operating room where Suhyuk was hiding.

Suhyuk’s embarrassing expression came to his mind.

Watching the automatic door, Phillip smiled and headed to the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Fortunately the news about Suhyuk was not reported.

But this was not back in Korea.

The video that was taken through the CCTV about Suhyuk's treatment of the wounded patient still spread.

Those acquaintances of Suhyuk's came to know about it, and the video was spreading through the internet, with lots of replies to it.

<When did he go to the USA?>

<He is nowhere and everywhere. He is just there to save others' lives.> <Korea's signature doctor!>

Though he never wanted it, his presence was being appreciated back in Korea, where he was not there anymore at the moment.

Suhyuk moved cautiously all day long.

Whenever he moved, he basically looked around first.

It was not in his element to draw others' attention. It felt too uncomfortable for him.

The long arduous day was now over.

When he was waiting for an elevator to go back home, Han Myungjin opened his mouth, "Why don't you take a break for the rest of the day?"

Suhyuk shook his head. Though he wanted to, he could not break his promise to William.

It was an assignment he had to resolve by all means.

"Okay, I won't give you any errands for beer. So come back home straight after you're done."

Han got on the elevator, while Suhyuk headed for William's office.

And he thought to himself, 'in the near future...'

If he worked harder with William, he felt he could produce some good results.

As soon as he knocked on the door, William opened it.

Suhyuk went in. The door did not stay open for very long.

It was well past the time Suhyuk usually went back home.

Past 1am, and still there was no sign of their movement inside.

The hallway was quiet, except for some occasional footsteps from some medical staff.

Then a loud voice was heard from William's room.

"Oh my god! Ha ha ha..."

It was William's voice.

"Suhyuk! I owe it all to you. Thanks!"

William expressed his thanks to him by grabbing Suhyuk's hands.

All he did was to make a puzzle, which everybody could do.

But putting the complex puzzle together was not something anybody could do.

But Suhyuk did it! And at that within a month.

"You're wonderful!"

Suhyuk smiled at that.

As he put together the puzzle, all he needed to do was to identify what kind of picture it was.

'I can now do it.'

Suhyuk tightened his fist strongly.

The next evening.

After the day's work Suhyuk made a strange look in front of William's office.

For the door was locked tightly, and he did not take Suhyuk's

call.

He could learn the reason from the nurse at the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department.

William was on vacation leave for one week as of today.

Anything wrong happened to him? Or...

Suhyuk smiled bitterly. It did not matter to him even if William took all the papers of his.

Suhyuk just wanted to confirm the outcome of his research with his own eyes.

He wanted to check it by all means because he had something to do.

Walking through the hallway, Suhyuk shook his head.

Though William was a recent acquaintance of his, Suhyuk did not think William was a shallow guy he could not trust.

At that moment his cell phone buzzed and Suhyuk smiled.

It was a call from William.

“Yes, William. It’s me”

“Dr. Lee, could you come to Manhattan now?”

“Why do you want me to come there all of a sudden?”

“Oh, I’m afraid you might find it difficult to locate my place...”

As Suhyuk arrived in New York only recently, obviously it would be difficult for him to get there easily. It would take some time even if he gave him the address.

William opened his mouth again,

“Let me send you a car, so the driver can take you here. It’s urgent. There seems to be an error in our research.”

Suhyuk tilted his head because he and William found no error when they met yesterday.

Was it because their research was at the final stage?

“Okay, then. Let me wait for the car at the main gate.”

There might be hidden errors he failed to catch.

After the call he headed to the main gate right away, and waited for about 30 minutes.

A luxurious car arrived there.

A middle-aged man in black suit got out, and asked with a smile, “Are you Dr. Lee?”

“Yes, you’re right.”

“Please get in. William is waiting for you now.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk got in the car.

It was around 8pm.

When he was looking out the car window, the driver’s eyes were reflected in the side mirror.

His eyes were cast toward him, ‘Asian...’

His glittering eyes showed he was surprised at Suhyuk.

After about one hour’s drive, the car arrived at the destination.

It was an auditorium seemingly reserved for operas.

“Is this the place where William wants to meet me?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, the man nodded and adjusted the buttons on his upper clothes.

“Let’s go.”

Suhyuk followed him silently.

He felt something was strange because the man entered through the rear door instead of the main door.

Though he cast a doubtful look, the man was just smiling.

They soon arrived at one door covered with leather.

The man held out his hand instead of entering.

“Let’s go in.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk pushed the door open.

And he formed a blank expression when he stepped in.

Chapter 132

Click, click.

Never-stopping camera shutter sounds and camera lights that popped up here and there seemingly looking like stars.

Suhyuk looked around.

There were more than 100 people seated down, looking at him. Then they all stood up in unison.

He heard a muffled applause from someone, and then everybody there clapped their hands at him.

“What’s this all about...”

When Suhyuk made a blank expression, he heard William’s voice from the side.

“Let me introduce to you, Dr. Lee.”

Suhyuk turned his head to William, who was now standing on the podium.

He was dressed in a black suit. Though his dishevelled hair was the same as always.

With a smile, William looked over at him, asking him to step up to the podium.

Suhyuk slowly walked up to William, with all the people inside now casting their eyes at him.

He could not understand the whole situation at this moment.

“William, what the heck is this...”

“They have lots of questions now.”

At that moment one reporter asked, raising his hand, “You solved quite a big conundrum. Does this now mean that you can revive dead nerve cells by using stem cells?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, with a puzzled look, “Yes...”

“Dr. Lee, what do you think about the costs of stem cell transplant, which must be very high?”

“Dr. Lee! Look this side!”

Reporters asked questions here and there, but Suhyuk answered each question calmly.

The question and answer session lasted about one hour.

William stood quietly next to Suhyuk.

Now he could treat his mother who had a limp caused a traffic accident.

William smiled, murmuring to himself, “Thanks, Dr. Lee. I owe it to you.”

When there were no more questions and the camera flashes diminished, Suhyuk let out a long sigh.

The next day.

Waking up from the bed, Suhyuk again found himself embarrassed.

For Prof. Han came into his room early in the morning.

Han opened a newspaper suddenly, with its front page showing a big picture of him standing at the podium.

Han said, “You’re on the TV news too.”

Suhyuk headed to the living room as if he was absent-minded.

<The stem cell research Dr. Lee announced this time was very innovative...> Yes, it was true that he was on the TV news, and at that, on the newshour of a network that has considerable global influence.

Was he not completely awake from sleep? He rubbed his eyes

with his hand.

Suhyuk threw himself on the sofa.

“You’re really a wonderful guy.”

Han shook his head after watching him.

He had heard from the start that he and William were working on stem cell every night.

And he expected that Suhyuk might come up with some astounding result.

But this was more than what he had expected.

Despite it being only his recent arrival here, he had already made himself known to the whole world.

Wearing a puzzled look, Han opened his mouth,

“Why are you making a crestfallen expression when you have done such a great job?”

“Well...”

Suhyuk just scratched his head, letting out sigh after sigh.

“Let’s just go.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk stood up.

He had to report to work anyway.

The people at St. Hopkins Hospital were going crazy about Suhyuk.

Every time the medical staff passed by Suhyuk, they gave him a thumbs-up.

Though Suhyuk let William claim the credit, he could not cool down their hot attention on him.

Besides, William was seen nowhere at the hospital as he took a one-week vacation.

He said he would visit his mother.

Suhyuk's appearance could be seen from behind, heading for the patient's room where Milion was hospitalized with gunshot wounds.

After looking at Suhyuk's back for a moment, Daman opened his mouth with a smile, "Dr. Han, you have been raising a tiger cub so far."

Han replied, with a smile, "No, I haven't. I just ran into a little tiger lost in the mountain. I just guided him to a nearby stream that I knew of, as he seemed to be thirsty."

Han looked over at Suhyuk now going into a patient's room, saying to Daman, "It is that man who quenched his thirst for himself."

Daman nodded his head from side to side.

"By the way, I don't see a single reporter here."

Han was curious, too.

Given the magnitude of the event, normally a throng of reporters would come here, but that curiosity was instantly gratified by Daman.

"Phillip drove all of them away," said Daman.

Han slowly nodded his head, thinking it was good for Suhyuk because he wanted to take care of his patients quietly without any distraction.

But Suhyuk's identity was already being widely known to the world by various news reports, so there was nothing different even if the reporters were stopped from coming to this hospital.

Though Suhyuk's name was on the lips of the medical staff at St. Hopkins Hospital, he just remained quiet.

“Is there anywhere you feel uncomfortable?”

At Suhyuk’s words, Milion made a smile, replying,

“Well, I don’t have any problem with walking now. Can I get discharged soon?”

Suhyuk smiled softly and said, “As you said, your condition is very good. But I think you still need a post-surgery watch for the time being.”

Nodding head, Milion said, “I saw the news. I’m so lucky to have met such a wonderful doctor.”

With a smile he went out of the room, followed by Han.

Accompanied by the medical staff, Han explained about the diseases and their names, with Suhyuk standing in the back.

There were no emergency patients.

It was about the time that they would leave the office.

When Suhyuk talked with the medical staff at the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department, Daman came and said, “Dr. Lee, other hospitals request that you hold a briefing session for them. What do you think?”

A briefing session about his stem cell research.

Suhyuk rejected the request without any hesitation, saying, “I don’t know much about it. I think William would do better than me.”

Daman was about to reply, but did not, just nodding his head lightly.

He could not force him to do it when Suhyuk did not want it.

Suhyuk and Han got on the elevator and then stepped out into the lobby together.

“It’s been a long time since we’re going home together. How about beer at home?”

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Sounds great!”

Arriving at the apartment, they took a shower and sat in the living room.

Drinking canned beer, Han made a satisfied expression.

“On a muggy day like this, cold beer is the best,” said Han, glancing at Suhyuk.

He was making a bitter expression as he was again on the TV news.

Han took a glass of beer to his mouth.

He could understand why Suhyuk refused the request for his briefing session.

Han opened his mouth, his eyes fixed on the TV news, “I guess you rejected their request because you just wanted to focus on the patients.”

Suhyuk nodded, with an awkward smile.

“It’s difficult to save many people’s lives with only one hand, but if you think from a different perspective, you could make a hand to treat many patients with one person’s knowledge,” said Han.

When Han said that, Suhyuk felt as if he had his head struck with a hammer.

Why did he realize that only now?

If he let others know about what he had found out, it could help them save those groaning in pain.

Suhyuk rose from the seat abruptly. Han took a glance at him.

“Are you going somewhere at this hour?”

“I think I have to call Dr. Daman.”

“Okay.”

Suhyuk went into his room, and Han made a smile, drinking beer.

“I’m sorry to bother you, Dr. Daman.”

“No not at all. I’m still at the hospital. By the way, what’s up?”

“Well, I want to have the briefing session you mentioned a while ago.”

“Great! Let me tell the hospital staff about it then.”

After the call, Suhyuk touched his cell phone.

‘Sure, what’s the big deal about people appreciating me? I can just do what I’m supposed to do steadily. Let’s be a proud son to my parents, so they can talk about me proudly wherever they go.’

When Suhyuk made a resolution like that afresh, his cell phone buzzed.

It was a call from reporter Han Jihye.

“Hello...”

“Hey! You’re making a bigger impact now that you’re in the United States!”

The big three TV networks in Korea were scrambling to report about Suhyuk’s research on stem cells.

“What I mean is...”

“Anyway, congrats! I’m so proud that you’re a Korean.”

Coming to work very early in the morning, Suhyuk was waiting for a car sent by the hospital that requested his briefing session.

“You’re now Korea’s signature doctor. Do it well.”

Suhyuk smiled awkwardly at Han’s encouraging words.

Soon a black sedan arrived.

Getting out of the car, a middle-aged man held out his hand to him.

“Hello, my name is Melson, working at the neurosurgery

department. Thanks for your precious time.”

Then Suhyuk said goodbye to Han, “See you, sir.”

“Let’s go now,” said Melson.

He opened the door for him, and Suhyuk got in.

While Melson was driving, Suhyuk made a firm determination to tell his audience about the outcome of his research on stem cell completely, without holding anything back.

He already asked for consent from William, who gladly okayed it.

Though both of them produced the outcome, it was rather difficult for William to explain it.

For it was Suhyuk who completed the research at the end of the day.

Above all, William had his name and Suhyuk registered in the medical world with respect to the stem cell research in question.

They could both angle for the Nobel prize with due recognition.

Though of course, Suhyuk did not even dream of it.

The sedan soon arrived at the destination. It was a big hospital, widely known, but not famous enough to be compared with St. Hopkins Hospital.

“Suhyuk, let’s go in.”

Escorted by Melson, Suhyuk went in.

Even at the entrance of the lobby there were many people already that recognized him.

Some of the patients cast dubious eyes at him, but the medical staff correctly recognized who he was.

The conference room was on the 5th floor.

Suhyuk walked up to the podium, looking around.

There were many medical staff in white gowns.

Suhyuk lightly tapped the microphone before him and opened his mouth, “Hello, my name is Lee Suhyuk.”

Chapter 133

The briefing session continued on without any break time.

Despite this, nobody left the place as they were all focused on Suhyuk's explanation.

That showed how important his briefing session was.

“Thanks everybody. Let's have a 10-minute break and then a Q&A session after.”

As soon as Suhyuk said that, the doctors present there closed their laptops and notebooks, standing up from their seats.

“Just great. How could he solve all that?”

“I heard that Koreans are smart, and I think that's right. He's a really smart guy.”

Suhyuk, standing at the podium, looked at them heading for the restroom.

‘They would treat a great number of patients, based on my stem cell research.’

Even though he had no patients right before his eyes, he felt he would be able to treat them, starting from today.

Click.

The camera flash popped up at the place where he mingled with the medical staff.

A photographer took a picture of Suhyuk.

Suhyuk made a gentle smile at him.

Click, click.

The photographer suddenly raised his thumbs up, to which Suhyuk did the same.

The Suhyuk today was different from the Suhyuk of the past who

hated camera flashes and attention.

“Is there anyone you respect?” one reporter asked.

Suhyuk gladly answered without any hesitation,

“Well, that would be my parents who gave birth to me and raised me.”

That’s right. Without caring about their own life, his parents raised him by working hard, doing such things like manual labor or cleaning buildings despite their back pain.

When they wrote Suhyuk’s remarks in their notebooks, another reporter asked, “Do you have any mentors?”

At his asking, Suhyuk replied,

“Prof. Han Myungjin. He’s a guest doctor at St. Hopkins Hospital right now.”

Nodding his head, the reporter murmured, “Someday I’ve got to interview him.”

While the reporter and Suhyuk were exchanging a brief conversation, the doctors came back after their break. The breaktime was now over.

Suhyuk said, “Let me now open the floor up to your questions.”

The doctors raised their hands here and there.

After the briefing session was over, Suhyuk went back to the hospital, and was waiting for the elevator.

“Dr. Lee!”

Suhyuk turned back at someone’s calling him from behind.

It was Phillip.

“How did your briefing session go?”

“Great. Thanks for your help.”

Suhyuk knew that Phillip drove away all the reporters coming to

the hospital to see him.

Without Phillip's help, he would have experienced a lot of difficulties moving to his where he needed to go.

Ding dong.

Suhyuk went inside the elevator with Phillip.

They remained silent while they were heading for the surgery building.

Soon they stepped out into the hallway, with Phillip walking ahead.

Phillip walked fast as if he had a patient he needed to see urgently.

"Dr. Lee. Nice job today!" said Phillip, suddenly turning his head back toward Suhyuk.

When Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, Phillip had already disappeared around the corner.

Suhyuk walked to the desk of the surgery department, where he could find Daman and Han already there.

Han greeted Suhyuk with a smile, saying, "So, did your briefing session go well?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must be tired."

"I'm alright, sir."

"Really?"

When Han gave an eye signal to Daman, he handed a piece of A4 paper to Suhyuk.

A list of several hospitals were on it.

"What is all this..."

"Well, these hospitals are requesting for you to give a briefing

session too.”

Suhyuk fixed his eyes again on the paper. More than 30 hospitals.

Han cautiously opened his mouth, “You don’t have to.”

Han knew it was not that easy for him to move from one hospital to another for the briefing session, both physically and mentally.

At Han’s remarks, Suhyuk, who was perusing the list of hospitals, lifted his head, saying, “I can do it.”

Suhyuk was full of confidence, as if he would go as far as Africa for the briefing session.

Watching him quietly, Han said,

“Yes, you have to work more if there are many people wanting to see you. But you have to take a break if you feel tired. If you’re sick, oftentimes you can’t see the patients even if you want to.”

“Got it.”

“Sure, your health comes before anything else.”

At that moment, he heard the nurse taking the phone at the desk.

“A trauma patient. He’s being transported to our hospital now.”

When Daman took over the phone from the nurse, Han looked at Suhyun as if to ask him, ‘What are you going to do?’

Suhyuk’s glittering eyes trembled a bit, but only for a moment.

“Your job, professor.”

‘Yes, that’s what I want to hear from you.’

Han patted him on the shoulder.

Then Daman, who just hung up the phone, opened his mouth, “Dr. Lee, the phone number for each hospital is written here. Call them to arrange a convenient time for your briefing session.”

“Yes, sir.”

Soon Han and Daman left the place.

Left alone, Suhyuk pressed the call button on his cell phone, checking the number on the A4 paper.

“Hello, this is Boston Hospital.”

“Hello, this is Suhyuk Lee.”

“What? Lee Suhyuk? What business made you call us?”

Scratching his head, he informed them again about him, “This is Suhyuk Lee from St. Hopkins Hospital. I’d like to offer a briefing session...”

Some sort of startled voice was heard from his cell phone.

“Oh, doctor! Wait a moment. Let me connect you to the hospital director.”

The connection was made immediately.

A deep and sonorous voice was heard in Suhyuk’s ears. It was very polite.

“Thank you for your call, sir. This is James, the director of Boston Hospital.”

Already dozens of days passed since Suhyuk hopped from one hospital to another for the briefing session.

Though the videotapes of his briefing session were spread to many doctors, he went anywhere he was wanted to satisfy the doctor’s curiosity and answer their questions.

It did not end there.

The US FDA endorsed his stem cell work after it went through the 1st, 2nd and 3rd clinical tests successfully. It came very close to being commercialized.

Regardless of their age, the doctors looked at Suhyuk with respect.

Aside from his capabilities, his attitude toward the patients was

different.

He treated patients well as if he was taking care of his lover or as if he was sick himself.

Some of the doctors did not pay any serious attention to him, but there were those who took his words to their hearts.

And they began to call him another title other than merely 'Dr. Lee.'

Dr. of Medicine.

Even though he had no doctoral degree in medicine, the fact that he was called like that meant he was now recognized by his fellow doctors.

Never caring about it, though, Suhyuk only showed them his medical knowledge while performing the surgery.

Suhyuk's activities at St. Hopkins Hospital went on and on, and soon it snowed and new buds appeared on the trees. Time passed quickly like that.

And Daman and Han shook hands.

With a smile Daman opened his mouth,

"Times flies like an arrow. Already one year has passed since you came here. Thanks so much for your work here, Dr. Han."

Han smiled gently, replying,

"Well, I enjoyed it a lot here, working and making money too. Hope you can stay in good health until we meet again."

After exchanging greetings with Han, he looked at Suhyuk.

He just raised his thumbs up without saying anything to him.

With a smile Suhyuk gave a bow to him as well as the medical staff who came to see him off.

“Goodbye everybody!”

Everybody waved their hands at him.

Now Han and Suhyuk got in the car waiting for them.

The buildings in New York quickly passed outside the car window.

“What are you going to do first when you go back to Korea?”

“I want to buy a house.”

With a smile Han nodded his head.

Suhyuk made a lot of money by offering the briefing sessions at many hospitals, which were not free.

“Well, I miss spicy kimchi soup along with soju.”

“Let me treat you, sir.”

“I guess you don’t want to treat me just one time, right?”

Suhyuk smiled and said, “Just tell me anything you want to eat, professor.”

“Wait a minute... I’ve got too much food that I want.”

“I’m going to buy you all of it.”

“Yes, I was going to make such a request anyway. I’m going to have you treat me a lot.”

Suhyuk looked out the window, thinking about when he would be able to come back to the US.

While Suhyuk was thinking about it, the car was heading for the airport silently.

Arriving at Incheon International Airport, Suhyuk went out after going through immigration.

Fortunately there were no reporters out there.

As he arrived without even informing Daehan Hospital of his

return, the reporters could not get wind of it.

“Are you going straight home? I think I have to stop by the hospital.”

Han had to report to the hospital director.

“I would like to come with you, sir.”

Both of them headed to the hospital, which took about two hours to get there.

Arriving at the hospital, Suhyuk looked up at it.

He felt as he was back home. Are they all doing well?

“What are you doing?” asked Han who was walking ahead.

Suhyuk quickened his pace.

The medical staff of Daehan Hospital greeted them wildly.

Especially Suhyuk’s appearance made the whole hospital excited and noisy.

Even those medical staff who did not know him approached to exchange greetings.

Park Sungjae, who became a resident of the cardiothoracic surgery department, was no exception.

“Welcome back, sir!”

“How have you been doing?”

At Suhyuk’s greeting, he nodded his head and said, “I respect you, sir!”

That night.

The medical staff had a dinner get-together, and Suhyuk was present.

Regrettably Prof. Lee Mansuk and Prof. Kim Jinwook could not attend because they went to academic seminars.

The hospital director raised his glass, saying,

“As you know, Dr. Lee Suhyuk came back with a terrific research achievement.”

At his words, the medical staff nodded their heads.

Suhyuk, who made such a sensational impact in the United States, became the face of Daehan Hospital now.

When he was making an embarrassed look, the hospital director raised his glass higher and said, “Let’s toast for the future of Dr. Lee Suhyuk!”

“Cheers!”

Everybody downed their glass of soju, and so did Suhyuk.

The mixed taste of soju and beer softly touched his throat.

“Were you always that interested in stem cells, Dr. Lee?”

“How did you come to think of it?”

The professors showered him with questions, with mixed feelings of envy, surprise and jealousy.

Han just smiled at them.

Suhyuk was about to answer the questions when the director said, “Dr. Lee Suhyuk.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“You must have had a lot of hardship in the United States. So, I would like to let you take vacation. How about one month? Of course you’ll be paid during that period, and at that, twice as much.”

It was obvious that the other hospitals were keen on scouting Suhyuk. Accordingly it was inevitable to give him the best possible compensation.

At the director’s eye-opening offer, the other professors were surprised.

Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“Thanks for your consideration, sir. But I’m afraid I have to join the army soon.”

Chapter 134

Suhyuk got out of the dinner get-together by making an excuse.

It was 10pm. It was late, but not that late into the night.

He arrived at his villa by taking a taxi. An old and battered villa.

Looking at it quietly, Suhyuk walked up to it.

Ding dong.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me.”

“Who?”

“Me, Suhyuk.”

The door was flung open.

Suhyuk’s mother stood with eyes wide open.

Surprised by his sudden appearance, she stared blankly for a moment and then hugged him.

“Oh my god! You came back here without informing me at all!”

Suhyuk, held in her arms, closed his eyes.

He felt warm, comfortable, soft and cozy while being embraced by her.

All the flowery words that could be found in this world were not enough to describe a mother’s shield for protection.

“Did you eat?”

“Yes, mom, I did.”

“Did anybody come to our home?”

His father’s voice was heard from the living room.

“Honey, Suhyuk is here!”

“Really?”

Suhyuk stepped into the living room with a carrier bag.

His father was standing with the TV remote controller in his hand.

“When did you come back?”

“I arrived in the evening, but first stopped by the hospital.”

“I see. Nice work. Did you eat?”

Suhyuk just smiled at his father’s blunt way of speaking, which made him happy whenever he heard it.

“Yes, I ate before I came here.”

Despite that he asked his wife, “We’ve still got samgyopsal (pork belly rashers) in the refrigerator, right? Roast them for Suhyuk.”

“He said he had dinner already.”

The she turned to Suhyuk, saying, “Your daddy purchased samgyopsal today. It’s very delicious as they were made near here. Let me roast them. Do you want to try?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

He could have samgyopsal only several times with his parents.

“Let me wash up first.”

Putting down his carrier bag on the floor, he headed for the restroom.

Then he heard his parents’ conversation outside.

“We don’t have soju anymore?”

“You drank it already in the evening!”

“Let me go out and buy some soju at the supermarket.”

“Are you going out to buy soju again? Buy some beer for Suhyuk, too.”

Suhyuk was all smiles while he was taking a shower.

When he went out, he saw the dining table covered with all kinds

of delicious foods.

Kimchi soup and various kinds of side dishes, and samgyopsal, too.

“Suhyuk, come on in and eat.”

As soon as he was seated, his mother gave him some samgyopsal that she wrapped in lettuce.

“Tastes delicious, right? Your dad bought it.”

With a smile, Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“Dad, mom. Let’s move to another house.”

Suhyuk left home very early, and stopped by the real estate brokers’ offices.

Though it would be more desirable for him to let his parents choose the house they wanted, it was certain that they would not let him do so. They told him even yesterday that the current house was more than enough for them, and he knew the reason without asking them why they said that.

When he went into a real estate agent’s office, a woman in her early 40s greeted him.

“Come on in. Are you looking for a house?”

“Yes, please show me a good one.”

She instantly scrutinized him. A man in his 20s wearing ordinary clothes.

Yet his face was somewhat familiar to her, which instantly came to her mind before disappearing. There were lots of people with similar faces.

“Sure. One bedroom or two bedroom house? There are many cheap listings out for sale.”

“Apartment..”

“Oh, have a seat then.”

Offering coffee, she sat face to face with him.

“These days there are many listings for long-term rent, too.”

“I want to buy one.”

“I see. How big one are you looking for?”

She felt that he did not seem able to afford one.

“Well, I’m looking for a spacious apartment, hopefully with a terrace.”

Her eyes were opened wide.

Even those in the upper middle class could not afford such an apartment.

Was this man playing a trick, she thought to herself.

“How much do you have in mind?”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “I’ll buy any listing I like, regardless of the price.”

Now Suhyuk was looking around a big apartment.

It had a spacious living room with four bedrooms, plus a terrace.

It was as if he was looking at a small garden, with grass on the terrace, which reminded him of the Sky Park on the rooftop of Daehan Hospital.

Suhyuk looked around the terrace slowly.

It was spacious enough for his mother to place flowers and plants.

Back to the living room, he looked at the spot where a TV set was supposed to be put.

A big-screen TV in that spot.

Obviously his father would like it, who liked to enjoy watching soccer and baseball games on TV.

“The restroom is also spacious and good. Look at the landscape from the terrace. You could have a barbecue party here with your kids in the evening. It adds a fantastic atmosphere, I think.”

Suhyuk smiled at her remarks, though he did not have any kids.

“Ok, let me sign the contract.”

The sales contract was completed very quickly, and that very evening he visited the apartment again with his parents.

“Oh my god!”

His mother was at a loss how to express her joy, moving from the living room and bedrooms to the terrace. His father slowly moved around the room with his hands clenched behind his back.

Coming to Suhyuk quickly, she opened her mouth, “Son, you didn’t buy it yet, right? One must make a living within one’s own limits. I love this place, but it looks too expensive.”

Then his father came up to him, saying, “you had better cancel the contract. Let’s go.”

“I’ve already purchased this.”

His father’s eyes were wide open.

“What did you say?”

Looking at them, Suhyuk smiled.

‘Living within one’s own limits? If that’s true, they should have lived in a much bigger one than this. They’re great parents who raised me by working so hard up to now. I’m here thanks to them, and I was able to be a doctor. I made a lot of money during my stay in the United States. They made all the sacrifices for me without looking back on their miserable life. It’s about time they enjoy their life even in a small way.’

“Are you sure, son? Can’t you cancel this contract?”

At his mother’s asking with concern, Suhyuk just smiled, saying, “Yes, I purchased this.”

“Haaaah.....” She let out a long sigh.

His father was looking at Suhyuk quietly without any words.

Then he said to his wife, “He said he purchased it already.”

At his words, she said, “Suhyuk, come to me, dear.”

And then she hugged him tightly, saying,

“How could I live in luxury like this without you?”

Feeling her warm body temperature, folded in her arms, he murmured to himself, “This is just the beginning. I’ve a long way to go.”

Watching his wife and son quietly, his father moved to the terrace.

A clear view from the terrace seemed to make him feel very good.

“I think I have a good son...” he murmured, and then called his friend, “Hey, it’s me. I’m going to throw a housewarming party. When are you available? Toilet paper? No, just buy some pork neck. It’s an apartment with a garden. How much did I pay? Well, my doctor son bought it for us, hahaha!”

The date of Suhyuk’s enlistment was set.

One and a half months away.

It was enough time for him to remove a spike that had been stuck in his chest for a long time.

Hana’s Rice & Soup restaurant.

Looking at the signboard, Suhyuk went into the restaurant.

As it was lunchtime, the restaurant was crowded with customers.

The memories of his get-togethers with Dongsu and Hana came to his mind one by one.

Rolling up his sleeves, he went into the kitchen. Sensing someone's presence, Hana's father turned his head.

"If you take a seat..."

Suhyuk smiled at him, saying, "How have you been, sir?"
"Oh, who is this? Korea's signature doctor!"

Suhyuk moved to the kitchen sink with an awkward smile, but Hana's father stopped him.

Killing his boredom by watching TV, he was already aware of all the news stories about Suhyuk.

"Your hands are not for this kind of rough work."

He pushed Suhyuk aside and said, "You didn't have lunch yet, right? Let me bring you a delicious rice with soup, so go and have a seat."

Suhyuk bent his knees to check the condition of his ankles.

"How do you feel now?"

"I'm okay. So, just get out of here, please."

Not caring about what he said, Suhyuk touched his ankles with his hands here and there, asking, "How about now?"

He made a bitter smile, replying, "It hurts if you touch it like that."

Suhyuk stood up after hearing what he wanted to hear.

The nerve was still alive around his ankles, which meant the surgery could be done without any difficulty.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for so long. Let's go for surgery."

Making a smile, Hana's father said, "I just feel okay. So, never mind it."

“Well, I can’t go to sleep,” said Suhyuk.

At his reply, Hana’s father hardened his face.

Had he been repenting for himself up to now? So, he wasn’t sleeping properly?

Though Suhyuk was smiling, he looked so pitiful.

“Okay, meal first. Go and have a seat there.”

“Cheque, please!”

At the customer’s asking for the cheque, he was about to move, when Suhyuk stopped him.

“Let me take care of that. Yes, I’m coming now.”

Suhyuk reported to work at Daehan Hospital.

He was there for the surgery of Hana’s father’s legs and the post-surgery care, which he estimated would take about one month.

15 days after that, he was supposed to be enlisted in the army.

The time was enough, so he did not make any haste.

Actually he took into account the remarks by Hana’s father that he could not close the restaurant all of a sudden.

So, he gave Hana’s father one week for preparation until the surgery.

Suhyuk adjusted his schedule for it.

And he began offering lectures on his stem cell research as he did in the United States.

Fellow doctors and professors came to listen to his lectures, regardless of their ages or ranks.

Suhyuk was no more the kind of person who took on all the assignments for himself at the hospital like before.

It was as if they looked at a seasoned lecturer.

Suhyuk was determined to teach them all his findings on stem cell research.

“Thanks for your nice lecture!”

When he was done, all the medical staff present there gave him a standing ovation.

Especially, Prof. Lee Mansuk and Prof. Kim Jinwook clapped their hands energetically.

Looking at Suhyuk, Lee shook his head, “What a wonderful guy!”

Kim, next to him, made a smile and said, “I knew early on he would hit it big like this.”

Then Suhyuk’s cell phone buzzed. It was a call from Prof. Han Myungjin.

“Yes, professor.”

“Are you busy now?”

“No, I’m just finished.”

“Good. I hear that a patient was just transferred here from another hospital. As I have to go to the operating room now, I wonder if you can take my place. He’s in the intensive care unit now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk moved immediately.

At his prompt action, the medical staff murmured among themselves, “Dr. Lee, he’s running again...”

“Just amazing.”

It was not unfamiliar to them to see Suhyuk running around in the hospital.

Soon he arrived at the intensive care unit, asking the nurse, “Where is the patient that was transferred from another hospital?”

“Oh, come this way. And this is a chart sent by the hospital.”

Suhyuk examined the chart swiftly.

<23-year-old woman patient Kim Suji>

<Cardiomyopathy>

<No reaction to any treatment>

Suhyuk pulled down a curtain when he saw the patient, after being guided by the nurse.

A woman who seemed to be in her early 20s.

With an oxygen respirator on her mouth, she looked so miserable.

A sort of little voice came out from her mouth, who was looking at him with half-closed eyes, “Haaaaaah.... Hello, doctor...”

Chapter 135

Suhyuk came closer to her, asking her,

“Hello. What is your name?”

“Haaah... haaaaah... Suji. Kim Suji.”

He was relieved to hear her reply to him because it showed her conscious state was normal.

Checking her vital signs and body condition, he said, “I’m Dr. Lee Suhyuk. Can I touch the stethoscope to your chest?”

“Yes...”

Suhyuk pulled down her upper clothes slightly, and pressed the stethoscope against the left side of her chest.

He carefully listened to her heart.

He heard the heart murmur.

It was a sign that one of the four valves, which could be called the door of the heart, was ruptured. If the valve which opened to send blood through to the body is not closed properly, this kind of noise is heard as the blood reverses in the wrong direction.

“Haaaaah... doctor... am I in a serious condition? They told me to go to Daehan Hospital, saying they can’t treat me...”

She was aware of the name Lee Suhyuk, and of his face, because she saw him on TV.

Suhyuk, whose face hardened for a moment, smiled and said, “Don’t worry. I’m a famous doctor who was on TV. So, just trust me. Got it?”

She nodded her head slightly.

Suhyuk called a nurse immediately.

“Please take a blood test and ECG for this patient, Kim Suji.”

“Yes, sir.”

After she, carried on a stretcher, disappeared with the nurse, he fixed his eyes on her chart again.

There was the name and the contact number of the physician who treated her.

Suhyuk called him without any hesitation.

“Yes, this is Dr. Oh Chulin.”

“Hello, this is Dr. Lee Suhyuk at the cardiothoracic surgery department at Daehan Hospital.”

Suddenly Oh’s voice was not heard, but it was only brief.

“Oh! It’s an honor for such a famous doctor like you to give me a call like this...”

“I’m taking care of the patient you sent us. You mentioned myocardiopathy, and no reaction to treatment...”

“Ah... actually she has terminal cancer. Initially the reaction was favorable internally, but...”

Listening to him, Suhyuk nodded his head, but his face was hardening gradually.

“Got it. Thanks for your explanation.”

“You’re welcome. When you’re available one of these days...”

Suhyuk hung up the phone as he did not hear his voice. He was completely focused on the patient.

The radiograph shots were shown on the viewer.

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

Her condition was serious, just like Dr. Oh had said.

She could not be cured with internal treatments.

The fact that her heart did not respond to internal treatment

meant her heart was broken.

It needed a surgical operation, and it was not that easy of one to perform.

Terminal myocardioathy.

Suhyuk contacted Prof. Han immediately. Fortunately he answered the phone quickly.

“Professor Han. The transferred patient. She has terminal myocardioathy.”

“Terminal? So what?”

“I think we need to perform a heart transplant.”

“Are you in the intensive care unit? Let me come to you right away.”

Han soon arrived, and checked the shots, images and the examination chart with a long sigh.

The mitral valve and tricuspid valve of the heart were damaged, and various complications were present. Therefore, the operation of the artificial heart besides the artificial valve could not be considered. Left untreated, she could not live more than one year.

“What is her blood type?”

“Type B.”

Watching the chart and shaking his head, Han murmured, “it’ll take a long, long time...”

Because it was none other than the heart organ, it was like picking a star from the sky to find someone who was willing to donate the heart.

It was only possible to get a donation from a patient in a state of brain death, suspected of having clear medical death due to an accident or brain disease. Needless to say, one had to get the donation paper signed by the patients who had fallen into the

disease or the consent from their picky guardians.

"I will contact the organ donation center," said Suhyuk.

He faxed the patient information to the center after calling them.

It would take time to find the right organ compatible with the patient, but his name recognition would help speed up the process.

He got a reply from the center that they would get back to him the next morning.

A nurse came to him, who just finished the call, saying, "Sir, Kim's guardian came."

"Where are they?"

"She's in the intensive care unit."

A woman in her late 40s was sitting on a bench in the hallway.

She hurried to the hospital after she was informed that her daughter had been transferred to a different hospital.

Wrapping her face with her hands, she stood up feebly, and asked, "Then, can my daughter survive if she receives a heart transplant?"

"I already informed the organ donation center about this. They said that they would reply by tomorrow. So stay with your daughter until then."

"What if there is no heart compatible with hers? Then what happens to my daughter?"

There was some silence between them.

"Then we have to find another heart donor."

At his reply she clenched her teeth.

"We'll do our best to find the right donor."

Nodding her head, she went into the intensive care unit.

She stroked her daughter's hair cautiously.

"Mom, Dr. Lee Suhyuk told me that he could treat me. The nurse also says that he's a famous doctor..."

She was almost choked to tears, but cleared her throat, nodding her head.

"Really? Don't worry about anything, okay? Got it?"

"You're going through so much hardship because of me, mom... If I get well, let's go out for the noodles that you like..."

"Sure, sure. And for the clam noodle soup that you like..."

Suhyuk soon turned his back after watching them.

The next day.

Suhyuk was talking to the organ donation center.

"Unfortunately we could not find a heart compatible with patient Kim Suji. Hello?"

"Can you contact outside the country?"

"We can, but it will take some time. 6 months at the latest..."

Suhyuk knitted his brows. Six months would be too long.

There was limit to controlling a patient's life span by using all kinds of medical methods.

"I look forward to your best possible help."

Suhyuk tried his best to find a donor other than the organ donation center.

Whenever he found any available time, he took to the phone to find a possible donor.

But there was no tangible outcome.

"Huuuuuuuh....."

Suhyuk let out a long sigh after putting down the phone, just looking at it quietly.

Soon he was heading for the intensive care unit to check her condition.

While he was walking down the hallway, he overheard some nurses talking to each other.

“You know patient Kim Suji, who has terminal myocardiopathy. I hear she needs to receive a heart transplant... Too bad.”

“Was it three years ago? A patient died after he failed to get a heart transplant while waiting for one.”

Suhyuk, whose face was hardening, made up his mind that Kim would not tread the same path.

He went into the ICU and ran into the patient’s mother.

“Doctor, I have something to tell you...”

They moved to a break area.

Offering a cup of coffee to her, Suhyuk took a seat.

“The heart compatible with my daughter... do you think it will take some time to find...”

Suhyuk did not hide anything because she need to know about the exact situation.

“I’m currently checking outside the country. So, a compatible donor can appear quite soon.”

Was she listening to him?

Sipping cold coffee, she looked at Suhyuk, and said, “Don’t you think that a heart from a family member has a higher chance of compatibility with her?”

“Well, that is statistically right. But examination is necessary for an accurate diagnosis...”

Suhyuk opened his eyes wide while talking to her.

Was she thinking of donating her own heart?

All sorts of thoughts came to his mind.

“Don’t think about weird stuff. There is a certain standard for a patient who can receive a heart transplant. Above all, there is a clause that says, ‘the patient can get psychological protection from their family.’”

In that respect, she is not the right person to get a heart transplant from.

His face hardened, Suhyuk came out of the break area.

At that moment, she stopped him and said,

“Her daddy is in the hospital right now, in a vegetative state.”

Tears flowed from her cheek.

9pm.

Suhyuk was on the elevator at a different hospital with Suji’s mother.

They soon arrived at the 3rd floor, and moved to the patient’s room.

There was a middle-aged man in his late 40s in there.

He stayed put there in the bed, with an oxygen respirator on his mouth.

He was none other than Suji’s father and her husband.

“Honey, I’m here.”

She came up to him, and grabbed his hands, saying, “Sorry. I couldn’t come yesterday as I was too busy. Were you bored?”

Suhyuk came to her side.

“He is two years younger than me.”

They met at college as a junior and a senior.

The memories of him giving her flowers or tying up the loose laces on her sneakers on bent knees were still vivid in her mind. And their pleasant walks during the summer night.

Holding his hands gently, she opened her mouth, “Honey, our daughter Suji is very sick... Boohoo... very, very sick. So... boohoo...”

Suhyuk slipped out of the room.

Suhyuk met his physician and asked him to check the compatibility.

“As I am not busy, I can check it out quickly.”

Having said that, the physician left the place, and Suhyuk sat on the bench in the hallway.

About two hours passed.

The physician came back to Suhyuk. He nodded his head to Suhyuk who rose from the seat.

“Thank you.”

Then Suhyuk went back to the room. In front of the door he heard her sobbing quietly.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

She was holding his hands as if she was praying.

Suhyuk cautiously opened his mouth,

“It’s compatible.”

Hearing that, she sobbed louder, which filled the room.

Suhyuk was leaning against the wall.

It would be a tough surgery.

Chapter 136

Suhyuk was moving in an ambulance, along with Suji's mother and father.

She did not say anything while holding his hands tightly.

She was just shedding tears quietly.

The ambulance arrived at Daehan Hospital in no time.

And the medical staff waiting for them took her husband inside.

The stretcher carrying Suji's father was coming into the lobby and then to the elevator.

Suhyuk checked his condition briefly, which showed that nothing could go better or worse.

Beep. Beep.

Sitting next to him, she did not say anything at first, but soon barely opened her mouth, "Honey. Do you remember what I told you when you brought me a bundle of flowers? I said we would have been better off going out to eat meat with that money that you spent on flowers. I think it was slip of the tongue. The flowers were so pretty and I loved them. I'm sorry, honey... And you remember the time in the early morning when you came home drunk? You asked me to boil ramen to relieve a hangover. I just went to sleep with the excuse that I was sick...? So sorry I didn't boil it for you then. Boohoo... I'm just sorry for everything... Sorry... boohoo..."

Tears flowing from her eyes soaked her cheeks.

Suhyuk moved his hands toward her shoulder, but did not touch it.

Nothing could comfort her at the moment.

Suhyuk put the papers on the table, which were the consent form for Suji's surgery and a certificate of donation on of her husband's

heart. He went out the door and closed it quietly.

“Good job!”

Suhyuk turned his head to the side at someone’s voice.

It was Prof. Han Myungjin.

“Your face doesn’t look good.”

Like he said, Suhyuk’s face was hardened.

“What should we do? We have to save the patient’s life first.”

Han patted him on the shoulder.

Having said that, Han let out a sigh, staring at the door of the patient’s room that Suhyuk just came out of.

The next morning, Suhyuk visited the patient’s room where Suji’s mother and father were staying together in.

Warm sunlight was pouring into the room as the curtains were opened. A cool wind shook the curtains and made them swing gently.

“Suji’s mom,” spoke Suhyuk.

At his calling, she stood up while looking at her husband. Her eyes were swollen.

She must not have slept at all, shedding tears all through last night.

She presented the consent forms to him, saying, “Doctor... my daughter... and my husband... Please do good to them.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll do our best.”

Handed the consent forms, he confirmed her signature.

She must have felt very pained and even tormented when writing down her signature.

It was tinged with her tears.

Looking at the papers, Suhyuk opened his mouth at last, “The surgery date has been set for today, but if you need more time...”

She shook her head, and on such occasions she shed tears.

“My husband might want a quick surgery too, because he loved her so much. Right, honey?”

She smiled, but her tears never stopped flowing.

Suhyuk visited Suji’s room immediately, and smiled.

“Fortunately we found a compatible heart, so you can get the surgery today.”

“Really?”

“Yes, 3pm this afternoon.”

She barely nodded her head. Even though the surgery was scheduled suddenly, she still liked it.

Then her mother came into the room.

“Sorry, I could not come because I was busy yesterday.”

Suji said, smiling faintly, said, “Mom, the doctor says I can get the surgery...”

She stroked her hair adorably, saying, “Yes, how fortunate it is... Really it is...”

“When the surgery is done, let’s go out for clam noodles and see your daddy. He must be very bored as he is alone...”

She stood from the seat and turned back quickly.

“Let me go to the restroom.”

Shutting her mouth with her hand, she ran out of the room.

Watching the door she just went out of, Suhyuk smiled at Suji and said, “I’ll see you a bit later then.”

The operating time was approaching, and the preparations were

well in progress.

Soon the time came, and Suhyuk went to see Suji.

“It’s time for your surgery. You can come with me.”

Suhyuk pushed the stretcher carrying Suji out the room, along with her mother.

She was holding Suji’s hands as if she was praying.

“Suji, you can manage it, right? Don’t be scared. The doctor says it will be over quickly. You just take a nap and then wake up. Right, doctor?”

When he nodded his head, Suji lifted her hand with the IV fluid attached.

She wiped her mother’s tears, saying, “Yes, mom. Don’t worry too much.”

The door of the operating room opened, and she shouted into the gap of the closing door, “I will be here, waiting for you, Suji!”

Coming back out of the operating room, and Suhyuk moved with her.

While Suji was under anesthesia, he had to bring her father.

Soon they arrived at his room, and pushed the stretcher carrying him into the hallway.

She did not say anything, just walking while watching him continuously.

Soon they arrived at the operating room.

Suhyuk stopped for a moment to give time for the last meeting between her and him.

“Suji’s daddy... Haaaaa...”

Again tears rained down her cheeks.

“Suji’s daddy. Let’s meet again, okay? We will meet again, right?”

She looked like she would fall down from having too much fatigue accumulated.

The automatic door of the operating room opened, and Suhyuk pushed the stretcher into it.

She held out her hand before she knew it, but her husband already disappeared into the room.

The medical staff approached when Suhyuk appeared with Suji's father in the operating room.

They shook their heads, indicating that her anesthesia was not complete.

Nodding his head, Suhyuk began disinfecting. He washed his fingers and forearms with the disinfection brush. He rubbed them so hard that the skin looked like it peeled off.

Now, wearing a surgical gown, he looked through the window into the room.

The anesthetist rolled his hand to form a circle.

Suhyuk let out a long breath, and then said to Suji's father on the stretcher.

"Let's go then."

He pushed the stretcher into the operating room, where the father and daughter met after such a long time. If they moved their hands a bit, they could hold each other's hands, but they could not.

Suhyuk came up to them, and made it so that Suji's one hand grab her father's other hand.

The medical staff were watching quietly.

Some nurses were moved to tears by that.

When Suhyuk put them back to their original position, Han opened his mouth, "Everybody, come here."

The medical staff came around Suji's father.

“Silent tribute!”

Everyone lowered their heads, with eyes closed.

Soon they opened their eyes, and Han said again, “This is the place where the patient's father is watching us. We have to do it fast and do our best. I won't allow any mistakes.”

Having said that, Han took his hand to the oxygen respirator Suji's father had on.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth,

“Let me do it, sir.”

As he brought Suji's parent here, he thought it was right that he should do the last ritual for him.

When Han stepped back after nodding his head, Suhyuk moved his hand to the respirator.

His hand trembled. Now just a little hand motion would end his life.

Suhyuk looked at Suji and then murmured to him, “Your daughter is very pretty. You've done so much for her up to now. Now rest without any worry.”

Suhyuk's hand took off the oxygen mask.

The oscillating vital signs became parallel, and the medical staff checked the time.

“Current time 15:32. The patient died.”

Suhyuk's eyes were turned toward him, who looked like he was giving a smile.

“Let's start.”

At Han's direction, the medical staff got down to work briskly.

Han's scalpel touched Suji's belly, and so did Suhyuk who began

opening her father's belly.

They were trying to remove each one's heart simultaneously.

The pads and ringer attached to Suji, and the cardiopulmonary valve to replace the heart started operating. On the contrary, there were nothing attached to her father's body.

Suhyuk's hand moved delicately more than ever.

Suhyuk cut the part of the heart connected to the main aorta. At that moment, the blood that had pooled up there shot up like a water gun. Suhyuk's mask was filled with blood. However, he did not show any agitation. He cut off the vein artery gradually. Soon, his heart came out.

"Extraction is over."

Han replied to Suhyuk's voice. "I'm done too. Bring it."

The heart in the hands of Suhyuk went into Suji's opened chest.

From now on, it was the real start of the surgery.

Fight against anastomosis.

They did not know how long it would take to get a tight and subtle anastomosis.

Suhyuk and Han Myungjin.

Their hands began to move busily.

And Suji was gradually becoming one with her father.

"My daughter... Why is she not coming out? Why?"

Absolutely exhausted, Suji's mother asked, holding a nurse.

It was 4am.

It was already gone past 12 hours since her daughter and husband went into the operating room.

At that moment the automatic door opened.

Taking off his mask, Suhyuk was coming out.

She approached him quickly and asked,

“What happened, doctor? My daughter and husband, no, my daughter Suji. Is she okay?”

Chapter 137

Suji's mother grabbed Suhyuk's hands firmly without realising it.

"The surgery went well, Suji's mom. Her daddy saved her life."

As soon as he said that, she squatted on the floor and sobbed.

"Boohoo... boohoo..."

Wrapping her face with her hands, she broke down into tears, and despite her exhaustive crying, her tears kept coming out.

Suhyuk bent his knees and held her shoulder cautiously, saying, "Her surgery was done well. You made it, too."

What about her feelings, now that her husband is gone?

"Your daughter is in the recovery room now. After several checks, she will be moved to the intensive care unit."

She dragged herself up to her feet.

"Is my daughter okay now?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Then the door of the operating room opened, with Suji coming out, carried on the stretcher.

"Suji!"

She rushed to her daughter.

She wanted to touch her pale face, but did not. She felt something bad would happen if she touched it, and instead wiped off her tears quietly for fear her sobbing might wake her up.

Once Suji was moved to the intensive care unit, the medical staff moved briskly.

Checking her vital signs, they injected a suitable amount of IV fluid and checked her condition again carefully.

Holding her daughter's hands gently, she asked Suhyuk, "Can I see my husband now?"

When he nodded, she stroked Suji's hair cautiously and said, "Suji... I'll be back in a minute."

She followed Suhyuk to the basement of the hospital where his body was laid to rest.

There she saw his pale face, with the respirator seen no more on his mouth.

Momentarily she staggered, and Suhyuk quickly supported her.

"Are you okay?"

She gave strength to her feet, and looked at her husband again.

"Suji's daddy, Kim Gangu! Boohoo..."

Her sobbing did not stop for a while

Almost five hours passed since Suji was moved to the intensive care unit after the surgery.

When she opened her eyes for the first time, she saw her mother.

Her mother's eyelids were swollen, and her lips had blisters.

"Mom... I'm okay now. So, don't cry..."

"Sure, I won't cry anymore seeing as you are okay now after the surgery."

She kept stroking her hair while talking to her.

Three days passed after that.

No complications were detected in the patient, which was something beyond a miracle in the eyes of the medical staff.

Especially since she received someone else's heart for the transplant. Even though the heart was donated by a family member, some sort of complication would usually appear, because

it was not their own heart to begin with.

Nonetheless, she did not show any complications, showing an incredible recovery progress.

Looking at the medical staff's surprise, Suji's mother said, stroking her sleeping daughter's hair, "Suji's father is not the type of person that gives his daughter pain..."

And she asked the medical staff to hide the fact that his heart was transplanted to her.

She was going to tell her eventually, but not now.

It was urgent that her daughter first gets well again.

Coming out of her room, Suhyuk let out a short breath, sweeping up his hair.

Her post-surgery condition was very good.

Suhyuk looked at his hands while walking through the hallway.

He saved a patient's life with his hands, and at the same time ended another's.

"..."

Suddenly he thought of Dongsu.

It was currently 9pm. What was he now doing?

Suhyuk called him.

"Hey, who is this?"

Suhyuk informed him of his return from the United States.

Though Dongsu asked to meet him, he found it difficult to adjust his schedule.

"What are you up to now?"

"Well, I'm working hard for this country night and day."

"I wanted to treat you to soju..."

Then an urgent sounding voice of Dongsu's came from the phone, "Let's drink some now."

"You just said that you're working hard?"

"Don't you know you need to fill the gas to drive a car? I need soju now."

Suhyuk said with a smile, "Let me come to your place then."

Taking the metro, Suhyuk came out of the exit Dongsu told him about.

Even though it was past 10pm, there were many citizens on the street.

At this hour some were crying and others laughing.

"Hey!"

Suhyuk turned his back at the familiar voice that came from behind.

"Hey, long time no see! Looks like I've not seen you for one and a half years."

Though they had not seen each other for such a long time, they felt easily comfortable around each other as if they had just met yesterday. And this is what they call friendship.

"Let's go. I know a terrific makkoli (brewed rice wine) bar."

With his hand on Suhyuk's shoulder, Dongsu guided him.

When they entered the bar, there were lots of college students mingling there over drinks.

"What do you want to drink?"

"Something cold."

Dongsu opened the menu.

Side dishes were mainly pancakes such as vegetable pancake.

"How about sausage pancakes and mung bean pancakes?"

Dongsu ordered without asking for his consent.

“So, did you make a lot of money in the United States?”

Suhyuk smiled at his asking. Yes, he did. More than enough to buy a house.

“Then, the bill here is on you!”

“Sure, help yourself to a lot, man.”

Makkoli and side dishes were placed on the table in no time.

“Let me offer this glass first.”

They clinked glasses together.

Wiping some residue drops of makkoli from his cheek, Dongsu opened his mouth, “Anything wrong? Your face doesn’t look good.”

As he said, Suhyuk’s face was rather gloomy.

Though he was smiling, he did not look genuine, which only Dongsu could sense.

“Tell me, man. What is it?”

When pressed by Dongsu repeatedly, Suhyuk told him about the situation about patient Kim Suji and her father.

After drinking one glass of makkoli in one gulp, Dongsu said, “Don’t you think it’s only fair?”

When Suhyuk took a glass of makkoli to his lips, Dongsu spoke again, “Stop anyone on the street and ask. And assume their a father with a daughter. What are they going to do?”

Suhyuk slowly nodded his head.

“Get out of your miscellaneous thoughts, and drink! And the bill is on you, man!”

Suhyuk giggled at his remarks.

Their get-together over drinks lasted very long into the night.

One week passed quickly.

In the meantime Suji was recovering quickly enough to start walking again.

“Thank you, doctor.”

Suji’s mother expressed thanks to Suhyuk and the medical staff.

She was also recovering from her devastated state of mind gradually.

Checking her condition, Suhyuk now could go ahead with his plan of surgery on Hana’s father.

Suhyuk, who happened to be at the Sky Park, made a call to him.

“This is Suhyuk, sir.”

“Oh, it’s you. Have you eaten?”

“Yes, I just ate. Now it’s time for your surgery.”

Nothing came out of his cell phone, but a moment later, he said, “Sure, sure. Thanks so much.”

He already put out a sign for temporary closure outside the restaurant.

“Let me come over to pick you up.”

“No, you don’t have to. I can come there myself.”

“Well, I need to stop by somewhere near you, sir.”

Of course there was no such thing.

Suhyuk just hated the idea of him walking to Daehan Hospital with a limp.

“Okay, then. I’ll be here in front of the restaurant.”

After the call, he moved to the elevator immediately.

When he was about to go in, a man was coming out of it.

He was Park Sungjae.

“Did you eat lunch, sir?” asked Park.

With a smile, he nodded his head, patting him on the shoulder.

“Enjoy your lunch hour fully before going back to the office.”

Suhyuk got on the elevator, and turned back after pressing the button, “I’ve got a surgery scheduled tomorrow. If you’re available, can you help me as an assistant?”

Park’s eyes became wide open.

He could not afford to hesitate as he was given a chance to be an assistant for Dr. Lee who made his name known to the United States in addition to his name already being recognized in Korea.

“Yes, sir. Thanks!”

After Suhyuk stepped into the elevator, the door closed and Park drank up his coffee.

“Yes! Yes!”

Finally he could help as an assistant for his respected senior.

Hana’s father was sitting on the chair in front of his restaurant.

The scorching hot weather outside formed beads of sweat on his forehead.

Then a taxi stopped, and Suhyuk got out of it.

“Why didn’t you wait inside on this hot day?”

Suhyuk opened the back door for him.

Limping along, he stood up and got inside the taxi.

Inside the taxi Suhyuk talked to him,

“You’re going to be hospitalized today, and I’ve set the surgery for tomorrow.”

Hana’s father nodded his head, and stroked his legs.

He spent many long days with his uncomfortable legs, but he did not blame Suhyuk for that.

Who said in life that there are always ups and downs?

His restaurant was thriving, and Hana got a good job.

He just felt pitiful about Suhyuk who must have suffered from a guilty conscience for such a long time.

While he was having such thoughts, the taxi arrived at Daehan Hospital.

Opening the door, Suhyuk helped him out cautiously.

When he got out, he looked up at the hospital.

“What a big hospital!”

Suhyuk smiled, saying,

“Let’s go in.”

Chapter 138

Hana's father was hospitalized in the VIP room.

With IV on a drip attached, he looked around his bed, saying, "I feel something different at a big hospital like this..."

There was everything in this room that he could ask for.

He felt as if he were lying on the bed in the main room of a rich man's house on TV.

"As the surgery is simple, it will be over quickly," said Suhyuk.

"Thanks, thanks," replied he.

"Daddy!"

Suhyuk turned back at the voice from behind.

It was Hana who just arrived here right after leaving the office.

She grabbed his hands firmly.

"Why did you come here, seeing as you're so busy? Suhyuk will take good care of me," said he.

"Anybody hearing what you said would think he is your son," said Hana.

"I feel sort of tired as I'm on an IV drip," replied he.

"Well, it doesn't include anything like a sleeping pill. I guess you didn't have a sound sleep last night," said Suhyuk.

At his remarks, Hana's father corrected his body position and lay on the bed.

"Maybe you're right. Hana, wake me up in an hour as I will go to sleep now."

Both of them turned off the light and went out.

Hana's father opened his eyes quietly and looked at the door that the both of them just went out of.

On the Sky Park Suhyuk offered a bottle of canned coffee to Hana.

“Thanks.”

“How have you been?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, she nodded her head, her eyes fixed on coffee, saying, “Well, I just get by, day by day.”

She swept up her hair.

Like Dongsu, she had not changed at all. She was as pretty as usual.

Though they had not met in a long time, they did not talk much.

It was Hana who opened her mouth first, though.

“Hope you can treat him well.”

“Don’t worry at all. It’s my duty anyway. I’ll do my best.”

With a smile Suhyuk continued, “I’m going to cure his legs by all means.”

Hana nodded with a smile, asking, “By the way, how is Ms. Binna doing?”

“I heard that she has taken a long vacation.”

‘About one month, I think?’

When he returned from the United States, she was not there at Daehan Hospital.

“I see... Oops! Already one hour has passed. I should wake him up. Otherwise he would not be able to sleep later.”

Suhyuk and Hana moved to his room again.

Greeting each other, they parted in front of the door.

Hana, who was about to enter the room, looked at his appearance from behind.

She had lots of things to talk with him about, as she had not met

him in such a long time.

But she did not, just like a fool.

Suhyuk turned back before walking around the corner, but she went straight into the room.

The next day.

The faculty members headed for the operating room.

Today was the very day that Suhyuk was supposed to perform surgery by using stem cells.

In the meantime he was pushing the stretcher carrying Hana's father.

"Daddy, Suhyuk says it's an easy surgery, so don't worry too much," said Hana.

He replied with a smile, "I'm not worried at all. Don't you know Suhyuk's capabilities? He is Korea's signature doctor!"

Hana nodded her head, and looked at Suhyuk.

"Surgery without pain, please, Suhyuk."

"I'll come out with him soon. So wait here a moment."

When the door was closing, Hana's father waved his hand at her through the gap in the door.

Inside the operating room Hana's father could see many faculty members.

Everyone was a faculty member, except for resident Park Sungjae.

His glittering eyes trembled a bit.

He was told this would be an easy surgery, but it did not seem so, given the presence of many faculty members there, and the surrounding environment too.

Strange devices and metal tools, which made him tense.

Did Suhyuk sense him feeling like that?

Approaching him, Suhyuk opened his mouth softly, “They are the best professors at Daehan Hospital. By the time you wake from a sound sleep, your surgery will be finished.”

“Got it.”

When he replied with a smile, the anesthetist came up.

“Please breathe in calmly.”

When the anesthetist put the oxygen respirator on his mouth, he closed his eyes silently.

‘After a nap, he will find everything different about his legs.’

Beep... beep...

After confirming that he was completely asleep, Suhyuk said, “Let me start now.”

At his remarks, the faculty focused their eyes on him.

“The patient had multiple fractures...” said Suhyuk.

The faculty there concentrated on his remarks in order not to miss any words.

Among them were professors Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook.

The more they saw him, the more they wanted to have him as their disciple.

But the timing for that was now gone forever.

He was not the kind of person that they could teach anymore.

“Anyway, he is great...” Lee murmured.

“I knew well in advance that he would become such a big success.”

Suhyuk held out his hand to resident Park Sungjae who was there as his assistant.

“Scalpel.”

His leg was incised by Suhyuk’s scalpel.

Park quickly wiped the blood coming out of it.

Suhyuk’s scalpel was quick and accurate, not touching the countless blood veins at all.

Even the professors’ eyes became open wide.

Soon Suhyuk got hold of the needle he prepared in advance.

“This is what I originally cultured from the patient's stem cells in the past.”

He stabbed the needle into the nerves and then the muscles step by step.

Suhyuk showed them all the methods of treatment, and at that, without any hesitation.

Beep... beep...

No other noise was heard.

Only Suhyuk’s voice was filling the operating room.

‘I’ll make you walk as before by all means.’

The operating time did not last long.

Hana’s father was gradually opening his eyes in the recovery room.

A dim light came into his eyes, with someone reflected there.

His vague eyesight became clear gradually.

“Are you coming to your senses now?”

Confirming Suhyuk’s face, he nodded his head, asking, “All done?”

“Yes, the surgery went very well.”

“Nice job. Thanks so much for your hard work!”

Suhyuk checked his condition after confirming that his consciousness was normal.

Normal, normal, normal.

And he touched his legs wrapped with bandages.

“How do you feel now?”

“It hurts,” said he, making a frown.

Now the only thing he wished for was that the stem cell cultures would work for him as intended.

“Let’s go out to see Hana, sir.”

Suhyuk pushed the stretcher out the room.

The door opened, and Hana raced toward him.

“Daddy!”

When she approached him, he grabbed her hands.

“Are you okay now?”

He nodded his head, replying, “Of course. Looking at who performed the surgery on me!”

Hana’s sense of tension was gone instantly when she saw his relaxed face.

He looked so relaxed that nobody could believe that he just had a surgery.

He looked as if he just woke up from sleep.

Hana looked at Suhyuk, saying, “Thanks.”

Suhyuk made a satisfied expression, never seen before when he looked at Hana’s father.

About two weeks passed since Hana’s father had surgery.

Suhyuk pushed the wheelchair carrying him into the Sky Park.

“It’s cool here, right?”

At Suhyuk’s words, he nodded his head feeling for the cool air.

“Let me bring you a soft drink, sir.”

He moved to the vending machine and bought some canned coffee.

When he turned back, he noticed something surprising.

“Oh my god...”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wide at the sight.

He was walking with his two legs cautiously.

Even yesterday he could barely stand up by himself.

When Suhyuk walked up to him urgently, he made a smile.

“I was itching to walk, so I did. And now I can!”

Suhyuk let out a long breath, saying, “Yes, you’ve made it, you’ve made it at last!”

“Hey, why are you crying? Why?” said he.

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “No, who is crying, sir?”

A cool wind swept through Suhyuk and dried away his tears.

And about one month passed like that.

Hana’s father underwent physical therapy during that time, and finally got discharged.

He could now jog along lightly, and Suhyuk looked at him pleasantly.

Suhyuk now felt all the psychological burdens come off his chest.

He felt he could now go his own way with a calm conscience.

The date for his enlistment was the day after tomorrow.

He exchanged greetings with the medical staff for the last time.

And he could see the patient Kim Suji who was getting

discharged.

She, and her mother also expressed thanks to him.

“When you come out on vacation, don’t fail to visit us!”

“I’ll be waiting for you here, sir!” Park Sungjae said.

Suhyuk held out his hands to Park for a handshake.

“I hope you can become a famous doctor by the time I come back here.”

“I’ll keep it in mind, sir!”

Regrettably he could not see Prof. Han who went to an academic seminar.

So he instead called him to say goodbye.

And he left Daehan Hospital just like that.

One week later.

Han was standing in front of the main entrance of Daehan Hospital.

“What a guy...”

‘How come he came to see me without contacting me in advance like this? What if I was not here?’

Soon a taxi stopped before Han.

The person who emerged from the taxi was Prof. Daman of St. Hopkins Hospital, and his disciple Phillip.

“Hey, why didn’t you inform me about your visit here in advance?”

At Han’s asking, Daman opened his mouth, smiling, “I just wanted to surprise you!”

And he presented something to him.

It looked like a thin book bound with leather, in the form of a notebook.

Han looked at the inscription on it.

<Meritorious Award of the American Doctors' Association>
“What the heck is this...”

Daman also gave him a medal.

“Yes, this is an award Dr. Lee Suhyuk has to receive. Is he inside now?”

Han made a bitter smile, saying, “You should have hurried a bit sooner.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“He was enlisted into the army.”

Daman and Phillip's eyes became wide suddenly.

“What?”

“Enlisted in the army?”

Having said that, Han murmured, touching the award and medal, “I had better display them on a spot where many people can see.”

A small boat with a tire attached on its side was crossing the sea.

Whenever waves hit the boat, it was shaking dangerously, but did not lose its balance.

On one corner of the boat was seated Suhyuk, who dipped his hands into the sea.

“We're almost there!”

Suhyuk lifted his head at the voice coming from the boat's steering house.

The island that looked like a dot in the distance became larger and larger before his eyes.

Chapter 139

The boat entered the pier.

The waves crashed against it, and white foam spread all over the place.

Suhyuk hopped from the boat.

“Hey!”

Suhyuk turned his head at the voice coming from the boat.

“Take your baggage with you, man!”

A sailor whose face was suntanned black threw a bag to him.

Suhyuk made a broad smile, saying, “Thanks. Take care!”

“Sure. A few years of hard work won’t be a problem. Take care!”

The boat chugged down the sea and disappeared.

Seagulls were circling in the sky.

Gazing at the disappearing boat, Suhyuk then carried the bag on his shoulder and looked around.

He saw several people fishing in a relaxed manner, and their children squatting on the grass looking at the fish that they had caught.

He felt as if he was on an outing on this island.

Moreover, the landscape of the island was great.

Suhyuk soon moved to his destination.

The road to his destination was winding here and there, and also it was very narrow.

If one missed their step, they could fall down into the wild foliage on the side.

Suhyuk walked on the road for about 20 minutes.

However, he could not find his way to the destination easily.

It looked as if the roads and the houses were intermingled like a maze.

“Huuuuuuuhh...”

When Suhyuk was looking around, wiping his sweat, he saw an old woman walking up to him.

She wore a loose long skirt, with a net bag in her hand.

“Hello, grandma.”

The woman wearing a hat stopped and looked at him.

“Did you call me?”

“May I ask you where the public health clinic is?”

She scrutinized him and said, “I’ve never seen you here before. Are you here for sightseeing?”

“No, I just...”

“Seeing as you’re here for sightseeing, you should not get into any hard times here. Go straight down the road and make a right turn,” said she, pointing her fingers.

“Thank you.”

When Suhyuk bent his head, the woman was already walking down the road.

With a smile, he walked on again.

Arriving at the destination, he was looking at the building.

It was very small and old.

The white paint on the wall was peeled off here and there.

Suhyuk opened the door, hearing the clinking sound of the doorbell designed to indicate a patient’s arrival.

Still nobody came out.

Suhyuk looked around the place.

There were seven chairs and a small TV set in the room.

“Are you here for an examination?”

He turned back at the voice from behind.

There was a plump woman in her early 30s.

She was wearing a nurse gown with the nameplate ‘Choi Miran’.

“I’m assigned here as a public health doctor...”

Initially looking at him carelessly, she opened her eyes wide now, saying, “Oh my god! You must be Dr. Lee Suhyuk, right?”

Suhyuk affirmed her question, scratching his head.

Covering her mouth with her hand, she began babbling, “Wow! You look much more handsome... Have you eaten yet?”

“Yes, I already did.”

Actually he had some delicious sushi. It was thanks to the boat captain’s filleting raw fish, and mixing it with rice and spicy red pepper bean. It was so delicious.

“It’s narrow and small here, right? Still it’s comfortable enough for a person to live in. I had a hard time initially but soon got accustomed to it. The people here are really good-hearted...”

Choi Miran, looking at Suhyuk queerly, continued to speak.

“What am I supposed to do here?”

“Oops! Please wait here a moment, sir. I must have been absent-minded.”

Choi went into the examination room right away, and soon came out.

Gesturing with a smile, she said, “Please come in.”

“Thanks.”

Though the door was open, he knocked on it before going in.

Inside was a middle-aged man in his early 50s, with thin hair. He stood up to greet Suhyuk.

“Welcome. I’m a doctor here,” said he, reaching out his hand with a smile.

“How are you sir,” said Suhyuk, grabbing his hand.

“Miran, give us something to drink.”

“Coffee?”

The doctor looked at him and said, “We’ve got juice, too.”

“Either one is fine.”

“Two cups of coffee then!”

“Have a seat.”

When Suhyuk was seated, the man introduced himself, “My name is Shin Jaechol, and I’ve been here for 7 years now.”

“My name is Lee Suhyuk, sir. My service to you!”

At his courteous tone, Shin wore a smile like a generous countryman.

“I wonder why they could not give a military service exemption to a doctor like you.”

Shin was already well aware of his reputation on the TV and in newspapers.

How could they send him to an island as a public health service doctor?

He was such a great talent who should not waste his precious time in a place like this.

Was his future not at all pointing to great success?

Nonetheless, this young man before him was making a smile as if he was satisfied with his new life here.

“What am I supposed to do here, sir?”

“Don’t push me like that, young man. You don’t have to hurry. The senior patients are very healthy here, so come to see us occasionally.”

Then the nurse came in with coffee.

“Thanks.”

“Ms. Choi, you can go out now.”

“Oh, yes, sir!”

Choi, who was stealing a glance at Suhyuk, went out of the room hurriedly.

Then both of them exchanged light talk such as the running of the clinic and the island.

Shin patted him on the shoulder several times, saying, “I’m so relieved to have a doctor like you here.”

Then Shin went out the room, and asked him to follow him.

Outside the clinic Shin said to the nurse,

“Let me show Dr. Lee around his lodging Ms. Choi. Just give me a call when you see a patient.”

“Yes, sir!”

At his remarks, Suhyuk was a bit surprised.

He wondered how the doctor could be out of the office during the normal operating hours.

But it seemed natural to him.

This island seem laid back, especially with the residents being considerate and kind to each other giving warmth.

It took about 20 minutes for them to reach Suhyuk’s small lodging.

“Such as it is, it’s very cool here during the summer time, and

very warm in winter because of its heated floor system.”

Following Shin into the yard, Suhyuk looked at the side, where an old bicycle was located.

‘What’s this, sir?’

“Ah, this was used by a previous doctor. As I recently oiled it, you’d have no problem using it.”

Suhyuk took his hand to the old bicycle and clinked the bell.

The clear clinging sound of the bell resonated throughout the island.

Now he was shown into his room.

There was a chest of drawers for clothes and a blanket on top of it.

That’s all there was in the room.

“I cleaned up the room roughly, so you might need one more cleanup.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Oh, don’t mention it. By the way, I asked Mr. Lee to check the electricity here...”

He turned on the switch on the wall.

The light was flickering several times, and then illuminated the room in no time.

Shin scratched his head when he noticed cobwebs on the ceiling.

“Oh, I didn’t notice them before...”

Suhyuk said with a smile, “Let me take care of it.”

Shin continued to explain about the location of the kitchen and the restroom.

He said that in case of no tap water he can use the water from the well in the yard.

He also told him that all the necessities could be bought at a small supermarket at the foot of the village.

“Let me go down first. So, first unpack your baggage and take your time.”

“Got it.”

After seeing him off, Suhyuk began cleaning the room. He removed all the cobwebs on the ceiling and wiped the floor with a mop.

He also cleaned the kitchen, and headed to the well after stretching himself.

He pulled on a rope that had been lowered down into the well.

Soon the bucket was pulled up, and he scooped up water with a bowl.

Drinking it up, Suhyuk nodded his head. The water tasted delicious.

Wiping his lips, he looked around carefully.

The sound of waves in the distance and the smell from the mountains tickling his nose, and the cool wind wrapping his body and then disappearing away.

Even the seagulls seemed to welcome him.

Suhyuk rode the bicycle to the clinic again.

Shin told him that he should use it on his way back to the clinic.

Just like when he visited it first, there were no patients there.

Only the sound of the TV filled the room.

One thing that drew his attention was a bag of rice weighing 40kg.

Then a nurse came up to him.

“This bag is for you, Dr. Lee. It’s given by the government, so you

don't have to feel any burden by it," said she with a smile.

Suhyuk went into Shin's room with a knock.

Shin took off his glasses while reading a book, saying, "The room looks nice after a cleanup, right?"

"Yes, it is cozy and comfortable."

"How about having dinner together? Do you like oysters grilled on a stone? They are very delicious."

"Yes, I like them very much."

At his reply, the nurse flung open the door, exclaiming, "Dinner together?"

"Of course. Seeing as we have a new member here."

The nurse checked the time on the wall.

It was 5pm. In a little while they would leave the clinic.

"Okay. Let me wrap things up quickly then."

As soon as she went out of the room, Shin shook his head with a smile.

She just liked food way too much.

"You can look around here."

At his remarks, Suhyuk went and looked around the clinic to check this and that.

Restroom, injection room, and X-ray room.

As the clinic was very small, he could move from one room to another with only a few steps.

"Where is the radiologist..."

At his asking, Choi, sorting out patients' files, replied, "Actually I'm..."

"I see."

He could understand the situation as there were only two people in the clinic; Shin and Choi.

“Normally we’re not busy, but when patients come in droves, we’re just tied up completely.”

“I can help you out now.”

Clapping her hands, she gave him a thumbs up, and then focused back on the files.

Then the door of the clinic opened.

Taking off his gown, Shin tapped on his wrist watch.

“It’s 6pm. Let’s go.”

“Wait a moment, sir. I’m almost done,” said the nurse.

Then a phone rang.

She picked up the phone, saying, “Yes, it’s the clinic.”

Her eyes became wide, and Shin looked at her.

“Mrs. Choi says she is unwell!”

Shin talked to Suhyuk, “Let’s have a welcoming party later. Let’s go.”

Chapter 140

Suhyuk followed Shin who was walking with a fast pace.

“Mrs. Choi is a woman who is the oldest person on this island. She is right now 103 years old.”

Suhyuk knitted his brows because he clearly heard that she fell down.

At that age even a little shock from falling could be fatal to her.

“Not that road.”

Shin stopped Suhyuk who was walking ahead of him already.

“This way.”

Shin walked into an ally, and Suhyuk followed him immediately.

She was living in a house with a red gate.

The gate was rusted as the house was surrounded by the sea.

“It’s me, Shin Jaechol.”

He knocked on the door.

The door opened with a sharp noise.

A man in his early 60s, the son of Mrs. Choi, answered.

“Is she in?”

At Shin’s asking, the man gestured him to come in and stepped aside.

So Shin and Suhyuk went in.

The room was small, about 7-pyong wide, which looked even smaller because of the TV set and other furniture.

There inside lay an old woman with short and grey hair.

Taking off his shoes, Suhyuk went in first, and sat next to her, bending one of his knees.

“How are you, grandma?”

“Your face is new to me...”

The woman, who was making a frown due to pain, made a curious expression.

Then Shin came into the room, raising his voice louder than before, “He’s a new doctor. He is very good at curing patients.”

Nodding her head, she looked at Suhyuk.

“Where do you feel uncomfortable, grandma?”

Suhyuk’s voice as loud as Shin’s, because she could not hear well, yet in general she was unbelievably healthy for her age of 103.

“I feel pain in my leg from after I fell down.”

She tapped her right thigh with her hand, saying, “Right under here...”

Suhyuk stroked her ankle lightly and watched her reaction.

“Can you move?”

She lifted her leg slowly, and even wiggled her toes.

“Very good.”

Suhyuk carefully moved her ankle joint up and down.

No reaction.

Then he touched the muscle around her ankle.

“Ouch!”

She made a little moan at his touch.

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Looks like the muscle went into spasms a bit.”

Fortunately, there were no sprains on the ankle or problems with the bones or nerves.

“You might feel some pain, grandma.”

Then Suhyuk began to massage the area where the muscles were

cramped up.

It was to loosen the blood flow to make the muscles loose.

Failure to loosen it leads to making part of the muscle fiber become tight, and the blood circulation may be blocked and could lead to an ischemic state. As a result, the neurotransmitter that stimulates the nerve is secreted, which makes the pain worse and the muscle more cramped up.

“Ouch, ouch...”

Suhyuk smiled at her painful moaning.

“Please bear with it a moment.”

Having said that, Suhyuk looked at her son, saying, “A cold pack will take away a lot of her pain.”

Nodding his head, the son headed to the kitchen.

After about 10 minutes he brought a cold pack.

Suhyuk wrapped it around her leg.

“Before you go to sleep, please dip your feet in warm water, which will help you out a lot.”

Warm water helps blood circulation and loosens cramped muscles.

“Please call us anytime when you feel pain.”

“Thanks, doctor.”

Watching Suhyuk from the back, Shin was smiling broadly.

Suhyuk’s diagnosis and treatment was quick.

And the way he deals with the patient, it looked as if her grandson was dealing with his grandma.

He was such a great doctor befitting his capabilities.

Shin understood fully why Suhyuk was famous and why it was inevitable he became so.

Suhyuk still managed to have the dinner get-together with Shin and Choi.

Although the old woman was hurt very much and took time to treat, they still went ahead with the dinner as planned.

The restaurant they arrived at was crowded with customers already.

Families and lovers took their spots to grill oysters over charcoal fire.

Though Suhyuk was not well aware of them, most of the customers were people on the island.

Soon they found a good spot, and as soon as they were seated, a middle-aged woman with an apron came up with a pleasant smile, saying, "It's been a long time since you came here with the nurse, doctor."

"Well, we're here for a dinner with the new doctor at the clinic."

The owner of the restaurant cast his eyes toward Suhyuk.

Shin introduced him, saying,

"This is a new public health doctor assigned to our clinic. He is very capable."

Suhyuk exchanged greetings, with a smile, "My service to you!"

She waved her hands, replying,

"It's me who has to ask you a favor. What would you like to order?"

"Oysters, please."

Choi helped Shin with the order in a twangy voice, "Please give us plenty of that!"

"Of course! We're like close family on this island. Just await the order."

She then put some charcoal on the grill to light them first.

Then she brought a handful of oysters in a nickel-silver pot.

“Enough oysters, right? Let me also give you some fan mussels for free.”

“Thank you.”

“Please help yourself a lot. If the oysters are not enough, just let me know.”

Shin put on cotton gloves, saying,

“As I’m used to wearing surgical gloves, I feel other gloves are strange.”

“Let me do it.”

“No, I can’t let you do it since you’re the main guest today.”

Shin began putting the oysters and fan mussels on the grill with his hands that were wearing gloves.

Appetizing smells rolled up from the grill.

“Don’t say you’re not someone who enjoys drinking alcohol.”

“Oh, I drink well.”

Shin filled soju in Suhyuk’s glass, and so did Suhyuk.

“Let’s toast for Dr. Lee Suhyuk’s addition to our clinic!”

“Cheers!”

As it was coinciding with the sunset, the whole island was being tinged with redness.

About two hours passed like that.

With his face red with intoxication, Shin looked at Suhyuk with a smile.

“I think you could go to a better clinic, given your capabilities.” That was true. Even while he was on his military training, he was asked for by many clinics.

But he rejected their requests and chose to come to this place.
An island village where he could meet warm-hearted people.
Suhyuk liked this place, especially given the poor medical facility here.

“Dr. Lee, please accept my refill!” said Choi.

Even though she already had three bottles of soju, she was still sober.

She rested her chin, asking, “Do you have a girlfriend?”
Shin shook his head at her bold move.

“No, not really.”

“Really? You’re so able and handsome. Are you sure you don’t have a girlfriend? You’re lying...”

Suhyuk just smiled at her.

“Actually I don’t have a boyfriend...”

Was it because of the flaming sunset?

Her cheeks were glowing brightly.

Suhyuk suddenly felt something cold on his spine.

He turned his head to Shin, saying, “You look tired, Dr. Shin.”

Shin answered, nodding his head, “Nobody can beat age. Let me take my leave first, so enjoy yourselves some some more, you guys.”

“Let’s break up together,” said Suhyuk, “To be honest, I feel tired a bit due to the boat ride today.”

Choi made a regrettable expression.

However, Shin already headed to the counter to pay the bill.

“Thanks for the food, doctor!”

Shin, patting Suhyuk’s forearm, said, “You remember the rice bag inside the clinic, right? Don’t forget to take it. If you’re drunk,

don't ride the bicycle.”

“I'm all right, sir.”

“Okay, see you tomorrow!”

They parted, and Suhyuk headed for the clinic.

When he opened it, it was quite dark inside.

When he turned on the light, a fluorescent light popped to illuminate the room brightly.

Suhyuk was walking slowly, looking around the room once again.

He touched the waiting sofa and the shooting machine.

This was the place he would be spending time in for several years.

With a smile Suhyuk went out with the rice bag in hand.

Then he tied it onto the bicycle with a rubber rope, and sat on the saddle.

When he pressed down on the pedal, the flashlight attached on the bike came on and illuminated the road.

Back home, Suhyuk put the rice bag in the kitchen.

He made his bed and turned on the light.

Though there was a TV set, he did not want to watch it.

He closed his eyes.

Sounds of the roaring waves and seagulls' occasional crying even in night could be heard.

He fell asleep before he knew it.

When he woke up, the morning light had already broke.

Suhyuk checked the time hurriedly. It was 7:30am.

Was it because of his fatigue and cozy bed, or was it because he was drunk?

As he never slept in that late, he was very much embarrassed.

Washing his face and brushing his teeth roughly, he got on the bike and pushed on the pedal.

While he was heading to the clinic, some passersby looked at him curiously, whispering among themselves, “Oh, I’ve never seen his face before?”

“I heard that he’s a new doctor who just got here.”

“Really?”

“I heard that he’s really a good doctor.”

They all looked at him with a satisfactory look.

He could arrive at the clinic soon. It was 10 minutes to 9am.

The moment he got down, he was surprised a bit.

He heard that there were not many patients at the clinic usually.

But something different was happening before his eyes.

People were lining up outside the clinic.

Resting the bike on the side, he headed for the entrance.

“May I come inside?”

“Don’t cut in line!”

A man waiting in the line made a frown.

“Oh, I’m the new public health doctor.”

The man’s eyes became wide, and cleared the way for him.

When he got inside, Suhyuk’s eyes became wider.

At least 30 people were there.

“That doctor is mine! I saw him on TV!”

At the voice of a very old woman, everybody cast their eyes on Suhyuk.

“Right! Right!”

“They say he was such a famous doctor even in the United States.”

When Suhyuk made a blank expression, Choi came up to him and said, “All of these people are here for a medical checkup from you.”

Suhyuk scratched his head, but immediately began seeing them.

“Please come on in!”

Chapter 141

Checkups were done by the two doctors simultaneously.

Shin only took care of their checkups while Suhyuk not only proceeded with the checkups but also had them take an X-ray.

This time he came back to the room after he took an X-ray.

X-ray shots were hung on a small viewer, and Suhyuk looked at the neck part carefully.

The patient was there due to pain in his neck.

He supposed that the patient's neck bone was bent, but it was not, fortunately.

With a smile, Suhyuk turned his eyes to the old man, saying, "What are you doing for a living, sir?"

"Well, farming on the field."

There were fields here and there on the island, though they were not large.

"Are you working with your head down a lot?"

"Yes, because I have to use a pickaxe."

Suhyuk shook his head.

The pain in his neck was one which meant he could not lift his head for a long time.

"If you look at this..."

Suhyuk pointed toward the X-ray shot.

"You see the neck bone here is curved. If this gets straightened, you experience a neck disc."

"Disc? That's not good, right?"

Suhyuk shook his head, replying,

"If you don't want it, you have to stretch your body while

working.”

Then Suhyuk stood up, asking him to follow his stretching.

Suhyuk pulled the other side of his shoulder with his right hand. Then he turned his head to the left.

"You have to loosen up your neck like this."

The old man nodded his head, following his actions.

“Let me give you some muscle injections.”

Every time a needle touched his neck, he made a slight frown.

He felt it much more stinging and stiffening than the shots he usually got on his ass.

“As I had shots administered, do you think my neck can get better?”

“Sure, very soon.”

“What about medication?”

“You don’t have to take any. Just stretching will do.”

During the morning Suhyuk saw patients without letup.

That was the same situation for Shin and Choi.

Soon the morning passed quickly, and lunch time came.

Now the clinic was empty because all the patients in the morning were gone after their checkups.

“Have lunch first!”

At Choi’s voice outside the clinic, Shin and Suhyuk headed to the break area.

It was narrow.

Choi took out some side dishes from the refrigerator, and added her own food to the table.

Shin looked at Choi, narrowing his eyes.

“Oh, a meat side dish?”

“I made it yesterday.”

“You didn’t do this before...”

Choi scooped rice in a bowl and gave it to him.

“Please eat it.”

Then she, looking at Suhyuk, served rice in a bowl and pressed it with even more.

“Please eat a lot.”

“Oh, it’s too much...”

“As lots of patients want to see you, you have to eat a lot for stamina!”

At her smile, Suhyuk could not refuse it.

Three of them began eating like that in a merry mood.

The waves hit the steep cliffs.

The foam scattered and produced a spectacular view.

There were some people throwing a fishing pole over it.

They were a couple who looked to be in their late 20s.

It looked like they were here for travel.

“Honey, do you really know how to slice raw fish?”

When the straight-haired lady named Jinhee asked in a twanky voice, Lee Mujin holding the pole said with confidence, “Sure. I heard that this is the spot that attracts lots of parrotfish. Wait a minute, honey.”

“Okay, then. I look forward to it!”

Then Jinhee’s head turned to the side suddenly.

It was a road leading to the foot of the island.

“Why isn’t she coming yet? I’m so thirsty.”

The lady who came here with her boyfriend and her friends went out to buy ramen and bottled water, but she had not yet returned.

Jinhee asked her boyfriend, fanning herself with her hand, “Honey, do you know when she went down there?”

“About 30 minutes ago? Looks like she will be late for her date...”

Then Mujin pulled hard on a fishing rod when he felt something heavy on his palm.

“Hey, it looks like a big fish. Wait a moment. Let me catch it right away.”

At that moment his body became fixed like a stone statue.

A lady could be seen falling into the sea, scattering her hair in the distance, as if she was falling from a cliff.

Jinhee’s screaming voice broke out.

Obviously it was Minji, her friend, falling into the sea, who went out to buy ramen and bottled water.

Her brown hair and clothes all showed it was she.

“Minji!”

A man’s voice coming from somewhere was echoing through the area.

Both of them hurriedly went down the hill.

In the meantime Minji was floundering in the sea.

Her head was bobbing up and down in the sea repeatedly as if she could not swim.

Coming down to the seaside, Jinhee and Mujin were just at a loss, not knowing what to do.

“Honey, just do something to save her!”

At Jinhee’s pressing, Mujin hesitantly jumped into the sea.

Like someone who learnt swimming systemically, he swam his way toward her bravely.

It looked as if he could reach her quickly who was now floundering in the sea.

At that moment Minji, who was struggling to poke her face out of the water, went into the sea but did not come back up. Mujin swam even faster to get to her.

Arriving at the spot he saw her, he looked around and then submerged into the sea.

How long passed?

Watching him anxiously, Jinhee's eyes became open wide, for her boyfriend came out of the water.

And he came out not alone, but also with Minji.

Hukk. Hukk.

Taking her out of the water, Mujin was letting out a rough breath.

“Minji! Minji! Come to your senses!”

Jinhee tapped her cheek, but she did not open her eyes.

“Step aside,” said Mujin.

He took his ear to her mouth. She was not breathing.

“She isn't breathing!”

Suddenly Mujin applied CPR, and pounded on her chest several times.

It was typical CPR.

Though it was not professional, he kept on applying CPR.

But she showed no reaction.

“Minji! Open your eyes!”

Then another man's voice was heard. A man with a strong build

who was her boyfriend, Yonggyu.

“Brother, what happened?”

At Jinhee’s crying voice Yonggyu came up as if he was absent-minded.

“Minji...”

Though Mujin kept applying CPR, she did not move one bit .

“What happened?”

At Jinhee’s screaming, Yonggyu made a blank expression.

“She made a false step... We need to take her to the hospital right now.”

He tried to raise Minji who was unconscious, but Mujin stopped him, saying, “Hey, move back! We need to get her to breathe first!”

Again CPR was applied.

At that moment.

Cough, cough!

Suddenly sea water came out her mouth along with a cough, from her who had shown no reaction until a moment ago.

“Come to your senses! Minji!”

Mujin patted her on the shoulder lightly, but she still had no consciousness.

Fortunately, she was able to breathe.

“Hey, carry her on your back!”

At Mujin’s order, Yonggyu carried her on his back.

Carried on her boyfriend’s back, her body was drooping down.

As soon as the lunch time was over, the people began gathering again at the clinic.

Suhyuk went back and forth to the X-ray room and injection room alternately.

When he was sorting out the patients' files, he heard some noise outside.

“Please save this woman!”

Those waiting for their medical checkups turned their eyes to the entrance.

Yonggyu was entering, with Minji on his back.

Choi at the reception desk approached him quickly, and so did Shin.

Suhyuk asked urgently, “Was she hurt?”

“She fell from the cliff right into the sea.”

“This way.”

Guiding them into the checkup room, he lay Minji on the bed.

Choi alternately looked at Suhyuk and the patient, while Shin was standing in the back.

Shin trusted Suhyuk who was now confirming the patient's breath.

Mujin opened his mouth,

“I applied CPR as she wasn't breathing.”

“Good job.”

Suhyuk took out a penlight from the pocket in his gown and lifted her eyelids.

When the penlight illuminated her pupil, it shrunk visibly within no time.

“What is the patient's name?”

Jinhee answered, “Park Minji.”

Nodding his head slowly, Suhyuk cast a suspicious look.

Obviously she had consciousness.

Has the multiple shock mentality weakened?

No, because her reaction was too immediate.

Her cheekbone was swelled up red.

Was she hurt while falling into the sea? That was impossible because she had no abrasion.

"As she can get burnout, let me inject a sap first."

"Do you think she will be alright?"

At Jinhee's asking, Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, "I don't think she has a big problem, but..."

He looked at Mijin quietly, who was closing her eyes.

"Let me take all the possible tests for her."

He then pushed the bed into the X-ray room.

"Guardians, please wait outside."

Suhyuk took a shot of her body very carefully from head to toe.

And he did not go out after the shot.

He checked the picture inside.

Fortunately her body was not hurt, except a fracture in her cheekbone.

Looking at the picture, he headed to her on the bed.

Turning off the viewer, he approached her and opened his mouth, "You have a fracture in your cheekbone."

If somebody had seen it, he might have misunderstood.

For he was talking to the unconscious patient.

But Suhyuk was full of confidence.

"You must be feeling a lot of pain..."

Looking at her, he opened his mouth again,

“Why are you still lying down?”

At that moment her eyes opened silently.

Chapter 142

“Are you alright?”

At Suhyuk’s asking tears dropped from her eyes suddenly.

While she was going out to buy ramen with her boyfriend, she got a message from a male acquaintance younger than she.

And then her boyfriend asked her who the hell that guy was, which caused a quarrel between the two of them.

Very much upset, her boyfriend hit her.

At that moment she passed out and stumbled, falling into the sea.

Listening to her story, Suhyuk knitted his brows.

This was the so-called date violence that he heard about before.

She told Suhyuk about other similar experiences in the past.

It was not the first time her boyfriend hit her.

When she met him five times a week, she said she was beaten three times.

“Why didn’t you report it to the police?” asked Suhyuk.

Based on her story, this was chronic assault that warranted legal punishment.

“When I think about it carefully, I could understand his behavior. Maybe my boyfriend hit me because he might have misunderstood. I think I made a mistake.”

“How can you say that...”

Suhyuk just shut his mouth, though.

He felt as if she was defending her boyfriend, the attacker, even though she had experienced a life-threatening situation.

Suddenly a mental illness came to his mind.

Stockholm syndrome.

“I guess you love your boyfriend very much?”

At his asking she nodded her head, replying,

“Yes, he is a good person.”

“Still, you were beaten by him. Don’t you want to report it?”

Her eyes opened wide, and she stood up abruptly and asked, “Why? It just happened because of my mistake. Something like a quarrel between husband and wife. Just think of it that way.”

Suhyuk slightly nodded his head at her remarks.

She was not normal in terms of her thought process, behavior and judgement.

“Got it,” said Suhyuk with a smile.

Only then did she make an expression of relief.

Minji took a rest after getting an IV shot.

Though she felt pain due to a fracture in her cheekbone, she would feel better with an outpatient treatment in a few weeks because it was not severe.

While she was lying in bed, Suhyuk met with Minji’s friends.

While showing them her X-ray, he cast his eyes toward a man, her boyfriend.

Given his strong build, he seemed to have had physical training.

“Mr Oh Yonggyu?”

His expression was calmer than before.

“Are you the guardian of Ms. Choi Minji?”

“Yes, she is my girlfriend.”

“I heard that she fell from the cliff by stumbling, but fortunately...”

Oh nodded his head.

“Yes, Minji often stumbles on normal days...”

Suhyuk could barely put down his anger at that.

“It’s a miracle. She’s alright, fortunately.”

Suhyuk then pointed to the X-ray, saying,

“As you can see, she has a fracture in her cheekbone.”

“Please treat it quickly, doctor!” said Jinhee.

At her pressing, he shook his head, saying,

“Regrettably, this is a small clinic, so we can’t give her professional treatment.”

Then Suhyuk looked at Oh again.

“I think we need to take her to a bigger hospital quickly,” said Oh.

“Yes, you should. Where do you live?”

“Seoul...”

“Good. I know a good doctor there. Can I introduce him?”

Suhyuk observed Oh’s behavior then.

‘What would you do? You want to take her to a top doctor or any doctor at a nearby hospital?’

“Thanks for your consideration, doctor. Thanks so much,” said Oh.

After letting them take care of Minji, Suhyuk went out of the room.

Choi Miran at the reception desk asked him with a worried look, “Is the patient alright?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, smiling lightly, “Can I borrow your cell phone?”

“Sure!”

Handed her phone, he went out the clinic.

He called someone.

“Yes, this is Park Sungjae at the cardiothoracic surgery department.”

“This is me, Lee Suhyuk.”

“Oh dear! Who did you say you were?”

“Lee Suhyuk.”

“Wow! Sir, how have you been doing? I miss you dearly!”

“How are you doing?”

“I’m so stressed.. Oops... I’m doing fine. I am worried about you, sir.”

“I’m doing fine, too. Sungjae, let me transfer a patient to you.”

He then told Park about Minji.

“Hope you’d take care of her.”

“Sir, don’t worry. Let me take care of her well.”

Arriving at Daehan Hospital Oh looked for Park Sungjae.

Park’s eyes were glittering.

“Please treat her well, doctor,” said Oh, holding out his hand for a handshake.

“Don’t worry. Let me have her get a thorough checkup because she might have other problems than a bone fracture.”

Minji went through a thorough checkup.

Park detected all the marks of violence from her body.

Then he whistled while looking at her chart, saying, “He will be behind bars with this much evidence even without the victim’s consent.”

Then his cell phone in his middle pocket buzzed.

“Yes, this is Park Sungjae.”

“How are you? This is prosecutor Kim Dongsu. I’m here at the hospital. Where can I find you?”

“Why are you looking for me, sir?”

“Oh, I received a call from Suhyuk, my friend.”

“Ah...”

Park let Dongsu meet Minji and Oh Yonggyu.

Showing his ID card to Oh, Dongsu smiled a bit.

“Follow me when I speak with kind words. Don’t exercise any right to silence, if you can avoid it. It’s waste of our time if you do so.”

“What are you talking about?”

Dongsu, pointing to Minji with his chin, said,

“You know better than me, don’t you?”

Oh cast an icy look at Minji, at which she waved her hand hurriedly.

“No, no! Prosecutor, you seem to be misunderstanding something...”

Dongsu shook his head from side to side.

Suhyuk mentioned something like ‘Stockholm Syndrome,’ and it seemed he was right.

Dongsu shook the diagnostic certificate before his eyes, which he received from Park.

“This is the name of your crime.”

Staring at his girlfriend, Oh opened his mouth,

“By the way, can a prosecutor like you talk down to me?”

“If you don’t like it, you talk down to me too, bastard.”

The case was resolved well.

Minji received psychological treatment while her boyfriend went to jail.

It was morally right to have them separated.

About one week passed since Suhyuk came to the island.

He spent busy days as there were many patients visiting the clinic.

He was as busy here as he was at Daehan Hospital.

Back home after the day's work, he put the bike on the yard and headed to the kitchen.

There he found an iron pot.

He wanted to cook rice in an iron pot, but could not because he was busy.

Today seemed to give him a good opportunity to do so.

He cleaned the dirt inside, and pulled water from the well in the yard.

“Do I need to wash the rice first?”

Rolling up his sleeves, he washed the rice, and poured it into the pot.

He lighted a piece of paper and then put some twigs into the furnace.

The fire caught on the firewood immediately.

While blowing air into the furnace, Suhyuk made a satisfactory smile.

Smoke went up from the chimney connected down to the kitchen furnace.

Those passing by gathered one by one to look at it.

It was a magnificent spectacle for them to see after such a long time.

While the rice was cooking, he was trimming a tripletail as thick as his forearm.

Though he had never done it before, it was not so difficult for him to remove the scales from the fish.

An old man who stopped by the clinic gave him some, saying he had a good catch.

After scaling it, he put it on a grill with some salt.

And he put it inside the furnace.

Soon a savory smell filled the kitchen.

After he took out the grill from the furnace, he held the caldron lid with a dishcloth.

White steam came up quickly from the caldron.

Suhyuk brought a small table from the room, and then set the table ready to eat.

On top was a well done tripletail and some delicious rice.

Also there were vegetables and salted seafood given to him by nurse Choi.

Suhyuk raised his chopsticks picking up the fish.

What a delicious taste!

Suhyuk could enjoy the peculiar taste of each food that he could not usually have in city life.

About 10 minutes into eating, he heard some rumbling noises outside.

“What is this? It’s only smoke from the chimney.”

“You’re right. We made a big deal out of nothing...”

They then opened the door to find Suhyuk sitting before the table.

Each of them was holding a bucket and a large bowl to put out a

fire.

With a smile, they said, “Our doctor cooked rice for dinner!”

“Oops, we just raced here thinking this house caught fire.”

Though those nearby knew it was not a fire, those seeing the smoke from the distance might have thought it was.

That meant there were very few people who lighted a fire in the furnace and cooked rice in a caldron.

Scratching his head, Suhyuk asked, “Have you eaten anything?”
“Well, it’s about time we ate.”

“As I raced here, I feel more hungry now.”

Smiling a bit, Suhyuk went out and asked, “There’s lots of cooked rice here. Do you want to share some?”

Some of them, hesitant for just a the moment, began coming into the room.

“Looks like we’re disturbing your dinner, doctor!”

Then they sat before the table one by one.

“I feel great if you can join me like this. I’m no longer bored thanks to you.”

Suhyuk immediately grilled two more tripletails and scooped rice into bowls.

Then some of the people called somewhere.

“I’m here at the new doctor’s house. Please bring me some maggoli (brew rice wine)!”

“Honey, we still have ox head slices in the refrigerator, right?”

Suhyuk had a long dinner together with the island people like that.

The next day came without fail.

Chapter 143

It rained heavily.

Not many came to the clinic because of the rain.

Suhyuk was feeling the rain drops at the entrance of the clinic.

Then Choi came out and offered him some coffee.

“Thanks.”

Sweeping up her hair, she asked him worriedly, “The wind is blowing very hard.”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The weather forecast was that a typhoon would pass beyond the island the day after tomorrow.

“It’s almost lunch hour. I think I have to wake him up,” said Choi.

She then headed into the office where Dr. Shin was taking a nap.

After lunch they spent some drowsy times in the afternoon.

Even as the office hour was at an end, not many visited the clinic.

Only five came for check-ups today; a big contrast compared with yesterday.

“Nice job everyone!”

The door was closed with Choi’s message like that.

Suhyuk put on a raincoat, going down into the village.

He was heading for the supermarket there.

Just in case of a power outage caused by the typhoon, he wanted to buy some candles.

Everytime he moved his footsteps, he heard the strange noises of the strong wind.

He walked for about 10 minutes.

Arriving at the supermarket, he brushed off his raincoat with his hand before opening the door.

“Wow! You came here, doctor!”

A woman in her early 40s greeted him gladly.

“Hello.”

“What a strong wind! You had better stay home on a day like this. A man was hurt by a flying signboard in the past.”

Suhyuk looked for candles first, and then ramen and eggs.

He wanted to watch TV over ramen on a day like this.

“Also, take this too.”

The woman gave him some canned tuna.

With a smile she said, “You can make soup with that.”

“Thanks.”

“Take care. If you need anything, please let me know anytime.”

Suhyuk went out, and put on the cap attached to the raincoat.

The wind kept blowing hard.

Though it was already a dark night, it grew even darker quickly.

Suhyuk boiled ramen with an egg, and sat before a TV set.

It smelled savory thanks to the egg.

Though it was quite windy due to a typhoon outside, the floor was warm because of its inbuilt heating system.

The sliding door was shaking hard, which meant the wind was becoming stronger.

As the night went on, Suhyuk fell asleep before he knew it.

How much time passed by?

At the severe shaking of the door, Suhyuk opened his eyes.

It was still dark outside.

“Is the doctor inside?”

He was the village foreman.

“Hello, sir. What brought you here at this time?”

At that moment he recalled what the supermarket woman had told him.

The foreman said in a trembling voice,

“I’m sorry to come at this early hour, but are you available right now?”

Suhyuk put on some clothes and followed him.

The rain did not yet stop, and thunderous roars in the sky were heard here and there.

Braving through the stormy rain, they soon arrived at the green door of a house.

There were many people gathered there.

“Who the hell did this to her?”

“Poor Heryong! Boohoo! What should I do? Heryong!”

With a hardened face Suhyuk went inside.

When he was about to enter the porch, he found a familiar smell tickling his nose.

It was the smell of blood.

Two policemen in the living room gnashed their teeth.

“Son of bitch! How did he...”

“I’ll get you by all means!”

It was almost one year since they came to this island.

Still, a homicide accident like this happened on this narrow

island.

They felt that they were completely ignored.

Still they had to report it to the police.

Then Suhyuk approached, with his feet wrapped in a vinyl bag.

The murdered woman was in her late 20s.

The pool of blood around her had already dried.

“Who are you?”

At the policeman’s asking, the foreman said, “He’s the new doctor.”

The reason he did not seek Dr. Shin was because he had already heard rumors about Suhyuk’s reputation.

A doctor who received an award even in the United States.

“Still this is the scene of the crime. You should not come into this area before the detectives get here first.”

“Then, do you want me sit idle here just looking on?”

The policemen knitted their brows.

Then Suhyuk went out, and came back in no time.

He was wearing surgical gloves.

“May I check her briefly?”

At Suhyuk’s asking the policemen nodded reluctantly.

Suhyuk bent his knees to check her.

Her pale face was reflected in his eyes. She looked pure and good-hearted.

How could anybody kill her...

Controlling a fit of anger, he looked at the wounds that led to her murder.

Stabbing wounds in the neck and side.

When he opened it slightly, sticky blood came out.

It seemed that the direct cause of her death was excessive bleeding from a damaged carotid in the neck.

He heard the crying of the family members of the victim.

But he was not agitated because of that.

After checking the victim for a while, he stood up and talked to the policemen, "As you can see, the direct cause of her death seems to be excessive bleeding from a damaged carotid in the neck."

"How about the time of her death?" asked one policeman.

"I think she died about three hours ago. By the way, did you take a picture of her?"

Stunned by his asking, they began taking pictures of her body and the surroundings with their cell phones.

Suhyuk looked carefully at the footprints of the suspect from the porch to the living room.

The footprints left by the suspect were clear, but a little bit strange.

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

Though the right footprint was clear, the left one was not.

It was as if the suspect's achilles tendon was damaged.

If the suspect was a handicapped person, that footprint in question was quite understandable.

Then the policeman, taking the pictures, came up to him.

"Don't you think it's strange?"

At Suhyuk's asking, he nodded his head.

"This is the first time I witnessed a homicide accident since I was assigned here."

Suhyuk explained to them about the footprints.

As he said, the murder suspect seemed to have a disability.

A man with a limp leg.

“Without you I might have missed it, doctor.”

Suhyuk looked at the living room.

Here and there on the wall were marks of the victim’s palms.

Despite heavy bleeding she was struggling to maintain her balance.

Everywhere there were bloodstains splattered.

Suhyuk did not touch anything, and took pictures with a cell phone Dr. Shin gave him for contact.

Click, click.

Then something caught his eyes.

Three cards of poker.

Despite blood being splattered on the TV, the cards were very clean.

Heart Q, Clover 3, Diamond 2.

They were arranged from the left side.

Looking at the cards quietly, he took a picture.

Then a policeman took a phone call.

Some additional detectives were supposed to come over in cooperation with the Maritime Police. They were braving their way through the typhoon.

Overhearing the policeman talking, Suhyuk looked at the victim lying on the floor, murmuring, “Detectives will identify the suspect by all means.”

Suhyuk then moved to the porch.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk then went out of the house.

The parents of the victim, who looked to be over 60 years old, were crying at the top of their voices.

Back home Suhyuk turned on the switch.

The light did not come.

He lit a candle, which was shaking like a ghost in the room.

Lying on the bed, he carefully looked at his cellphone.

And he scrolled through the pictures one by one.

Candles shimmered in his eyes, but he was staring at one picture in particular.

It was none other than the three cards.

Heart Q, Clover 3 Diamond 2.

Suddenly he stood up.

Heart Q was 12 o'clock, Clover 3 referring to the minute, and Diamond also referring to the minute.

12:32 am.

It was similar to the time the victim was murdered.

Coming out the house, he put on a raincoat and ran.

He had to tell them about it.

Whether the cards were some sort of message or not, that seemed to be a clue that the suspect left behind.

He ran toward the victim's house in about 10 minutes.

When he was entering an ally, he saw a man walking toward him from the opposite side.

He was wearing a raincoat, the kind of pied one that could be used in the army.

Pulling his hat over his eyes, only his lips were seen in the dark.

He and the man passed each other.

Then Suhyuk stopped suddenly.

Why had he been looking at the victim's house for such a long time?

Turning back, Suhyuk called him.

“Hello there!”

The man then stopped momentarily.

Then he moved again.

When Suhyuk called him again, the man quickened his walking.

Suhyuk chased after him.

Chapter 144

Suhyuk was now chasing this stranger fiercely.

He criss-crossed into the alleys as if he was playing the game of hide and seek with the guy.

He saw the guy's raincoat fluttering before his eyes.

He felt that he could catch hold of it if he reached out his hand.

Then the guy turned the corner quickly.

Suhyuk almost skidded on the slippery road due to the rain, but managed to regain his balance.

When he raised his head, the guy was already running away into the distance.

“Huuuuuh... huuuuuuuh...”

Two roads diverged before his eyes.

He was not sure which road the guy took, but he was gone anyway.

Suhyuk began running again by taking the road on the right.

How long did he run for? He could not find any trace of the guy's footsteps.

After all that, Suhyuk had to turn back.

The howling wind and the heavy rain kept beating him on his way to the crime scene.

When he arrived there, he found that there were more crowds, and the victim's family cried out, unable to control their emotions.

Suhyuk showed the pictures on his cell phone to the policemen outside, saying, “Think of Q as 12 o'clock, Clover as 3 minutes and Diamond as 2 minutes. Then, you get the time 12:32. It's about the same time as the victim's homicide time.”

The policemen opened their eyes wider at his explanation, and uttered out some four letter words, “This damned bastard...”

“Is this guy now playing a murder mystery game with us?”

They gnashed their teeth in anger.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again,

“You might find more clues that the suspect left behind. And I also saw a suspicious guy.”

They glittered their eyes, asking, “Suspicious guy?”

“Yes, he was wearing a raincoat that one would wear in the army...”

Actually the guy had been looking at them, with his body hidden behind a wall.

His face could not be seen because it was covered by a hat.

Nodding at Suhyuk’s explanation, the policemen took note of his remarks.

“By the way, when are the detectives coming here?”

“I hear it will take at least fours for them to get here...”

Soon they put their notebooks into their back pockets, patting Suhyuk on the shoulder lightly.

“Nice job! And don’t ever chase after a suspicious guy even if you notice him as it’s dangerous. You had better report to us first.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk went out of the gate when he turned back at the loud crying of the victim’s family.

When Suhyuk got back home. It was already 5am.

Inside the room he lay on the bed and examined the pictures on his cellphone carefully.

He concentrated on finding any trace of the crime in the pictures.

But he could not find any other clues except for the poker cards.

Why did he leave the cards? This was like a tool for the criminal to tell others about himself. A psychopathic tendency and a sense of superiority for others to want to know about himself?

All kinds of mental illnesses passed through his mind.

However, he could not pinpoint what the illness was.

It was clear, though, that the suspect was insane.

He was a murderer.

While Suhyuk was thinking about the photo, the day was breaking gradually.

Passing a sleepless night, Suhyuk got up from the bed.

Outside, strong winds were passing through the island village ferociously.

Washing his hair and face roughly, he put on a raincoat and got on the bike.

Though it was too early for work, Suhyuk pushed down on the bike pedal.

Instead of heading for the health clinic, he went to the victim's house.

When he arrived there, he checked inside the house.

Though he could not see clearly inside because of the crowds, it seemed the detectives had not arrived yet.

Looking at them quietly he pushed down on the pedal again.

When he arrived at the clinic, nobody was there yet.

For it was 7:30am, well before the business hour.

When he entered the clinic, there occurred lightning with thunder.

He pressed the switch to turn on the lights nervously.

Fortunately the lights went on.

At that moment, nurse Choi said from behind, “You came early, doctor!”

She was entering the clinic, brushing off the wet umbrella.

“Hi, I woke up early in the morning.”

With a smile at his greetings, she suddenly brought up the topic, saying, “Did you happen to know that there was a murder incident? The victim’s name was Heryong...”

Suhyuk nodded with a bitter expression.

“Actually I’ve already been to that place in the morning.”

“Really? What happened? Thief?”

“No, her valuable items were not robbed...”

“She was raped?”

He shook his head, saying, “I don’t know.”

“What a terrible murder! Terrible...” said Dr. Shin, entering the clinic.

“Did you know about the murder, too?”

Suhyuk and Miran nodded their heads without saying anything.

At that moment Miran grabbed Suhyuk’s arms, alarmed by the roaring thunder outside.

Shin clicked his tongue looking out the window and said, “Even the sky seems very upset about the bad bastard murderer!”

As the day was gloomy and dark, there were few customers on that day.

Rain was dropping from the window panes in the waiting room of the clinic.

Suhyuk was quietly looking out the windows.

“What a heavy rain!”

Folding her arms, Miran approached him who had his eyes fixed

outside.

Then their heads turned to the side because they heard some voices from outside.

Two men in raincoats came inside.

“Welcome!” said Miran.

At her greetings, one of the men, who was dusting off the umbrella, presented his ID card, saying, “My name is Kang Taewook, and I’m a detective. Are you Dr. Lee Suhyuk?”

Miran turned her head to Suhyuk at Kang’s asking.

“Yes, I am.”

When he approached Kang, he held out his hands.

“Nice to meet you. I’m detective Kang Taewook.”

Another man, sitting beside Kang, lowered his head, his eyes fixed on Suhyuk.

“My name is Jang Taesan.”

“What business brought you here?” asked Suhyuk.

“We’re here for the murder case. Are you available for a moment?”

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

The detectives and Suhyuk sat on the waiting sofa, and Miran offered them coffee.

Sipping coffee, Kang opened his mouth,

“I heard that you visited the scene yesterday.”

“Yes, I did. I wonder if this information I give are helpful...”

“Take a look at this,” said Kang, showing him a cellphone.

It displayed a picture of the three cards.

“How did you know this?”

“I could make an educated guess because it coincided with the

victim's homicide time.”

“I see.”

Nodding his head, he turned over the pictures on the cellphone one by one.

One of the pictures showed the suspect's footprints.

“According to the police here, the suspect might have disabilities...”

Slurring his words, Kang looked at Suhyuk.

For Suhyuk not only made an educated guess about the meaning of the cards, but reminded him of the fact that the suspect might have disabilities, which Kang surely had missed.

Suhyuk, looking at the pictures on the cell phone, opened his mouth, “As you know, if you look at the suspect's footprints, his walking is not consistent. That's my assessment from my viewpoint as a doctor, so it may not be true. It's just my guess.”

“Are you saying it might not be true?”

“Yes. Did you find any clue other than the cards?”

At Suhyuk's asking, Kang took his hand to the inside of his pocket, shaking his head.

Soon he took out a sealed card, left behind by the suspect.

Looking at the card in Kang's hand, Suhyuk said,

“I think this guy is turning a person round his finger. That means he is very circumspect. I wonder if he has any disabilities...” said Suhyuk.

“I see,” said Kang, nodding his head.

He continued, “Did you say you saw a suspicious man near the crime scene?”

“I didn't see his face though.”

“Was he a man with a limp?”

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “No. His height was around 175 cm.”

“Thanks for your cooperation, Dr. Lee. We might visit you again later. Sorry to bother you like this.”

At that moment Dongsu came to his mind, who hopped from one place to another to catch a suspect like a detective.

“You’re welcome. Take care then.”

The detectives headed to the entrance, wearing their raincoats again with a frown.

Streaks of rain were becoming more and more fierce.

The second hand of a watch was pointing to 5pm already.

Choi Miran sorted out the files before she left the office.

Then she turned her head to the entrance, where a middle-aged gentleman was folding his umbrella.

“Come on in! You must have had a lot of trouble coming up here due to the rain.”

At her kind words, he made a smile, saying, “I’m okay. Is it too late now?”

He was in his late 40s.

“No, not yet. We still have time to see the patients. Which pain brought you here?”

“I stumbled, with some bruises on my arm.”

Choi cast her eyes toward his arm.

Even though he wrapped it with bandages, there was lots of blood stained there already.

“Looks like you’re a new patient here. May I have your name and address?”

He offered her his ID card.

She was surprised after confirming it, which read ‘Jo Jungwhan, 57 years old.’

While typing on the computer, she was quite surprised in her heart.

She thought he was in his 40s, but he looked so young for his age.

“Please wait a moment here.”

Nodding his head, Jo sat on the sofa in the waiting room, looking around slowly.

Then she came out of the clinic office where Suhyuk was working.

“You can go in now.”

She felt it more appropriate to send him to Suhyuk rather than Dr. Shin.

“Come on in,” said Suhyuk, greeting Jo.

Then Suhyuk cast his eyes at Jo’s legs because he was limping.

“Did you have your leg hurt too?”

“No, it was hurt when I was a child.”

With a bitter smile he sat on the chair.

At that moment Suhyuk’s eyes opened wide.

“Why are you looking at me, doctor? Is there anything wrong on my face?”

“No, no, sir...”

“Let me remove your bandage first.”

Standing up from his seat, Suhyuk approached him to unwrap the bandage.

While watching Suhyuk unwrapping his bandage, Jo asked suddenly, “I heard that the suspect left cards at the crime scene,

right?”

Chapter 145

Hearing Jo's remarks, Suhyuk stopped unwrapping the bandage suddenly, but resumed after a moment, with a smile.

"How did you know that?"

"Well, this is a small village as you know. Rumors are spreading quite quickly."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Soon Suhyuk removed the bandage completely with a frown.

"Did you say you were hurt from falling?"

The wounds were strange.

The bruises on his arm were not caused by his falling.

It looked as if it was cut by a sharp object, about 7 cm deep.

Though he could not see any bone, he found the stab wounds to be deep.

A bit of pressing on it might cause a gush of blood from there.

"When did you get hurt?"

Looking at his own wound, he made a strange smile.

"Only yesterday..."

"You might feel a bit of a sting. Let me do it quickly, though."

"Did you get your arm cut by a sharp object when you stumbled?"

"Well... I was not sure because it was dark at the time."

Having said that, he looked at Suhyuk.

At the moment both met their eyes simultaneously.

A brief moment of silence.

It was Jo who said, with a smile,

“Doctor, do you think my condition is not good?”

Suhyuk fixed his eyes back on his wounds.

“Fortunately there seems to be no damage to the bone or muscle. I don’t see any debris, either. Did you do any first-aid by yourself?” He nodded his head, answering, “Yes, I rinsed the wounds with lukewarm water.”

“Well done. Next time come to the clinic immediately when you’re hurt like this.”

He smiled, replying,

“Well, this is the only clinic on this small island. I would love to, but I can’t.”

After he was done with disinfecting the wounds, Suhyuk said, “I think you need some stitches because the stab wound is deep.”

“Please go ahead in a less painful way, doctor.”

“You’ll be alright because the stitches are done only after anesthesia.”

“It costs additional money, right? You don’t have to apply anesthesia then.”

“No big difference in the cost.”

Jo smiled faintly, saying, “Then please go ahead with anesthesia.”

Now Suhyuk began stitching the wounds on his arm.

“Don’t you feel any stinging?”

“No, I’m alright.”

After he was done with stitching, Suhyuk now disinfected his arm once more.

“Makes sure the wounds don’t touch water, and keep them clean.”

Jo nodded his head, asking, “Am I done?”

“Yes, Let me give you a prescription, so don’t fail to take it. The prescription I will give you is an anti-inflammatory drug...”

After listening to his explanation, Jo rose from the seat.

“Thanks, doctor.”

“My pleasure.”

Suhyuk looked at his appearance from behind when he was going out.

A man with a limp, 175 cm in height. And he was hurt yesterday.

‘Is it my own delusion or do I just feel that way because the whim is on me?’

Suhyuk lowered his eyes downward.

Later on that night, the identification team from the police station arrived at the crime scene.

It took a long time for them to finish the job.

As the suspect’s crime was so perfect, it was not easy for them to find any clues.

At that moment, they heard a voice calling, “Detective Kang!”

Kang ran out of the scene at the voice.

“Take this thing.”

It was a cigarette butt that the identification team handed to Kang.

Kang’s eyes glittered.

He heard that nobody in the victim’s family smoked a cigarette.

Squatting on the ground, Kang looked at the butt held with tweezers by the identification team member. Fortunately it was found under the roof, so it was not wet.

It was more than enough to get a DNA sample of the suspect.

Kang murmured to himself as if he was sure of catching the suspect.

“You bastard, stay put right there!”

The victim had no acquaintances who had grudges against her, which made the detectives feel stuck in the investigation. Now it looked like they could find some clue.

“Detective Jang!”

“Yes, sir.”

“Get all the DNA samples from those walking with a limp and with height of 175cm.”

“Alright.”

The people on the island showed complaints whenever the detectives came to see them, but were overall cooperative in their investigation.

The detectives met all the island residents from morning till evening.

And they narrowed down to two suspects: Jo Jungwhan, 57 and Lee Osu, 45.

Both of them were walking with a limp, 175 cm in height.

The detectives kept a close eye on these two men.

But their wives testified that they were sleeping when the crime happened.

But they could not take their words at face value because they were a family.

Kang took their DNA samples from their mouth and gave them to the identification team leaving the scene.

All they had to do was to wait for the outcome of their DNA samples by the National Scientific Investigation Center.

Back home after work he lay on the bed, looking at his cellphone like he did yesterday.

For a while he was on the bed like that, and then opened the door after getting up.

It was still raining hard outside.

Finally tomorrow there will be no rain.

While looking outside on a chair, he wore a raincoat suddenly.

He held a first-aid box with one hand.

Something kept bothering him about patient Jo Jungwhan.

He heard from the detectives that Jo was on the suspect list because the footprint the suspect left behind on the crime scene was about the same as his feet.

But Suhyuk was thinking of the guy in a raincoat watching the crime scene with his body behind the wall.

‘Why did he run away at my voice?’

However, the two legs of the running guy were normal.

“Do you think they can catch the suspect?”

That was the question asked by Jo with glittering eyes, when Suhyuk was stitching the wounds on his arm.

Something suspicious was clearly written in his eyes.

Suhyuk was aware of Jo’s address as he memorized it from his medical record.

After walking for about 10 minutes, he arrived at the rusty gate of Jo’s house.

Suhyuk checked the time on his wrist watch.

It was 9pm.

Knock, knock, knock.

“Is anyone inside?”

At his voice the iron gate shook with a big noise.

“Who is it?”

Taking off his hat, Suhyuk said, “Hello.”

Jo was slightly surprised to see him.

“How come you came at this hour?”

“Sorry, sir. I told you that I’d disinfected your arm, but forgot to.”

“Oh, that’s fine. I’m sorry to have you come at this hour, though.”

With a smile, Suhyuk said,

“That’s alright. May I come in?”

Nodding his head, Jo looked outside, and let him in soon.

Suhyuk went into the living room, and looked around carefully.

It was nothing particular, with a small refrigerator, a small TV set and some furniture.

And there was another room, whose door was tightly closed.

“Doctor?”

“Oh, let me disinfect now.”

After he sat down, Suhyuk unwrapped his bandage and began disinfecting.

In between he checked the room around him.

“All done.”

After he was done, Suhyuk stood up.

At that moment he saw something under the kitchen sink.

Reddish black fluid. It was none other than blood.

As a doctor Suhyuk could notice it better than anybody else.

“What is that...?”

At his asking, Jo opened his mouth as if it was nothing.

“I cut my hand while cooking.”

‘Cut hand?’

The mark of blood was still there as if he did not wipe it off completely.

To make matters worse, he did not wipe the blood under the kitchen sink at all.

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

The size of the blood mark showed clearly that someone’s bleeding was large.

‘Why did he lie?’

“Thanks so much for coming all the way to my house to disinfect my arm, doctor.”

“Can you show me the cut area of your hand? You might get another disinfection if you leave it untreated like that.”

He made some sort of embarrassing expression.

At that moment the door of that room that was shut tightly opened, and a guy came out.

He was in his mid-20s.

His eyes met Suhyuk’s directly.

“Why did you come out like that instead of sleeping?”

He was Jo’s son. At his scolding, the son made a frown.

Then Suhyuk cast his eyes at the son’s wrist.

A poker card sticking out of it.

It was a Diamond card.

With a calm voice Suhyuk asked him, looking squarely at him, “Was it you?”

At his asking, the son’s lips were twisted.

Yes, those were the lips Suhyuk witnessed, which he only saw partially due to the darkness.

And then the son took out a knife from the waist of his trousers.

He charged toward Suhyuk.

“No don’t. Son of a bitch!”

Jo blocked his son in front of Suhyuk. At the same time the knife he was aiming at Suhyuk’s heart slashed Jo’s shoulder lightly.

A line of blood was cut through his shoulder.

And then the son ran out of the house.

“I’m sorry, doctor.”

Suhyuk checked the wounds on his shoulder, who was deeply troubled.

Fortunately the wound was not serious.

“I’ll be back soon.”

Jo’s son was already opening the gate to run out, and he quickly moved out.

At that moment he rolled forward like a spring as he came out of the gate.

For Suhyuk kicked his back.

When he was about to stand up, Suhyuk stepped on his throat. And when he was struggling to move the knife, Suhyuk pressed his wrist with his foot gently.

It was still raining hard, and a man was approaching them like silhouettes.

He was detective Kang Taewook, who was in hiding in the vicinity of Jo’s house.

“What happened?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, staring at Jo’s son, “This guy is the

culprit.”

All the details of the murder case were revealed.

The murder was committed by Jo’s son.

He put his brain to work for fear of his name being put on the suspect list.

So, he fabricated footprints of a lame person, and dropped a cigarette butt on purpose that he had collected from his father’s ashtray. And then he made his father the suspect of the murder.

And Jo visited the clinic with the wounds on his arm.

On the night before the murder incident, Jo sensed something strange from his son.

His son was showing abnormal behavior such as killing wild cats sometimes.

He just felt terrified when he saw his son going out with a knife.

While he stopped his son going out, he had his hand cut by his son’s knife.

And that early morning the murder incident took place.

Jo already knew who was responsible. Though his son committed a terrible crime, he was his son, after all. So, he visited the clinic because he heard Suhyuk had seen a suspicious person and wanted to check it with him. Fortunately Suhyuk did not seem to know who was the culprit.

However, it all was revealed now, to his regret.

“I’m sorry...”

When Suhyuk was done dressing his cut shoulder, Jo said miserably.

Looking at him quietly, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I don’t think that’s what you should have said to me.”

Detective Kang handcuffed Jo and dragged him out of the clinic, and his son who committed the murder was taken along with his father.

They left the island with the detectives.

Lunch time was approaching.

A couple of gentlemen in neat suits visited the clinic.

“Is Dr. Lee Suhyuk in?”

At one man’s asking, Choi called Suhyuk.

Coming out of the clinic, Suhyuk asked,

“I heard that you came to see me.”

“Let us escort you. Let’s go!”

“For what....”

“Come with us to receive your award. The Nobel Prize.”

Chapter 146

Choi Miran, sitting at the desk, opened her eyes wider.

Did she hear it correctly?

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth, asking, “What the hell are you talking about? Nobel Prize?”

One of the gentlemen stroked his chin as if he felt something was wrong.

“Have you not been informed yet?”

“No, nothing.”

With a smile, the gentleman said,

“Let’s go. My name is Choi Kitaek, chief of the presidential security service at the Blue House. I’ll escort you safely.”

Suhyuk’s look showed that he was embarrassed.

“Wow! You’re going to the Blue House now?”

“Yeah, he should go,” said Shin, who came out of the clinic room and patted Suhyuk on the shoulder, and added, “It’s such a pity that a talented doctor like Suhyuk wasted his time here.”

Suhyuk said, shaking his head,

“Where should I go in my capacity as a public health doctor?”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s been decided by the higher-ups already.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth with a bitter smile, “I won’t go.”

Shin and Choi were stunned to hear that. So were the two bodyguards.

Not receiving the Nobel Prize?

This was a great event not only for the person involved but also for the country.

The Nobel Prize in Medicine.

For him to receive it would be a great chance to make Korea known to the world and promote its prestige.

Suhyuk thought differently, however.

What is the big deal here?

Promote one's fame and honor in addition to accumulating one's wealth?

That was not what Suhyuk wanted.

Chief bodyguard Choi Kitaek made an embarrassed expression.

Never did he dream that Suhyuk would reject the prize.

He kicked off the prize without a moment's hesitation.

Still his expression was very calm.

"Are you sure you would reject the prize?"

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying,

"Thanks for the trouble of coming this far. I'm sorry. Please have some food before you leave. I'd like to treat you."

He thought of the roasted oyster food he had enjoyed recently.

"Wait a moment..."

Choi went out of the clinic to call someone.

Shin opened his mouth, "Hey, just say you will go. If you really like it here, you can come back after you receive the prize."

Suhyuk just smiled without any reply.

Then Choi came back after a call, saying,

"If you want anything, please tell me."

Suhyuk shook his head.

At that moment, Shin began uttering passionately, "How many things do we need here! We have to expand the clinic facilities, and

hopefully bringing in a CT machine would be much better...”

Then Suhyuk looked at Shin, who nodded at him with a smile.

Letting out a long breath, Suhyuk nodded, too.

If what Shin said could be realized, he felt he would not be needed at this place anymore.

Suhyuk made a quick judgment, saying,

“Okay. I’ve got what I want, as you said.”

“Please go ahead,” said Choi.

“Please expand the clinic facilities here. And send more doctors and nurses, too.”

Nodding his head, Choi took his cell phone to his ear.

“With a few conditions Dr. Lee will come with us. He wants to have the clinic facilities expanded...”

“Tell him we’re going to do so,” said someone on the other end.

After the call, Choi showed smiles, replying, “We’re going to fulfill what you want.”

“When should I go then?”

“Please pack up your stuff now. A boat is standing by right now.”

“Just go,” said Shin, patting him on the shoulder.

“You will come again here, right?” said Choi Miran, as tears welled in her eyes.

“Sure, I will,” said Suhyuk.

Then he said to the bodyguards,

“Please wait here a moment, so I can bring my things. Dr. Shin will tell you what I want specifically.”

Shin, smiling at Suhyuk, said, “Thanks.”

Suhyuk rode the bike to head to his lodging.

Arriving home, he stroked the bike.

Though it was only a brief time, it was like a good friend to him as it served him well.

Thanks to the bike, he could arrive on time in the morning.

When he arrived on this island, he carried only one bag.

It was still the same when he left.

He turned back suddenly to look at his lodging disappearing in the distance.

At the clinic, Shin and Miran were ready to say goodbye.

“Goodbye, Dr. Lee. Don’t forget to come back,” said Miran.

“Take care, and thanks so much,” said Shin.

Shin held out for a handshake, and Suhyuk grabbed his hand, saying, “Goodbye, sir. I’ll come again surely.”

“Sure, sure. And this one...”

It was a doctor’s gown that Shin presented to him, with “Lee Suhyuk” inscribed on the white gown.

“Thanks. See you then.”

Escorted by the bodyguards, Suhyuk began moving to the pier.

Looking at his appearance from the back, Shin murmured to himself before he knew it, “What a great doctor!”

Someone was setting down his foot on the ground, getting off the boat.

He was none other than Suhyuk.

“You must be quite tired, so we’ll escort you to a hotel.”

“No, I’d like to go to my house.”

Choi Kitaek nodded his head after some thinking over it.

Two weeks later a Nobel Prize ceremony would be held.

There was enough time for him to visit the Blue House during that period.

Soon a black sedan arrived as Suhyuk's ride.

Choi opened the back door, and Suhyuk got in with a bitter smile.

He felt as if he was a great man already.

He could arrive at his house in about three hours.

As soon as the sedan stopped, the bodyguard seated along with him came out and opened the back door.

"Thanks," said Suhyuk.

And he headed to a luxury apartment building.

Ding dong.

"Who is it?"

He felt good whenever he heard his mother's pleasant voice.

"It's me, Suhyuk."

Her eyes opened wide instantly.

"Oh my god! My dear son!"

She gently stroked his face with her thumbs, asking, "Are you on vacation?"

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "No, I've got something to receive."

"When?"

When he moved into the living room, his father was looking at a large-screen TV on the sofa.

Suhyuk liked that kind of relaxed appearance so much.

Then his father turned his head, asking, "How come you came here?"

He stood up abruptly, asking the same question as she, “Are you on vacation?”

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Well, I’m receiving the Nobel Prize.”

“What did you say?”

That night. The whole family had a celebration party.

His father went out to buy some spicy pig’s feet dish.

He was thinking of buying him that food when Suhyuk came home on vacation.

His mother, who never touched alcoholic drinks as a rule, had several glasses of soju that night.

Her laughter never stopped, and the smile on the sulky face of his father never disappeared that night. Suhyuk’s spirits could not be better too, when he saw their happy moments.

Many patients started visiting Daehan Hospital even early in the morning.

A woman was entering the lobby with her fretful daughter.

“Boohoo... I don’t want to come here! I’m not sick at all.”

She bent her knees, wiping her tears, saying, “I’ll buy you a Bobby doll that I promised last time on our hospital visit. Okay?”

“Hi!”

She turned her head at the voice from the side.

A man was looking at her daughter.

“Who are you?”

With a soft smile, Suhyuk said, “I’m a doctor at Daehan Hospital here.”

He stroked her head and touched her forehead.

She had a slight fever.

“You don’t want to come to the hospital, right?”

“Boohoo... yeah, doctor!”

“Can you open your mouth a bit?”

Instantly he focused his eyes on her mouth.

Her tonsils were not that swollen, and her tongue had no coating on it.

He took out a stethoscope from his bag, taking it to her chest.

He could not hear any abnormal sound from her lungs.

“Looks like she has a cough. Don’t worry too much.”

“What about her medication?”

Suhyuk said, stroking her daughter’s hair,

“You don’t need it. Try to avoid cold water and soft drinks. Also stay away from instant food...”

“Thanks so much, doctor,” said she.

Suhyuk waved his hands at the mother and daughter leaving the lobby.

A nurse’s eyes opened wide because of one person now entering through the revolving door.

He was none other than Suhyuk.

“Wow! Here comes Dr. Lee Suhyuk!”

At her shouting, all the medical staff on the lobby turned their heads to him.

All of them approached him, saying,

“We heard you that you will receive the Nobel Prize in Medicine!”

“You look great, doctor!”

Suhyuk made an awkward smile.

Then they cleared the way all of a sudden.

For Prof. Han Myungjin was approaching them.

With a bright smile he welcomed Suhyuk.

“Dr. Lee, don’t you think you got here too late?”

“I’m sorry, sir,” said Suhyuk with a smile.

Chapter 147

Suhyuk moved with Prof. Han Myungjin.

When they were heading for Han's office, the medical staff whispered among themselves.

"Is he Dr. Lee? He is so handsome..."

"I hear that he is receiving the Nobel Prize this time at that young age. How wonderful!"

Though they spoke in a low voice, it was not that low enough for Suhyuk to not overhear.

Soon they arrived at the office.

Offering him coffee, Han opened his mouth,

"You look great seeming as if you have spent a good time on the island."

"Yes, sir. The air was nice, and I feel as if I came here after a nice vacation there."

Probably Suhyuk would be the only person to say so among those who returned after their assignment on the lonely island.

"Now, what are you going to do from now on?"

"Well, I think I have to visit the Blue House, and get the prize later."

He left the island on the condition that the clinic facilities be expanded, along with an increase in the medical staff there. He had to make sure the promise is kept.

"Anyway, you're really great, man. Do you know how many Nobel Prize winners our country has produced so far?"

"I think I would be the second if I get the award this time."

He would be famous, but would not feel burdened like before.

He had a new objective now, which was to disseminate his

knowledge on stem cell research.

He was no more the Suhyuk of the past.

In the past he was only concerned with seeing the patients, but now he had a broader vision of his goal. He was growing professionally as a doctor now.

“When are you going to the Blue House?”

“They’re supposed to give me a call.”

‘By the way, how come you came here? You had better take some rest at home.’”

“Oh, I’m so bored at home,” said Suhyuk with a smile.

When Suhyuk visited the cardiothoracic surgery department, many staff greeted him gladly.

Among them Park Sungjae was the one who welcomed him the most emotionally.

“Sir, congrats!”

With a smile Suhyuk asked, “How have you been?”

“Good, sir. I missed you a lot!”

“Now can you find the blood vessels well?”

Park scratched his head, thinking of the embarrassing memories of the past.

Now he could deal with any patient.

“Yes, sir. I can find it instantly thanks to your teaching!”

Looking at him nervously, Park asked,

“You’re not going anywhere, right?”

Suhyuk smiled at his question without replying, which Park took as a positive sign that he would not.

“Sir, can I have lunch with you later? I’m going to see a patient now...”

“Can I go with you to see the patient?”

“Of course!”

Both of them went to the patient’s room.

Looking at the chart, Park said,

“She is an 18-year-old patient who swallowed a razor.”

“Swallowed a razor?”

“Yes, I heard that she broke it with her teeth partially before swallowing it while she was fighting with her father.”

Suhyuk shook his head from side to side.

Approaching the student, Suhyuk asked,

“Do you feel uncomfortable or painful in the stomach?”

Watching TV on the bed, she glanced at him, replying, “No, not at all.”

Suhyuk asked Park, “Did she get a CT?”

“Yes, some fragments of a razor were seen inside the small intestine.”

“When did you take it?”

“When she was taken to the emergency room.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk asked Park to take another CT.

Park took her to the CT room immediately.

Suhyuk watched the monitor right behind the glass room where the patient was staying.

A razor about 2 cm in diameter.

He heard that it’s inside the small intestine, but it was now down to the ascending colon.

The fact that she did not complain about any pain meant that the razor fragments had not damaged her organs yet.

“Don’t you think she needs surgery? They can break out of the organ walls at any moment...”

Suhyuk smiled, saying,

“Our organ walls are not as vulnerable as we think. And you had better resort to incision as the last resort.”

That was what Suhyuk believed in as a rule.

Namely, a surgeon should not carelessly use a scalpel to open the patient’s belly.

Surgery could be done only in a situation where internal treatment was difficult, and there was no other way than open surgery for treatment.

“Shall I wait until they come out of the organs then?”
Suhyuk nodded his head.

“I think you had better monitor her condition during the day until tomorrow.”

“Yes, I got it, sir!”

As Suhyuk said, the razor disappeared from her body on the second day of her hospitalization.

It just came out from her body.

Park nodded his head, confirming it on the monitor.

1pm.

After a light lunch Suhyuk was going out of his house.

He was wearing a black suit perfectly fitting his body.

Then a man got out of a luxury sedan parked on the other side of his house.

He was the chief presidential bodyguard Choi Kitaek.

“How are you, sir?” said Choi, lowering his head.

Then he got inside the car when Choi opened the back door.

An hour’s drive took him to the Blue House.

Getting out of the car, Suhyuk looked around slowly.

He was accustomed to it as it was seen on TV, but he felt its surroundings strange on his actual visit.

His parents were busy calling their relatives about Suhyuk’s visit to the Blue House, praising it as a family celebration.

“Let’s go inside,” said Choi.

Nodding his head, he followed Choi.

How many minutes did he walk for? Choi was standing before a big gate.

It was inscribed with gold-colored Mugunghwa, a rose of Sharon on its front.

“Wait a moment here.”

Suhyuk fixed up his clothing in the meantime.

Soon Choi reappeared, with the door opening.

“Now you can come in...”

There was a big red carpet in the entrance.

A middle-aged woman sitting at the PC desk confirmed his name, and stood up.

“Come on in!” said a gentleman.

He came up to him for a handshake.

“My name is Jang Chulwoo, the chief presidential secretary.”

Suhyuk grabbed his hand, saying, “My name is Lee Suhyuk.”

“You achieved a really great thing! We didn’t know that there is

such a talented man like you in this country. I'm proud of you as a citizen of this country."

Suhyuk made an awkward smile at his flattering.

"Oh, the President is waiting for you now. I'll escort you to the guest house."

Suhyuk moved again, escorted by him. It was not that long.

Arriving at the gate, he knocked on it lightly before going in.

There were several guests seated there, and he saw someone seated on the upper seat of the table. He was the President of Korea.

Now Suhyuk was coming out of the guest house.

It looked like he talked for about two hours with the President over lunch.

The President said something like this: thanks for promoting our country's prestige, a special plane will be provided for your flight to Norway for the Nobel Prize, etc. And exemption from the military service, too.

"Let's go," said Choi, who was on standby nearby.

Never did he think that he would come to visit the Blue House like this.

"Please give me a ride only to the entrance," said Suhyuk.

"Well, I have a duty to escort you in safety..."

"I've got an appointment, though."

"Got it, then."

Of course, the appointment he mentioned was a lie. He just wanted to buy some trekking shoes for his parents who said they were going mountaineering.

Soon the car arrived at the entrance, and Suhyuk got off there.

“Take care then!”

“Thanks.”

After exchanging greetings with Choi, Suhyuk walked for a bit before catching a taxi.

He felt much more comfortable now without the bodyguards.

Now he was heading for the department stores in downtown.

He would have felt it burdensome to come to this place in the past, but he still had lot of money that he had earned during his stay in the United States.

Once inside the department, Suhyuk carefully checked the trekking shoes for the best quality ones.

He spent about 30 minutes time selecting the trekking shoes and clothes.

When Suhyuk presented his card to the counter clerk, she took a glance at him, saying “Oh, are you Dr. Lee Suhyuk by any chance?”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wide because she was a total stranger to him.

“Yes, I am. How did you know me?”

In a blush she said, “I saw a TV documentary about you the other day.”

“I hear that you’re receiving Nobel Prize this time...”

When she asked cautiously, he nodded his head awkwardly.

“Wow! Congratulations! I heard that only a genius can get the prize.”

“Thanks.”

Paying the bill instantly, Suhyuk left the place.

Then the employee stopped him, asking, “Hey doctor!”

He turned his head at her.

“Can you pose with me for a picture?”

“Oh... no problem...”

Click!

“Thanks!”

Suhyuk left the shop instantly, but he was still hanging around in the department store.

He wanted to buy some more things for his parents, but could not think of anything.

Then one item came into his eyes. A nicely wrapped piece of delicious beef.

He purchased it without any hesitation because his parents liked meat.

Then he went up and down the escalators.

Suddenly he stopped walking at the voice of a woman behind him.

He turned his head backwards to find a familiar face out there.

She was holding the hands of a man who looked stout, as if they were a couple.

Walking from the opposite side she also found Suhyuk.

Suhyuk smiled at her, saying,

“Long time, no see, Binna!”

Chapter 148

Suhyuk's appearance was reflected in Binna's brown pupils.

"Dr. Lee..."

The the man holding her hands looked at her, asking, "Who is he?"

"Oh, he is the doctor that I work with in the same building..."

"Really?"

Approaching Suhyuk instantly, he held out his hand politely and said, "Hello, my name is Han Jisok."

With a smile Suhyuk held his hands.

"Hello, my name is Lee Suhyuk. I'm glad to meet you."

Then he turned to Binna.

She said, "I hear you took vacation, sir. I wonder what happened to you..."

"Well..."

Binna did not look at his eyes. She just looked down at her feet, lowering her head.

How much she wanted to see him, now standing before her eyes.

After Suhyuk left, she would look at the pictures of him every night, which she had taken secretly with her cell phone. She would also visit the Sky Park and walk on the lobby he used to go around. Days after days passed like that. And her father, her only family member, died.

She wept and wept to the point that she was take to the emergency room from becoming unconscious due to dehydration symptoms. During that difficult time there was a man who took care of her whole-heartedly. He was always there to keep and protect her. One year ago he said he loved her, and then stayed

with her. He was her high school classmate. Han Jisok.

Han was the man who shared her pain during her most difficult times. The she began to open her heart to Han, and soon became his lover like this.

“I’m glad to know you’re now okay. You look fine.”

Suhyuk never knew her father had died, but knew one thing clearly.

This man holding Binna’s hands. His eyes looking at her were warm.

“When are you coming back to work?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, she said with a smile, “I think sometime next week.”

“Alright. I’ll see you then.”

Suhyuk then passed by her.

A little sigh came out her trembling lips.

She thought that she could stay calm when she met him again, but clearly she could not.

“Boohoo...”

When she lowered her head, tears dropped from her chin suddenly.

Han asked with a surprised look,

“What is the matter with you, Binna?”

He turned his head and looked at Suhyuk’s appearance from behind.

But it was only brief, and he now looked at Binna worriedly.

Was she thinking of her father again?

Keeping her head down for a while, she raised her head now, wiping her tears.

With a smile she nodded her head, saying,

“Yes, I’m alright. I’ll be alright.”

She calmed down her heart now beating strongly.

The man she had to look at now was not Lee Suhyuk, but the man before her eyes.

Dr. Lee had a woman, who he used to call his “friend.”

But it was not just that, in her eyes.

Their eyes looking at each other clearly showed their relationship was more than just “friends.”

When Suhyuk went back home, there were some strangers visiting it.

They were his parents’ friends having a late housewarming party.

And he had to get a scolding from his parents because of the gifts he was holding with both hands.

Soon their scolding turned to praise, though.

All of them looked at his parents with envy.

Their son visited the Blue House, plus he would also receive a Nobel Prize.

That night Suhyuk had many glasses of soju refilled by them wishing him well.

The next morning.

As soon as he went out of the house, he stopped by a convenience store.

He bought a hangover drink and emptied it in one gulp.

He felt he was not yet sober from intoxication last night.

If it were only like last night, he felt he could go on eating and

drinking like that.

For he saw his parents' happy smiles.

Thinking of the happy event last night, he soon moved to Daehan Hospital.

“Hello, Dr. Lee!”

“Hello, sir!”

As soon as he came into the lobby, those medical staff in the lobby said greetings here and there, at which Suhyuk responded by lowering his head.

He massaged the back of his neck once he got inside the elevator.

Now he was accustomed to the greetings by even those medical staff he did not know.

Ding dong.

<The door opens>

With a bitter smile he headed for the cardiothoracic surgery department.

“Uh?”

The nurse who was putting data into the PC was surprised to see him.

“I thought you were taking a break until you get the Nobel award.”

Such a rumor was already spreading.

Shrugging his shoulders, Suhyuk said with a smile, “What is the point of idling away time?”

“Slow down, doctor,” said the nurse.

Then the phone rang, and she picked up the phone.

“Yes, it's the cardiothoracic surgery... Oh, TA patient? Got it.”

As soon as she hung up the phone, Suhyuk said, “Let me go and

check him.”

Suhyuk quickened his pace.

At that moment Park Sungjae approached the desk after turning around the corner.

“Isn’t he Dr. Lee Suhyuk?”

“Yes, he went right to the emergency room.”

Park quickly moved to find him.

“Sir!”

Before Suhyuk pressed on the button of the elevator, Park pressed it first.

“Can you allow me to go with you?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Going into the emergency room, Suhyuk looked around quickly.

He was near the entrance of the room.

Oh Byunchul, who took the defibrillator to a middle-age man’s heart, checked his vital signs.

Letting out a sigh, Oh wiped off sweat from his forehead.

Fortunately his heart beat again.

“Is he the TA patient?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, Oh turned his head.

“Oh, you came here?”

Oh knew Suhyuk had come back to Daehan Hospital, but he saw him now for the first time since then.

Though he was glad to see Suhyuk, it was not the right time to exchange greetings.

And that was the same feeling for Suhyuk.

Suhyuk scanned his body from head to foot.

The bandages around his arms and legs were stained with blood, which was now spreading gradually.

“Boohoo! Please open your eyes, uncle!”

A high-school girl beside him was nervous, and sobbing uncontrollably.

Looked like she was a family member of the man.

Then her face seemed familiar to him.

She was the patient who had been hospitalized after swallowing a razor.

Even with naked eye it was obvious that the patient's condition was serious.

“How long did the patient's heart stop for?”

At his asking, Oh opened his mouth,

“It stopped for a moment because of shock. He won't have any big trouble.”

“Got it. Mr. Park, contact the guardian of the patient.”

Suhyuk pushed the stretcher to the intensive care center for a thorough checkup.

“Looks like there was damage to his liver...”

Murmuring to himself, Suhyuk looked at the patient with the oxygen respirator.

Also the patient had a slipped disc in cervical spine. No.5 and No.6.

He might have felt numb even on his hands along with extreme pain.

“We will start surgery immediately.”

At Suhyuk's direction, the medical staff prepared surgery.

Suhyuk was no more a resident.

He was a doctor recognized by the medical faculty.

Above all, he was like a personal hospital on the move.

“Sir!” Park came in urgently, with an embarrassed look.

“Looks like he doesn’t have any family or relatives.”

Letting out a sigh, Suhyuk swept up his hair, and then said, “Okay. Let me be his guardian from now on. I’ll be responsible for any surgical mistake.”

There was a smile on the faces of the medical staff inside the room.

It was the moment they could confirm why everybody called him a doctor.

Heading for the operating room Suhyuk asked Park, “Wasn’t the patient the father of that high school girl?”

Park, shaking his head, looked at the man on the stretcher.

At first he did not recognize who he was, but soon knew him after seeing the girl crying in the emergency room several times.

The middle-aged man visited the hospital several times while the girl was hospitalized.

It was he that paid the bill for her.

He thought the man was her father, but he was not.

There was no way of finding out their relationship.

“Looks like she is not his daughter. I don’t know exactly their relationship.”

Nodding his head, Suhyuk hurriedly went to the operating room.

The automatic door opened, and the patient and the medical staff went in.

Closing his eyes, Suhyuk began disinfecting himself.

Though he arrived at the hospital, he might have to fight over

the patient's bleeding now.

Really, there was bleeding from all over his body.

What about the condition of the organs inside his abdomen?

He could only make an educated guess based on the shots.

As soon as he was done with disinfection, he opened his eyes, and made a judgment.

Inside the operating room Suhyuk checked the IV and blood packs tied to the patient.

“There will be lots of bleeding while we're performing the surgery. So, please get enough blood packs...”

Suhyuk looked at the patient's arms and legs wrapped with bandages.

“Please press on the wounds as hard as possible. We'll get into surgery after checking the condition of his organs first.”

The medical staff began bandaging the wounds, not too hard or too soft.

While they were doing it, Suhyuk took a look at the patient with the oxygen respirator.

“You have to overcome it.”

“TA patient, we start surgery now.”

Chapter 149

<In Operation>

A girl student was looking at the automatic door of the operating room as if she was absent-minded.

She was Kim Yuri, who had been hospitalized at Daehan Hospital after swallowing a razor.

Tear drops were formed at the tip of her jaw, who was standing with a blank expression.

“He drives me crazy to the end...”

She really hated the man. Very annoying from the beginning...

She squatted in the hallway as if she was collapsing.

Her long hair hid her face.

“Haaaah...” A long sigh came out from her lips.

She was always a lonely kid even though she had parents. Her mother ran a bar in a remote small village, while her father was a gangster that everybody shunned.

Her parents quarrelled whenever they met, and it was common that they did not come home for one week. What was her presence to them? When she ran into them occasionally, they always cast their eyes with disbelief as if they complained that their lives were messed up because of her.

And they would throw 20,000 or 30,000 won as pocket money. That was it.

In the end, they divorced, and her mother claimed the right to keep her in a legal battle.

The situation never changed for her.

It was about one year after they divorced when she experienced some change in her life.

She got married to another man. Exactly speaking, they only registered their marriage.

This 'new father' was weird. He would give her pocket money on a regular basis, and made breakfast for her without fail. For what? Any hidden purpose?

Besides, he would find her by all means whenever she fled from the house.

She felt just ashamed about him when she was mingling with her friends.

His attire was always that of a manual laborer.

She could not understand why her mother got married to a man like that.

Anyway, even her mother cut relations with her, and deserted her.

There was a rampant rumor that she met another guy and left.

In the end, she was left alone with this man, the new father.

One day when she was trying to go out, he stopped her.

He told her not to mingle with bad girls, resulting in a quarrel.

"Why? What do you mean to me?"

She chewed a razor before his eyes and swallowed it.

Then he slapped her in the face.

It was the first time she was hit like that by him who never used any force.

She was taken to the hospital.

Fortunately there was no damage to the cut lips and bleeding tongue, but she felt pain on her wrist because he pressed on it.

In the end, she was hospitalized, but she closed her eyes as if she was sleeping on the bed.

And she could hear what he was saying to her.

“Do you hate me that much?”

She span hre body around at that and heard a quiet sigh from his mouth in her ears.

She could not see him since then.

She just heard from the nurse that he had paid the bill after checking her condition.

Back home she led the same life as before.

She turned on the TV and sat on the sofa.

Suddenly she cast her eyes at the kitchen.

“You must be hungry. Wait a moment...:

She seemed to see the back of the man cooking for her, but he was not there.

She felt stuffy in heart, and so she opened the refrigerator to get some cold water.

She found fruits and soft drinks in it, plus plenty of side dishes prepared by someone else.

“I didn’t say I want this kind of food.”

Night fell and morning broke every day.

And then the man never came back.

“I’m free at last...”

She just felt relieved after such a long time because the man who interfered with her everyday disappeared at last.

She clenched her fist and gnashed her teeth. Otherwise she felt that she would cry.

She wanted to enjoy some fresh cool air outside, and so she went out.

She was waiting at the crossing to move to a small park near her

villa.

While she was waiting, she saw a familiar man wearing manual worker's clothes with lots of dirt on.

He was the man, her 'new father.'

The traffic light now turned to green.

Finding her, he was walking toward her, waving at her, with several shopping bags in one hand.

Thump!

She could not move her body as if it were frozen like ice.

Screams came out from passers-by here and there.

The shopping bags were flying in the air, with the contents falling down.

"How, how did he know it?"

The contents in the shopping bags were the kind of clothes she wanted to have.

"Uncle!"

Suhyuk held out his hand, and the nurse gave him the tool.

With a burning smell, his belly was opened slowly.

"Pull it."

At Suhyuk's direction Park on the other side pulled the abdominal walls by using a retractor.

"Sir, his blood pressure is dropping."

At the assistant's words, who had been monitoring the patient's vital signs, Suhyuk knitted his brows. And he looked at the patient's face, murmuring, 'You have to overcome this.'

"Keep up with supplying blood. Suction!"

While blood was being sucked into it, Suhyuk moved his hands.

‘It’s his liver now.’

About two thirds of it was smashed like mushed tofu, from which bleeding did not stop.

Even with the suction, bleeding did not stop.

It was very strange because the amount of bleeding was unusual for damage like this.

Hundreds of educated guess passed through his mind.

And he could make a conclusion out of it.

If he had been taking blood pressure pills like anticoagulant that diluted blood, that was possible. Was he taking blood pressure pills?

“Please apply an anticoagulant injection.”

As soon as he said that, he began incising the liver.

As the anticoagulant was injected, the surgery was done sooner than planned.

“Now irrigation!”

Suhyuk poured water liquid into the patient’s belly.

“Suction!”

Though the liver was partially cut, bleeding was not that severe now thanks to the anticoagulant.

His hand moved ceaselessly, and now he was doing anastomosis.

Fortunately there was no other organs damaged other than the liver.

“Please stitch them.”

Suhyuk stepped back, and the assistants quickly got together for the stitching job.

After letting out a long breath, Suhyuk looked at the bandages

wrapping the patient.

He could still see some bleeding from his right leg.

No damage to the bones, but too much bleeding.

After all, he cut the bandages to check it.

As he expected, the wounds were messy, with the shifted skin tearing apart.

Suhyuk began washing his leg while the medical staff were engrossed in stitching.

Something strange caught his eyes when he opened the wound. Only the fat layer was washed away. The bleeding was severe because the patient was taking that medicine.

Suhyuk began to disinfect again. Otherwise, the skin graft or inflammation might have led to rotting skin after necrosis occurred.

After disinfection, Suhyuk checked the patient's vital signs.

The blood pressure was coming back, though it was still below normal.

‘You’re doing fine.’

The medical staff doing the stitches were done finally.

“Nice job, doctor!”

“You, too, sir!”

At the medical staff’s complement, Suhyuk checked the vital signs quietly.

There was some silence for a moment.

Now Suhyuk took off his mask, looking at the medical staff, “Thanks for the work, everybody!”

Though the vital signs were not perfect, the numbers were coming back to normal.

As long as the patient opened his eyes and had enough recovery time, his vital signs were likely to go back to normal.

The patient was taken to the intensive care unit.

As soon as the door opened, Kim Yuri, who followed him right before the operating room, could not control her sobbing.

While the medical staff were checking the IV drip and the devices attached on the patient's body, Suhyuk said to Kim, "The surgery went well."

"Boohoo..boohoo..."

She now suppressed her tears, saying,

"When you said the surgery went well, does it mean he is okay now?"

Suhyuk slowly nodded his head, replying,

"Do you happen to know this patient's relatives or acquaintances?"

"Wait a moment," said Kim, who then called somewhere.

How long ago did she call that number?

She could not remember it because she did not call it for a long time, <The number you're now calling is not in service...> Kim called the number again, but to no avail.

Yes, she was right. Her mother deserted her.

Back in the intensive care unit she stopped there.

And she looked at him lying on the bed in the distance.

Why only now did she realize it?

Now she began to see the very person who had been taking care of her up to now.

She walked up to him slowly.

The patient opened his eyes faintly.

“Are you back to your senses a bit now?” asked Suhyuk.

At his asking the patient’s pupils moved.

He fixed his eyes on Kim who came up to him before he knew it.

And she opened her mouth slowly, saying,

“I’m his guardian... It’s me, boohoo...”

She kneeled down as if her legs lost strength, and grabbed his hands gently.

She would never let go of his hands again.

“I’m his guardian. Boohoo... He is my father. My father!”

Chapter 150

Kim Yuri looked as if she was praying, holding his hands.

And she did not raise her head.

There was some sort of desperateness in her trembling shoulders and her occasional crying, “Boohoo... He’s my father, my father.”

The face of the patient, Choi Jongchol, could not be seen clearly because of the white fogs inside the oxygen respirator he had on, but a closer look could confirm his faint smile.

Though she cried, he felt it was the most pleasant melody in the world to his ears.

Finally she recognized him as her father.

Though even one drop of blood was not mixed with her, he thought of her as his daughter the moment he saw her.

‘She was a child born into my heart. Yes, my daughter.’

Though her mother deserted her, she was still his daughter.

“Yuri...”

When he murmured something, she shook her head strongly, saying, “Don’t say anything. Just stay still like that!”

Both of them reached out their hands and felt their warmth.

“Sir!”

Suhyuk turned his head back to find Park Sungjae.

He said, looking over the patient’s chart.

“What about his slipped discs in his spine? It looks like it’s very severe.”

“I think he can wait until he is fully recovered first.”

“Can I participate when you perform the surgery on it too?”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile because he would have to leave the

hospital for a while by the time when the patient needed the disc surgery. He was supposed to attend a Nobel Prize ceremony.

“I’m afraid I can’t because of the Nobel Prize award ceremony.”

Typically Suhyuk would not go anywhere if he had a patient like this.

But the situation changed now, because there were disc treatment experts at Daehan Hospital.

“Follow me.”

When Suhyuk moved ahead, Park followed him quickly.

Both of them got on the elevator.

“Where are you going, sir?”

Without replying Suhyuk just smiled at him.

Getting off the elevator, Park opened his eyes wider, because they were now at the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Nervously Park asked, “Why did you take me here?”

“You said you wanted to observe a spinal disc operation, right?”

Suhyuk walked through the hallway, exchanging greetings with the medical staff.

Looking at the nameplate of the office blankly, Park turned his head to Suhyuk suddenly, “Hope not...”

Despite his surprised look, Suhyuk just knocked on the door.

“Come on in!”

When he opened the door, he saw Prof. Lee Mansuk.

When he saw Suhyuk, Lee stood up and greeted him gladly, “Dr. Lee!”

“How are you, prof. Lee!”

Prof. Lee grabbed his hands all of a sudden.

“How come I can’t see your face more often? I called you the

other day for a dinner appointment, but you didn't answer the phone..."

"Oh, my cellphone was turned off, sir."

Park joined them quietly now, looking at Prof. Lee nervously.

Park heard that Prof. Lee was very tough, but he did not seem like that now.

"Have a seat."

At his gesturing, Suhyuk sat on the sofa, and looked at Park.

"Please sit down, Park."

Brewing coffee by himself, Prof. Lee turned his head, asking, "By the way, who is he? I have not see him before..."

Park stood up abruptly, saying,

"How are you, sir? This is resident Park Sungjae with the cardiothoracic surgery department."

Seeing Park standing at attention, Lee scratched his ear and opened his mouth, "Ooops, your voice makes my ears deaf!"

"I'm so sorry!"

Shaking his head, Prof. Lee offered coffee to Suhyuk and Park.

"Congrats!"

"Thanks."

Putting down his coffee, Prof. Lee opened his mouth after looking at him for a moment, "Are you leaving for the award ceremony next week?"

"Yes, I think so."

"By the way..." Prof. Lee cast a doubtful look at Park sitting next to Suhyuk.

Park said with a stumbling voice,

"The problem is..."

Suhyuk quickly cut in,

“The patient I performed the open surgery on had a spinal disc slip. So, after he is recovered...”

Suhyuk asked Prof. Lee for the surgery.

Talking to Prof. Lee, Suhyuk suddenly turned to Park, and thought to himself.

He’s going to be really a good doctor. Like him, Park was acutely aware of the patient’s pain.

When he found it difficult to find the patient’s blood vessel, he used his own arm to find it.

Accordingly his forearm was covered with bruises due to countless needle punctures on it.

“I’m afraid he can’t catch up with you.”

At Prof. Lee’s remarks, Park nodded his head.

“You’re right, professor. Dr. Lee is like a hospital on the move.”

Suhyuk took the coffee cup to his lips with an awkward smile.

Then Prof. Lee looked at Park gently.

The resident recommended by Suhyuk.

Prof. Lee was now forming some sort of expectation of Park.

“I hope Park is in good hands, sir,” said Suhyuk.

Suhyuk stood up with a polite greeting.

Suhyuk headed to the exit.

“Where are you going?” said Prof. Lee, looking at Park.

Park, who was following Suhyuk, looked at Lee with wide eyes.

“I need to talk with you some more,” said Prof. Lee.

“Oh, yes, sir...”

So, Suhyuk went out the office alone, leaving Park behind.

Lee's loud voice came out the office.

"Don't you know that, man!"

Suhyuk walked through the hallway.

It seemed like Park needed to make lots of efforts to learn from him.

After he got back home early, Suhyuk was on the bus to go somewhere.

It was only 9pm.

He looked out the window quietly.

The street lights passed by, leaving a long tail behind.

The bus stopped at the traffic light.

He saw a couple walking hand in hand.

The lady walking behind her boyfriend smiled brightly.

There appeared some smile on Suhyuk's blank face.

He looked happy.

Then his cellphone in the pocket buzzed.

It was a call from Prof. Han Myungjin.

"Yes, professor."

"Are you busy?"

"No, sir. Please go ahead."

"Well, the Korean Doctors Association made a request for your lecture on stem cells."

Suhyuk did not refuse it.

"When is it, sir?"

"Well, it's tomorrow."

Suhyuk shook his head before he knew it. Why so suddenly...

But he changed his mind. It did not matter.

“What time do I go and where?”

“3pm. They’ll send someone to pick you up when you report to work tomorrow.”

“Got it.”

“Okay, have a good rest then.”

After the call, Suhyuk pressed the bell inside the bus because he already arrived at his destination.

Getting off the bus he looked at the street while walking up the overpass.

Somewhere there he was hit by a motorcycle a long time ago.

The suspect was none other than the son of the hospital director.

The incident was vivid in his memory as if it just happened yesterday.

He could not remember how many times he walked up and down this place.

Walking down the overpass now, he turned into an alley.

The rusty street light was still flickering occasionally.

It was there that he noticed Choi Suryon’s abnormal symptoms.

He wondered how she was doing these days.

Suhyuk had to walk several more minutes to his destination.

Finally he stopped before a restaurant with bright lights inside.

Hanas’ Rice and Soup restaurant.

“Hey, one bottle of soju, please!”

“Yes!”

“Please give me one more dish of oxhead slices!”

“Okay. Oxhead slices, please!”

A lady with her long straight hair tied up was working, busy with taking the orders.

She was none other than Hana.

“Here you are,” said Hana, offering a bottle of soju on the customer’s table.

At that moment the entrance door of the restaurant was opened.

With a smile, she turned back to greet the customer.

“Please come on in...”

Frozen like a stone statue, she found her pupils trembling.

A handsome man was smiling before the door.

“It’s you...”

Suhyuk came in, saying, “How have you been?”

Hana could not say anything.

It was Suhyuk who opened his mouth first.

“I’m here, sir.”

Hana’s father, who came out of the kitchen with a dish of oxhead slices, greeted him, “Oh, you came here. Have a seat at any empty table.”

Having said that, Hana’s father put down the dish on the customer’s table.

He did not walk with a limp anymore. He was walking normally just like an ordinary man.

That made Suhyuk’s smile brighter.

Seated at the table Hana’s father pointed to, Suhyuk looked around.

As only two tables were occupied, they did not seem busy.

Then Hana moved to the refrigerator.

“Aunt, give me rice and soup, and a bottle of soju!” said Suhyuk.

Hana turned back suddenly, demanding, “Who dared call me an aunt?”

With a smile, Suhyuk pulled away her wrist, and she squatted on the seat next to him.

“I’m going abroad for some business briefly. I hear the landscape is terrific, along with fresh air there.”

“You’re going there to win the Nobel Prize...”

Suhyuk continued, blocking her mouth, saying, “Let’s go together.”

It took him so long for him to confess his true feelings to her like that.

Chapter 151

Looking at Hana for a moment, Suhyuk smiled at her.

She did not say anything, just looked at him.

“Please give me a bottle of soju!” shouted a customer.

“Yeah...” Hana replied as if she were murmuring.

Standing up from his seat faster than her, he took out a bottle of soju and put it down on the customer’s table.

He came back to his seat, asking her, “Won’t you go with me?”

At his repeated asking, she opened her mouth,

“What about dinner? Did you eat?”

Suhyuk smiled, shaking his head.

“Wait a minute.”

She disappeared into the kitchen and came back with a bowl of rice and soup for him.

Steam rolled up from the bowl filled with delicious toppings of vegetable and meat.

“Thanks.”

Suhyuk began eating quietly. Everytime he touched the food, he looked at her with a smile.

They were looking at each other without saying any words.

They could sense each other’s feeling without talking.

They knew that they went through all sorts of ups and downs along the way in their relationship.

They were standing face to face with each other all the time, but could not come closer to each other because of an invisible wall between them.

Suhyuk always felt a sense of guiltiness that he hurt her father’s

legs, which made him feel at the same time that Hana, his daughter, was like a heavy wall standing before him.

“Let me pay the bill,” said a customer.

“Sure, I’ll come,” said Hana.

When she was about to stand up, her father stopped her shoulder, saying, “Let me take care of it. Didn’t Suhyuk say he wanted another bottle of soju?”

“Oh, you’re right...”

Hana’s father moved to the counter, and she offered a cup of soju to Suhyuk.

Suhyuk drank it in a gulp, with a pleasant smile.

“Let me offer you soju, aunt!”

“Call me an aunt again?”

Narrowing her eyes she received a cup of soju from him.

Looking at them with a satisfactory look, Hana’s father nodded his head slowly.

After all they were supposed to be united like that.

He just felt nervous all along that their relationship would be estranged because of him.

“Check, please,” said the last customer.

After he got paid, Hana’s father said at the entrance door, “Let me go home first, Hana, as I’m a bit tired today. So, clean up for me.”

“Are you going, sir?”

When Suhyuk approached him, he waved his hand.

“I’m going to take a taxi from near here, so don’t see me off.”

Then he looked at Hana, asking her to shut the door without fail.

Now Suhyuk and Hana were left alone in the restaurant.

At that moment their eyes met simultaneously.

“Why, why?”

She tried to avoid some sort of awkward situation by raising her voice and began cleaning the table.

At that moment Suhyuk pulled her wrist toward him gently.

Her eyes became wide. She could not say anything.

She could feel his warmth entirely.

Suhyuk’s soft voice went into her ear.

“Sorry. I’ve kept you waiting for so long.”

Held in his arms, she closed her eyes and shook her head slowly.

He smelled something pleasant from her trembling hair.

She snuggled into his arms as if she was hugging a soft pillow.

The next day.

Suhyuk got on a car to give a briefing session on stem cells at the request of the Korean Doctors Association.

As many doctors around the country were gathering for the event, the hall was huge.

Walking up to the podium, he moistened his dry throat with some natural spring water.

Then a text message appeared on his cellphone.

<Cheer up!>

It was a message from Hana.

With a slight smile he looked around at the large audience. The noisy audience became quiet soon, with doctors seating one by one.

Some photographers began clicking shutters.

Suhyuk tapped on the microphone with one finger. Everybody became silent in just a moment.

“Hello, my name is Lee Suhyuk.”

The sound of clapping hands spread like waves into the hall.

When the sound became quiet, he opened his mouth,

“Thanks so much for coming to this place. Let me start now.”

The doctors’ eyes were glittering at his lecture.

How could any doctor who resolved the mystery of stem cells reveal to the outside world so easily like that?

His research had a such a great potential in terms of its commercial value.

He could make a zillion out of it.

However, Dr. Lee Suhyuk now standing before the podium gave out all his research.

The audience listened to him carefully for about two hours.

“Now let me take your questions.”

One doctor raised his hand.

Suhyuk said, nodding at him, “Please go ahead.”

“How do you feel now that you’re soon going to receive the Nobel Prize?”

The audience made a satisfactory look at him.

At the unexpected question Suhyuk said briefly, “I feel good.”

As soon as he replied, various questions were thrown here and there by many doctors.

Some sort of scholastic conversation was exchanged between them, at which the cameramen shook their heads, unable to understand them.

“No more questions?”

Answering all their questions, Suhyuk cast his eyes toward the audience.

There were none.

Actually Suhyuk spent as much time answering the questions as he did on the briefing.

“Then I assume that there are no further questions... Let me tell you about my own thoughts briefly then...”

Some of the doctors about to go to the restroom sat back down on their seats.

“As you know, the profession of a doctor is a very difficult job. Especially when you have a stream of emergency patients, it’s just common for you to give up your sleeping. But try to cheer up a little more. Patients are just powerless before doctors. At least during the time they visit the hospital, they don’t know anything about their body just like a child. They just rely on the doctors.”

Now occasional chattering among some doctors stopped when he said that.

Silence hung among them.

Suhyuk continued,

“When we doctors meet face to face with patients, we should be their parents. Just like the patient trusts and relies on us, we have a duty to treat them to the best that we could. If we treat them just like our parents or children even for a moment, they won’t forget us and come back. More patients coming, and as a result, more facilities and more medical staff will be needed.

If we think of the patients as our family members, such things will follow naturally. Because of this, we should be a part of their families.”

Looking around the audience quietly, Suhyuk said, “That’s it. Thank you!”

When he lowered his head, thunderous clapping hands broke the silence.

The bulletin boards of Daehan Hospital homepage website was covered with all kind of tweets and replies about Suhyuk.

<We'll remember Dr. Lee Suyuk>

<Needless to say, he is the REAL doctor!>

<As the recipient of Nobel Prize, he certainly is in a different class. We respect you> There were many patients who visited Daehan Hospital on purpose to get his treatment.

But they could not see him because he was already aboard the plane about to take off.

“This is the first time I am traveling abroad.”

Hana, seated in the first class cabin, looked inside the plane.

She was comfortable but nervous because it was the first time she got on a plane.

Suhyuk, seated next to her, smiled. He felt the same when he got on board the plane bound for the United States for the first time.

“After you have some in-flight food, watch a movie and take a nap, and then you'll have already arrived at the destination,” said Suhyuk.

Soon an in-flight announcement came out, “Now we're leaving to receive the Nobel Prize.”

When Suhyuk and Hana were smiling at each other, the plane was taking off into the sky.

While they were heading for Stockholm, both of them received comfortable in-flight service.

It took them 13 hours to fly there.

When they arrived at the airport, it was early in the evening.

Probably it would be early in the morning in Korea.

Contrary to their expectation, there were no other passengers or reporters at the airport.

Actually they arrived at the airport secretly at his request.

“Give me the baggage. Let me escort you to the hotel safely.”

A bodyguard wearing sunglasses took Hana’s carrier bag and his baggage.

A total of four bodyguards were protecting Suhyuk and Hana.

When they got out of the exit, one of the bodyguards opened the door of a black limousine.

“Are you heading to the hotel right away?”

Thinking for a moment before getting in the sedan, Suhyuk opened his mouth after looking at Hana, “We’d like to have some fun before checking in.”

“Of course. We’ll drive you anywhere you want.”

At the bodyguard’s words, both of them got in the limousine.

Their sightseeing began.

It was a lonesome rectangular room.

The only furniture there was a long table and two chairs.

There, two men were facing each other.

One of them was silent and the other one smiled while looking at his smartphone.

He was Dongsu.

Some voice was coming out of his phone as if he was watching TV on it.

<Finally today is the day our country produces its second winner of the Nobel Prize! Who is this doctor receiving the Nobel Prize in

Medicine?”

<Yes, he is a surgeon at Daehan Hospital. He is in his 20s, very young. He also received an award from the American Doctors’ Association.”

<Rumor has it that he refused the award, but the American Doctors’ Association insisted on it, so he accepted it reluctantly.”

Soon the Nobel Prize award ceremony began.

It was the moment Suhyuk’s face became known to every corner of the world.

Dongsu made a light smile at it.

Forming a V shape with his fingers after he wore a medal around his neck.

It was Suhyuk’s signature appearance.

Looking at it with a smile, Dongsu showed it to the man before his eyes.

“A wonderful guy, isn’t he?”

Gazing at it briefly, the man turned his eyes to Dongsu again.

“Treat me well. You’re making a mistake now,” said the man.

Dongsu just laughed it away, and stood up, unable to put up with him.

Approaching near the guy, Dongsu stroked his shoulder, saying, “Unlawful firing and embezzlement of official funds, plus accounting fraud. You really stole lots of money!”

At Dongsu’s remarks, the guy gnashed his teeth hard enough to make a sound.

“And you committed stalking, too!”

The guy hired a man to stalk Hana, and forcibly contacted her everyday.

Out of desperation with his persistent harassing, Hana reported it to Dongsu.

“I want to talk with my lawyer.”

At his words Dongsu took his mouth to his ears, replying, “Sure. But you had better give up getting out of here Insu. I didn’t like you from the high school days. And now I’ve become a prosecutor, man.”

Tapping him on the shoulder lightly, Dongsu looked at his cellphone on the table.

Suhyuk, walking down the podium after receiving the award, was holding Hana’s hands.

Dongsu made a smile at that.

“Don’t you think that they look great?”

Kim Insu gnashed his molars hard enough to break them.

Chapter 152

Suhyuk visited a series of hospitals in Stockholm to brief about his research on stem cells.

Numerous reporters followed him there, and those doctors present at his briefing session were busy taking notes of, and even recording what he said.

At last he completed all the lectures he had to, and was able to find his own free time.

He could have returned to Korea after the ceremony, but he did not.

He spent his vacation with Hana in Stockholm.

They took pictures in front of famous buildings and had delicious food.

Smiles never disappeared from their faces.

Holding their hands, both walked along the streets during the night.

It was no exception today.

Holding a cup of coffee, they took a leisurely tour of the busy thoroughfare crowded with foreigners.

“Looks like they are not tired,” said Hana.

At her remarks Suhyuk looked back slightly.

Stout guys with a strong build, in black suits and wearing glasses.

They were the bodyguards assigned to protect them.

From morning till night they guarded both of them without any rest.

“You feel rather uncomfortable because of them, right?”

At Suhyuk’s asking Hana made a bitter smile.

“Well, as they’re keeping an eye on us, I do feel like that...”

Suhyuk suddenly quickened his pace, along with Hana holding his hands.

Surprised by their sudden act, the bodyguards began following them quickly.

However, both of them already disappeared into the crowds.

“Haaaah... haaah...”

Both of them were now crossing a long bridge over the water.

After running away from the bodyguards, they came to a stop soon.

Though they were short of breath, they did not lose their smiles.

Suhyuk looked back at the road they had come from, and then looked at Hana.

“Looks like we gave them the slip finally.”

He was right. Though they felt sorry about the bodyguards, Suhyuk and Hana wanted to spend their valuable time just between themselves during their stay in Stockholm.

All this would be a good memory about which they could reminisce together later.

Holding their hands again they walked on the bridge slowly.

Suhyuk then asked her suddenly,

“Hana, what is your dream?”

“Me? Well...”

She, hesitant to answer, just looked down at the water, sweeping up her long straight hair.

Her dream already came true at this place.

“How about you?”

At her asking Suhyuk just smiled and said, “Well my dream is...”

When the wind blew, the trees nearby shook, with the leaves scattering away like snowflakes.

“Yes, this is the Lee Suhyuk I used to know,” said Hana.

When Hana raised her thumbs, Suhyuk hugged her carefully.

She became red in the face, and his soft voice became brighter.

Both of them spent more time together than yesterday.

After he returned to Korea, Suhyuk reported to work without fail.

He did not visit the cardiothoracic surgery department.

As there were so many patients, he saw them in the office that was just opened under his name.

<Dr. Lee Suhyuk>

Those in the waiting room let out a sigh after confirming their names on the patient's list.

It was at least 20 minutes wait for any patient to see Dr. Lee for a checkup.

Some of them complained, but they soon understood why after seeing him.

Suhyuk's explanation was very thorough.

They even came out of the office with a correct understanding of the disease they thought they understood just by common sense.

Just like a recipient of the Nobel Prize, he was a true doctor.

Even though they came to see him because they were sick, he did not give prescriptions as easily as they expected. Because they did not need to take any medicine, it made them trust him all the more.

The hospital, and its director were rather nervous about it.

Already Daehan Hospital was becoming Lee's private hospital because of so many patients coming to see him.

Even some other hospitals sent their emissaries to Daehan Hospital, disguising them as patients to see Suhyuk.

"We're going to pay you five times as high as what you receive at Daehan's as annual compensation."

"No thanks."

"In addition to the salary, we'll offer you a newly built apartment overlooking the Han river..."

"I'm rich and I have a good house. I'm sorry."

Suhyuk rejected their offers without any hesitation.

Whatever lucrative offer they gave to him, Suhyuk's reply was consistent, "I've got so many patients waiting to see me now. So, please go out."

They had to turn back after hearing Suhyuk's resolute and unemotional request for them to leave.

Soon the business hours of the day was over.

Rising from his seat, Suhyuk stretched himself lightly.

He could not think of how many patients he saw today.

He only moved when he felt he needed to go to the restroom.

Still he felt good all along because the patients trusted and came to see him.

Suhyuk headed to the desk.

At that moment he ran into Binna who held a chart in her arms.

"Hi, doctor."

When she bowed her head, so did Suhyuk and said, "You look like you are on call today."

"Yes, I a,..."

“Did you already have dinner?”

“No, not yet. I’m going to in a minute...”

“Don’t skip your meals!”

“Thanks, you too, sir,” said Binna.

She then quickly passed by him.

Watching her walking with short and quick steps, Suhyuk let out a sigh of relief.

When he saw her boyfriend at the department store the other day, his impression was so good to him. Above all, there was some kind of warmth in his eyes looking at her.

Taking his eyes off from her, he began walking.

Then Binna came back urgently, offering something.

“Take this...”

What she took out from her pocket was a wedding invitation.

“When is it?”

“Next weekend, sir.”

With a smile, Suhyuk replied, “I’ll surely be there.”

She smiled big, forming her signature dimples on her cheeks.

“I wish you can come by all means, sir.”

“Of course, I will.”

Nodding her head, she turned back and left.

Suhyuk visited Prof. Han Myungjin.

Though it was late at night, he was still in his office.

Greeting him gladly, Han said,

“You look busier than before these days.”

Smiling awkwardly, Suhyuk took a cup of coffee to his lips.

Though he was busy, it was not true that he was busier than before.

Putting down the cup, he opened his mouth, "Professor..."

When he was about to say something, Han's cellphone buzzed.

"Wait a minute."

Taking the call, his facial expression changed every moment.

The call was not that long.

"Can you wait here a moment? A patient is complaining about pain in his abdomen."

"Let me go with you."

When Suhyuk stood up, Han shook his head, saying, "No, it's not a big deal. Just stay here a moment."

After Han left the office, he sat back again.

How much time passed?

Seated on the sofa, Suhyuk fell asleep.

Though he had a great time in Stockholm, it was inevitable that fatigue overtook him due to the jet lag.

All the world around him was white.

What he could see was just that.

Though it was a very familiar place, he could not recall it well.

At that moment Suhyuk, looking around, opened his eyes wide.

He saw a black shade walking toward him from the distance.

A man in a surgical gown and a mask.

"You must be..."

Now Suhyuk felt he could recognize who he was.

He was none other than the man he had met in his dream when he was young.

He formed wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes.

He was smiling.

“You did better than I expected.”

“What do you mean? And who are you?”

“It’s not easy to treat the patients, but you did it very well.”

“Who are you?”

At a glance he seemed to be more than 50 years old.

“I’ll see you soon.”

As soon as he said that, Suhyuk heard a thump.

Suhyuk’s eyes opened when the office door was opened.

It was a dream.

“Did you wait long? Some patients likes to feign illness so much.”

Back in the office, Prof. Han shook his head, with a smile.

And he suddenly cast a suspicious look at Suhyuk.

“Are you feeling hot in here?”

He saw beads of sweat on Suhyuk’s forehead.

“I’m alright, sir. I think I took a nap, and dreamed a weird dream.”

“Look at those cold sweats, man. Taking rest is part of your work. You can treat a patient when you’re healthy. Take a medical checkup when you can. If you keep going like that, you might burn out soon.”

Suhyuk nodded his head at his sincere advice.

“Got it, sir.”

‘Just do it with your parents one of these days.’

“Yes, sir.”

“Why don’t you bring them over here sometime next Monday? Okay?”

At that moment Han had another call.

“Yes, this is Prof. Han.”

A nurse’s voice was heard immediately,

“Professor Han. Prof. Jung Jisuk’s condition is not normal.”

Hanging up the phone, Han rose from the seat quickly.

“Is he a patient?”

Nodding his head, Han went out of the office without any word.

That meant that the patient’s condition was very grave.

Han pressed on the elevator button quickly.

Approaching him, Suhyuk said,

“What kind of patient is he, sir?”

“In a vegetative state right now. He is my mentor, too.”

<The door opens>

Inside the elevator Han pressed the button for the top floor.

It was where the VIP rooms were located.

Han’s face hardened tightly enough to make Suhyuk surprised.

He has never seen Han making such an expression before.

Getting off the elevator, Han began to run toward the patient’s room.

He went into the room, and so did Suhyuk.

Inside there were many medical staff gathered before the patient.

Everybody wiped off their sweat with a sigh of relief.

“What happened?”

When Han approached, they cleared the way.

One of them opened his mouth, “His condition is back to normal now.”

Watching the monitor checking the patient’s condition, Han let out a long breath.

Sometimes the vital signs of his mentor were violent like this.

Everytime it happened, his heart sank.

Before he was struck by cerebral infarction, he was a cheerful doctor who liked to play jokes or encourage the medical staff.

Looking at the patient, Han shook his head and said, “Sir, if you keep making fun of me like this, you’re really killing me.”

Then Suhyuk approached him.

The patient lying in bed with an oxygen respirator on, looking in his late 50s.

Strange enough, his face was familiar to him.

While Suhyuk was thinking like that, he felt he had been struck by a thunderbolt.

He was the very man he saw in his dream.

Chapter 153

He really looked like the man Suhyuk saw in his dream.

The man who appeared in his dream, wearing a mask. And the patient lying in bed with an oxygen respirator over his face.

Suhyuk was looking at him with a surprised look.

Was he mistaken?

There were many who resembled each other in the world.

Still the patient kept attracting Suhyuk's attention.

He looked as if he would talk to Suhyuk at any moment after opening his eyes.

When Suhyuk was standing frozen like a stone statue, Han checked his condition carefully again.

There was nothing troublesome.

"I'll be back again, sir."

Covering the patient with a blanket Han turned back, and looked at Suhyuk who was standing blankly.

"What are you doing? Let's go."

"Ah, yes, sir."

Soon he left the room with Han.

Walking down the hallway with Han, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Was he a professor in our college?"

Han nodded his head, adding, "He was a very good professor."

"May I ask what kind of person he was?"

With a smile, Han said, "Shall we go outside?"

Both of them went out.

Pulling canned coffee from the vending machine near the no-

cigarette booth, he gave it to Han.

“Thanks.”

He lit a cigarette that Han was holding in his hand.

“Huuuuuh...”

A stream of smoke that filled his lungs all the way down was blown out.

And he talked as if he was reminiscing about his mentor.

“He really took excellent care of the patients...”

Han reeled off various stories about him:

He was a hard-working doctor. Though he had a family, he stayed at the hospital all the time as if it was his home. The most hours he slept in a day was only five. On those days with no surgery scheduled, he would teach juniors all the time. Though he was exhausted by fatigue, he never revealed it. He was smiling all the time, playing jokes to cheer up the medical staff. Yet he was a strict doctor before patients. When the medical staff made mistakes, he scolded them harshly enough to make them shed tears, but he cheered them up over drinks when his anger melted away.

In short, he was a genuine doctor with touches of humanity.

Everybody respected him.

“That is how he fell sick, consumed by his work,” said Han.

Suyuk nodded his head when Han was done with talking about his mentor.

But Suhyuk’s mind was confused.

Was he the same man that appeared in his dream? He felt he could identify him if he could hear the patient’s voice.

“What’s wrong with you?” asked Han, looking suspiciously at Suhyuk’s hardened face.

“Nothing particular, sir.”

Suhyuk made a bright expression and looked at Han.

What was clear to Suhyuk now was that Prof. Jung Jisuk, now lying in bed, was a great doctor.

As Han said he was his mentor, Prof. Jung was really such a great doctor.

Parting with Han, Suhyuk got on the elevator.

<The door opens>

Walking down the hallway, Suhyuk stopped and looked at the patient's room before his eyes.

<Jung Jisuk>

Suhyuk came back to the VIP room where Jung was hospitalized.

Looking at the name quietly, he opened the door silently and went in.

There was nobody there this time.

“.....”

Standing near the patient, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Prof Jung Jisuk. Was it you, sir?”

Beep. Beep.

Instead of his reply, only the machine monitoring his condition emitted sound.

Suhyuk sat on the sofa beside the bed, and murmured to himself, “I lost consciousness when I had an accident. I had a dream back then. In that dream I spent many years with a man. I performed countless surgeries with him. I got a good scolding many times and was given many praises along the way.”

Suhyuk stood up, as if he was reminiscing about that time, and looked at him.

“Was that man none other than you, professor?”

There could be no reply from Jung. Instead he looked as if he was smiling at him.

Jung’s face looked as relaxed and peaceful as ever.

Letting out a breath, Suhyuk turned back, saying, “Goodbye for now, sir.”

Closing the door quietly, Suhyuk headed to the lobby to go home.

Then came out an announcer’s voice from the TV stand in the lobby.

<An arrest warrant was issued to the CEO of a business group that has been growing fast in the global market...?> Suhyuk stopped while passing by it casually, and received a call on his phone.

It was from Dongsu.

“Hey, did you see the news?”

At his asking out of the blue, he turned his head to the TV news before he knew it.

The related news was coming out at the moment.

“What about it?” asked Suhyuk.

“You remember Kim Insu, right?”

“Kim Insu?”

“Yes, that guy during our high school days who really sucked.”

Of course Suhyuk knew him.

“Yeah, I know him. Why are you talking about him out of the blue?”

“Well, I put him in jail.”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wide. The TV news he just heard was vivid.

It was about Kim's wrongdoings, and there were many things related to him that the prosecutor had been looking into.

"What happened?"

"Well, when I looked into his case, he had lots of criminal activities involved. That bastard ruined many companies, too."

He stole other companies' product items with money, nipping in the bud their attempt to grow as his rival companies. Dozens of such cases were detected.

"I feel as if a thorn in my neck has been removed. Now he's been caught! Bastard!"

Suhyuk made a bitter smile.

He recalled Kim Insu's face that always looked confident and complacent.

He deserted even his friend for the sake of his own interests, which was destined to end up like this, after all.

Now what would be his fate?

"I'll call you later as I have to interrogate him now."

"Uh..."

The phone was hung up abruptly.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk went out of the lobby and got on the bus bound for his home.

There were many kinds of people on the bus. A company employee who fell asleep out of fatigue, students chatting with smiles, and some worried parents caring about their children.

Looking at them Suhyuk made a slight smile.

Then he got a call from someone he knew. He had been thinking of calling him, but forgot.

"How are you, sir!"

“Are you busy these days?”

It was a call from Kim Hyunwoo, the rich businessman who helped him a lot.

“No, I’m not. How about you, sir?”

“Oh, I’m doing well. Congrats for your Nobel Prize. By the way, you forgot to call me after so long?”

“Sorry, I was just absent-minded...”

“Okay, then. Let me give you a chance for me to forgive you. You said you’re not busy, right?”

“No, sir. Please go ahead.”

“Can you see me now? I’m here at...”

After the phone call, Suhyuk got off at the next stop.

It was a thoroughfare where he called Suhyuk.

15 minutes’ walking took him to the destination.

It was a typical beer house, which did not match Kim’s image well.

Suhyuk went in.

There were many college students there at the moment.

“How many customers?”

“I’ve got someone waiting for me here,” said Suhyuk, looking around.

“Hey, I’m here!” said Kim, raising his hand from the side table.

Suhyuk headed to the table with a smile.

He was not alone. Sitting beside him was a woman with long hair, with her face white and pure. She looked just unfancy, not perking herself up at all.

“Long time no see, brother,” said Suhyuk.

Kim was a bit surprised at Suhyuk calling him brother, but

stayed calm.

With a smile Kim nodded his head,

“Thanks for coming this far. Have a seat.”

As soon as he said that, the woman sitting next to him widened her eyes, asking, “Are you really Dr. Lee Suhyuk?”

“Oh, I am. How are you? My name is Lee Suhyuk.”

Kim cut in, “She didn’t believe me when I said I was on close terms with you.”

She bowed her head, saying, “Hello. My name is Lee Kahyon. That’s what I mean, as you’re a busy doctor...”

Kim replied instead, “He’s not busy at all. I would not have called him here if he was busy. Beer?”

When Suhyuk nodded his head, Kim ordered a beer.

“She is going to be your sister-in-law.”

Surprised by Kim’s remarks, Suhyuk asked before he knew it, “Are you getting married?”

Kim looked at his girlfriend gently.

“When are you getting married?”

“Next year? Kahyon said she would support me.”

Suhyuk blinked his eyes. Support Kim? Support such a millionaire?

Actually Suhyuk smelt a rat when Kim asked him to call him a brother from the beginning.

Kim, glancing at her cellphone, told her, “Go and take your phone.”

“Sure,” said Kahyon, going out to take the phone.

“She has to keep to the curfew hour at home. Around this time she gets a call from her father.”

“Beer is ready,” said a waiter.

Chapter 154

Getting out of Kim's car, Suhyuk looked at the large garden.

He came back to this place after such a long time.

"Let's go in."

When Suhyuk followed him into the house, he heard a familiar but pleasant sound.

Bark! Bark!

That big dog resembling a lion.

She looked even bigger than last time, as Suhyuk saw her for the first time in a long time.

When he approached, she wagged her tail.

"You remember me."

When he stroked her head, she lay down on her back and acted cute.

"Come on in, Suhyuk," said Kim.

There was nothing that changed about the big living room.

He recalled lots of memories here in the past, such as keeping the mother company and studying there.

"Do you still play games?" asked Suhyuk.

Taking out import alcoholic, Kim said with a smile, "Sure I do."

"Hey, let me offer this," said Kim, filling a cup for him.

Kim filled the glass and put some ice in it by himself.

It looked like the import alcohol cost more than one million won.

How could he disguise himself as a jobless man to her?

"You must be busy these days, right?" asked Kim.

"Business as usual, sir."

“I’m proud of you, man,” said Kim, taking a sip of it and looking at him proudly.

Though he said Suhyuk was smart, he never thought he would go as far as to receive a Nobel Prize. Suddenly he recalled the first time he met Suhyuk. Those medical staff at the emergency room were like scarecrows. It was the student Suhyuk who actually found out that the real cause of his mother’s disease was appendicitis.

“Seeing as you received a Nobel Prize, now you could open a private hospital,” said Kim.

Suhyuk just smiled at his compliment.

Then a door opened and his mother came out.

Suhyuk rose from his seat with a smile.

“How have you been?”

“Mom, were you disturbed by the noise here?”

Despite Kim’s asking she fixed her eyes on Suhyuk and then rolled up her sleeves.

“Have you eaten, honey?”

Then she went to the refrigerator and opened it.

Kim let out a short sigh at that with a smile, saying, “Looks like she sees her late husband in you.”

Rising from the seat, Kim went to her and said, “Yes, mom. He said he ate already.”

“You still don’t know who your daddy is. He just drinks alcohol with his business friends without eating anything.”

Standing behind her Kim just made a bitter smile.

He could feel her affectionate feelings toward her late husband through her voice.

“Honey, don’t take any more alcohol and sit. Let me cook

delicious spicy Kimchi soup with pork neck. I know you like it a lot,” said she to Suhyuk.

Seated at the table, Suhyuk opened his mouth, looking at her, “Thanks so much. I like Kimchi soup very much.”

Turning her back, she looked at him, saying,

“Ooops, don’t use honorific words with me. You seem very drunk to say things like that to me.”

Looking at Suhyuk with a warm smile, she began chopping Kimchi again.

Kim took a seat on the opposite side of Suhyuk and said, “Thanks.”

Bowls of rice and side dishes were soon put down on the table.

She rubbed her belly as if she felt something uncomfortable.

“Looks like the ramen I had before is still in my stomach. Just go ahead.”

“Okay, let me see my mom’s cooking skills then.”

When was the last time she cooked for him like this?

Kim began moving the chopsticks, picking up some side dishes.

“It’s really delicious, mom,” said Kim.

In the meantime she did not take her eyes off from Suhyuk.

Then she suddenly said, “I feel sleepy now.”

Instantly she turned into a child, typical of dementia symptoms.

Rising from the seat, Kim approached her, saying, “Shall we go back to the room for sleep, my queen?”

“Yeah, I want to sleep.”

Nodding his head, Kim lifted her up cautiously, and headed to the master bedroom.

Until Suhyuk was done with eating, Kim did not come back.

It seemed he was putting her to sleep.

Suhyuk looked at Kim's seat on the opposite side of the dining table.

Kim had already emptied a bowl of rice as if he was very hungry.

At that moment Kim came back, "Sorry to have kept you waiting a long time..."

When Kim came back into the living room, Suhyuk had disappeared already.

Ding dong.

Kim moved to the sofa at the sound of his cellphone alarm.

It was a message from Suhyuk.

<Thanks for the food, president Kim. I'm leaving early because I'm a bit late.

Please drop by the hospital with your mother one of these days. Let me schedule a comprehensive test for her. Of course for free!>
Kim made a smile at that. That's why his mother liked him.

Sunday.

Suhyuk was busy looking for a building for sale.

He did all the legwork trying to find one he liked from morning till evening.

He had been doing so for almost five hours.

Even the real estate agents found themselves in a difficult spot as time went by.

A large and good-looking building.

They showed him around many such ones.

On such occasions, however, Suhyuk asked them to show him some other ones.

Was he looking for one commanding a good landscape?

In a way he seemed to think that way because he examined the outside landscape after a quick look at the building.

Suhyuk went on to find one until 6pm, and finally he could find one that he liked.

“I’d like to make a contract on this building.”

The real estate agent was so happy to hear Suhyuk’s go-ahead, who was looking out the window. After a long legwork on a sultry day, he made a decision in the end.

If he had not been a Nobel Prize recipient, the agent would have called it quits and gone home.

“You’ve made a great choice. As it was for short sale, it’s cheap.”

Having said that, the agent made a suspicious look.

Given that he was a Nobel Prize winner, the building was such a nondescript and humble place.

Of course it was not old or shabby because it was built only three years ago.

The only thing that bothered him was that it was hard to get to, and there was no convenience store nearby.

“By the way, what are you doing here?”

At the agent’s asking Suhyuk just smiled.

One week passed. There was lots of renovation work going on inside the building.

Many people were curious about the use of the building, but nobody knew the answer.

In the meantime Suhyuk was walking along a crowded street with Hana.

There were lots of students after school and company employees after the day’s work.

“Did you leave the office early?” asked Hana.

“Yes, I’m going to leave at exactly 6pm from now on,” replied Suhyuk.

Hana’s eyes became wide at his remarks, for Suhyuk was a workaholic.

“Suhyuk, is there anything wrong with you?”

Suhyuk, walking ahead, said with a smile, “We’re almost there now.”

Then he stopped before a luxurious restaurant.

“Isn’t it very expensive here?”

“Let’s go inside.”

Suhyuk went in while Hana was at a loss for the moment.

She knew this place because she had been here before. She just came out immediately after seeing the expensive price of the menu, which was still vivid in her memory.

“This place is really expensive!”

Murmuring to herself she went inside.

“Come on in. You are here with a gentleman, right? Please come this way.”

The waiter escorted her to the table Suhyuk was seated at.

“Please call me when I’m needed,” said the waiter.

He then placed a sign outside the restaurant, which read “Closed”.

“Let’s go out, Suhyuk. It’s too expensive here.”

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “We can’t, because I can’t cancel it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Well, I rented the whole restaurant.”

At Suhyuk's calm remarks, she opened her eyes wide and looked around.

There were nobody around except for those carrying violins to the stage.

Hana said quickly, "Are you crazy? Let's go out. You can get back half the money you paid for this. Can I go and ask?"

This time Suhyuk shook his head.

"I heard I can't."

She let out a long sigh.

Suhyuk said, with a smile,

"Hana, let's have a date like other lovers, which is just too common to them."

Shaking her head, she swept up her long hair and said, "Do you think this kind of date is common?"

"Don't you see it in a TV soap opera sometimes? They just rent out a whole coffee shop or restaurant. Even in the movies..."

"Yeah, it's conceivable in the movies..."

"Hana, we've come a long way like this. We can have this kind of special date just one time. Yeah, just one time..."

Having said that he looked at the stage.

A soft music filling the restaurant stopped suddenly and the violin players took their seats.

And they started playing music.

The music was so soft that she could not say anything.

"Are you moved to tears already? Really?"

"No, dude. Because I just feel the money for this has been wasted..."

"No way..."

Suhyuk took out something from his pocket.

It was none other than a ring box.

“It seemed common that boys put the ring in an ice cream before proposing, but I could not bring myself to do it...”

The ring was plain. Neither expensive nor cheap.

“Will you marry me, Hana?”

The music played as softly as ever, and Hana’s heart was beating hard, when the waiters shouted cheers and clapped their hands at his proposal to her.

Chapter 155

Three weeks passed, and Suhyuk saw the patients at Daehan Hospital as usual.

Whenever he got a call from the operating room, he wore surgical gloves.

He was wanted not only at the cardiothoracic surgery department but also at other clinical departments such as internal medicine, Ob/Gyn, urology, etc.

The patients there cried out for Suhyuk.

Making the rounds of patients absent-mindedly, he was having a late lunch.

At that moment his phone buzzed.

“Dr. Lee, this is the pediatrics department. A patient’s guardian insists on receiving your treatment.”

“What’s her name?”

“Lee Narae.”

“Got it. Let me come in a moment!”

“Thanks!”

After the call he began eating hurriedly.

He did not touch the side dishes, only having soup.

Quickening his pace, he tied up his gown before calling an elevator.

<The door opens>

When he got off the elevator, he saw a woman holding her child.

Looking at them standing close to his clinic office, they were obviously the patient and the guardian that the pediatrics office called him about.

Approaching them, Suhyuk opened his mouth with a smile, “You must be Lee Narae’s guardian, right?”

“Oh, are you Dr. Lee Suhyuk?”

“Yes.”

He then looked at the child holding her mother’s hand, saying “How cute! What pain brought you here?”

“Marble...”

She opened her mouth quickly, “She swallowed an iron marble.”

Nodding his head, he stroked her head softly, saying, “Please come on in.”

When she and her guardian sat, the nurse came in, saying, “I sent you her CT on the computer.”

“Thanks.”

After the nurse went out, Suhyuk spoke to the guardian after turning on the PC monitor, “I once saw a patient who swallowed fragments of a razor.”

The guardian was stunned.

What would have happened to the patient’s organs? Broken into pieces?

Contrary to her nervous look, Suhyuk fixed his eyes on the monitor with a relaxed smile.

“She was discharged with no damage at all. The organs in our body are not as weak as we think.”

“Then...”

She turned her head and looked at her daughter.

She was not aware of what she had eaten yesterday. She said in the morning all of a sudden, “Mom, I swallowed a marble.”

She had no choice but to take her to the hospital urgently.

“If you take a look at this...” said Suhyuk, turning the monitor toward her.

“Obviously it looks like the marble. Fortunately it has reached the intestine. I feel it will come out of her body without any trouble.”

“Are you serious, doctor?”

“Yes, she doesn’t need any medicine or a shot.”

The girl’s face, who was wearing a crying expression, now brightened.

“Next time you eat something like that, let me follow you and give you a shot, okay?”

“No, no! I won’t swallow it again.”

“Good girl!”

It was 9pm.

Suhyuk was heading to Prof. Han Myungjin’s office.

Knock, knock, knock.

“Come on in.”

When he went in, Han greeted him with a smile.

“So, were you busy again today?”

Suhyuk was the busiest doctor at Daehan Hospital these days.

And the whole medical staff knew about it.

“A bit, sir.”

“Coffee?”

“Thank you.”

A fragrant coffee smell filled the office. The cars seen through the window let out an usually long trail of light behind them today.

Offering him coffee, Han took a seat, saying,

“So, you made your decision?”

“Yes, sir.”

Han nodded his head.

Though he wanted to stay with Suhyuk and watch him grow, there was no way of stopping him.

Suhyuk took out a white envelope from his pocket and put it on the table politely.

Han said with a bitter smile,

“Wasn’t the hospital director opposed to your resignation?”

“He said he could not take it.”

Han nodded his head again faintly.

‘Even if I were in the director’s shoes, I would have done the same thing, discouraging him from resigning. But I’m a doctor.’

“Let me convey it to the director on your behalf,” said Han.

“Thank you, sir.”

Taking a sip of coffee, he rose from the seat in no time.

“I’d like to take my leave then.”

“Sure, sure. Have a good rest. By the way, How about me sending you an orchid?”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Please do come empty-handed. Bye for now, sir.”

Bowing to him deeply Suhyuk went out of the office.

Han looked at the door through which Suhyuk just went out.

Wrinkles on his eyelids, Han smiled, murmuring,

“Now you have your full wings to fly bravely with.”

Not hearing Han’s murmuring, Suhyuk headed to the VIP room.

The name plate placed on the door of the patient's room.

<Jung Jisuk>

Suhyuk carefully opened the door and went in.

It was bright inside with the lights on. There was nobody inside besides Prof. Jung laying on the bed.

The humidifier on the side was puffing out white fog, and the professor's oxygen respirator formed steam inside.

"How are you, professor?"

Naturally there was no reply from him.

Suhyuk sat on the sofa beside him.

"Professor, I've got a question. Are you really the person that came up in my dream? If so, please open your eyes like a miracle and say something like you did in my dream."

Suhyuk only heard the faint puffing sound from the humidifier.

He then rose from the seat and held the back of his hands softly.

The second hand of the clock was pointing to 11pm.

"I'll see you again, professor."

Suhyuk went out of the room carefully, and headed to his original lodging.

Though it could accommodate only two persons, there was nobody there when he visited.

For Daehan Hospital provided Suhyuk with an exclusive lodging.

Suhyuk rejected the hospital's offer to give him a separate lodging there.

He was not a professor yet.

Sitting on the mattress and touching it, Suhyuk soon lay on the bed after turning off the light.

It was quiet. Only the ticking sound of the clock and Suhyuk's

breathing could be heard.

He fell to sleep like that before he knew it.

“Did you come visit?”

Suhyuk nodded his head calmly.

A world of white.

A man walking toward him from the far distance.

The moment Suhyuk felt it was only a dream, he greeted the man gladly.

When the man in a surgical gown approached, he cast a long shadow that reached the tiptoes of his feet.

Looking at his eyelids, Suhyuk opened his mouth.

It was strange, though. Though he said something, he could not have his voice heard.

“Prof. Jung Jisuk. Are you him, sir?”

That moment the man who read Suhyuk’s lips made a good smile.

“Are you leaving now? You’ve made a great sacrifice here. But you’re now starting a new journey, right?”

At his remarks, Suhyuk shook his head and said,

“I am just starting a journey chasing after my dream.”

As if he was proud of Suhyuk, the man nodded his head slowly.

“By the way, Prof. Jung Jisuk...”

Suhyuk could not think any more because something surprising was happening before his eyes.

A white fog was coming out of the professor’s hand, and it slowly started to make a human figure. Soon it began to reveal its identity fully, and Suhyuk had no choice but to be stunned.

There was the same version of him when he was young, who

resembled him exactly, and he was holding the man's hand. This other Suhyuk was making an annoyed expression, but he looked like a child before him. It looked as if he wanted to shake off the man's hands and dash toward him. But he could not because the man held him tightly.

"This is all I could do for you," said the man.

He looked at the young Suhyuk he was holding tightly and then turned his eyes to Suhyuk.

He did not say any words, and looked only for a brief moment.

He then turned back and began walking.

The young Suhyuk resisted following him, but could not help being dragged along.

On the contrary, the man in the surgical gown looked as peaceful as ever.

Suhyuk reached out his hand quickly to get a hold of him, but failed.

The man had already disappeared.

The ticking sound of the clock woke him up.

It was 4am.

He had fallen asleep before he knew it. Though he slept only a little, he felt unusually great.

Rising from the bed, Suhyuk put his white gown on the hanger.

It was time for him to leave the place.

Who said time flies like an arrow?

One season passed quickly, and Suhyuk could not be seen any more at Daehan Hospital.

Still there were many patients visiting the hospital.

It was where Suhyuk, the Nobel Prize winner, once worked.

Patients felt it regrettable that they could not see him anymore. It was only natural that they wanted to be taken care of by a famous doctor like Suhyuk. Nonetheless, there were many talented doctors at Daehan. They just did their best to see and treat the patients.

Among them was a doctor who had an unusually high voice tone.

He was none other than Park Sungjae.

Park was touching the foreheads of interns as if he did not like their performance.

‘You guys are troublemakers...’

Soon Park opened his mouth,

“I told you to gather by 2am, right?”

Then he went up to a female intern, saying,

“You set the alarm, but it didn’t buzz? You did have a sound sleep, right?”

Shaking his head, Park’s eyes met another intern’s for the last time. As the intern came on time, he was confident.

“You didn’t do anything good, either, dude. You alone came here on time. Good! So, you expected me to praise you for that? No way. You should have brought them here the moment you found your fellow interns were not here.”

Letting out a long sigh, Park looked at the interns who now stepped back, scared of him.

“You guys said you wanted to be a doctor like Lee Suhyuk, right?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Have you seen him before?”

“Yes, I saw him during my medical college days.”

Suhyuk once gave a lecture to the medical students at the request of his alma mater.

“There is a rumor that he did not sleep much even during his internship. Actually I’ve never seen him nodding off when he worked with me. When I came to work early in the morning, he was already in his office looking at the charts and being besides the patients. What about you? You are saying Dr. Lee is your icon? Respect him? Never say that wherever you go. Each of your behavior will stain his name and honor. Anyone who doesn’t work hard enough doesn’t have the qualification to even mention his name,” said Park.

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Did you attend his marriage ceremony?”

At Park’s sudden asking, the interns blinked their eyes.

“I mean, Dr. Lee Suhyuk’s marriage ceremony.”

“No, sir.”

Park shook his head, disappointed.

To him, they were just smooth talkers even though they respected Dr. Lee, chasing after and looking up at Dr. Lee’s fame alone without any consideration.

He felt that they needed some sort of tight discipline.

“You guys, just keep thinking ‘I’m not the person that I am supposed to be’ for the next one month.”

In a place where shabby villas were located here and there.

Though it was early in the morning, the atmosphere was eerie around the cracked buildings with peeled-off paint. There was also a big mountain behind them. Actually the place was crowded with many shabby houses with winding steps. The houses were located face to face, and the gap between them was narrow like an alley.

Tweet, tweet, tweet.

Some sparrows flying over the area perched on the electric cords of the utility poles.

Then the sparrows suddenly flew away at the walking sounds of a human being.

It was an old woman in her late 60s, who wiped sweat from her face, looking up at a building.

“It’s true that they’re accepting patients here!”

A thick shape of a cross in green was painted on the entrance of the building.

It was a hospital.

The people in the neighborhood, looking at lots of interior renovation work, boasted that whatever business they started, would go to ruin.

Actually many start-up business were ruined like that, including a chicken shop, clothing shop, etc. Whenever they opened a store near the building, they would soon close their shops and left because of the poor location. It was a place where most of the residents were poor.

Even though they were sick, most of them did not visit the hospital in order to save money.

A new hospital was opened in such a situation.

Some said that if they were smart, the doctors would find out the realities belatedly and change their mind about opening the hospital here.

Despite that, the hospital was opened today!

“Good for me,” said the old woman.

She did not have to go to a faraway hospital for physical therapy.

She went into the hospital slowly.

The hallway was long, contrary to her expectations.

As the building was big, its hallway was naturally long. She thought that while walking on.

She saw various paintings on the wall while she passed by.

Then she heard a woman's voice in front of her.

“Yes, we're looking for experienced personnel who can get down to work right away. You said you have two years of experience? Okay, then. When are you available?”

At that moment the woman talking at the front desk saw her.

“I've got a new patient here. Can I call you back in a minute? Thanks.”

Putting down the phone, she smiled brightly at the old woman.

She was the first patient of the day.

Coming out of the front desk, she made a polite bow to the woman.

“Hello, grandma. What pain brought you here?”

At her asking the woman looked around.

She felt as if she was in a big hospital. The TV set was huge and there were many chairs in the waiting room. It was clean more than anything else. But there were no patients around.

“Have you not opened yet?”

She shook her head lightly. Then her nameplate glittered in the sunlight.

<Kim Hana>

“There are no patients yet because it's not yet the business hour. Today is the first day that our hospital opens. The nurses will be here soon.”

Hana was not a nurse. She was supposed to take care of simple tasks and accounting.

“Oh, I came here too early. Can I take a seat over there and wait?”

As it turned out, it was not yet even 8am.

Hana made a smile, saying,

“No, you can see the doctor now. He is already here.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry... Thanks. My back is in terrible pain, so I want some physical therapy.”

Hana showed a worried expression, saying,

“Ooops... do you feel only physical therapy would do?”

“Uh? When I visited a big hospital, they wanted to take something like an MRI. But it’s too expensive, so I want only therapy...”

“Well, you can pay only 10,000 won for it here. You might have it taken for only 1,000 won if you’re talking to the doctor kindly,” said Hana.

The woman laughed merrily.

After all, this is not the place like a traditional market where all kinds of bargaining was made.

Then the door of the examination room opened, and out appeared a doctor in a white gown.

The woman’s eyes were widening gradually at the sight of him.

She saw him a lot on the TV news that said he received some great award. Wasn’t he the very same doctor?

“Come on in!”

Greeting her gladly, Suhyuk made a bright smile.

LionStrong: And with that we have reached the end! Hope you all enjoyed the ride!

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